

MANNERS.

James Price: A.M.

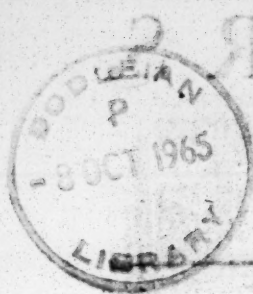
Translated from the FRENCH.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque;

HOR. AD. PIS.



Printed in the Year M,DCC,XLIX.



THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

OXFORD, ENGLAND



W
ra



T O

Madam *M. A. T****

MADAM,



IS not to a person of
sublime dignity, to a
prince, or minister of
state, I present this
work; but to you, Madam, whose
rank is upon a level with mine.

A 2

But

iv DEDICATION.

But how largely are you indemnified by your personal merit, for this equality! Soon do I see it disappear, when I come to estimate you by the mind and heart: then it is that I find the beautiful MENOQUI more deserving of my homages, than those vain idols of the people, who have nothing to recommend them, but their great names, and the pomp with which they are surrounded. I have said in some part of this book, that were virtue to render herself visible, it would be God we should see, in the full splendor of his sanctity and grandeur: Here I add,
Madam,

DEDICATION. v

Madam, that were she, out of
condescension to our weakness,
to assume a human form, that
form would be yours; at least a
better choice she could not make,
to render herself amiable to man,
and to captivate him by her
charms. I cannot therefore ad-
dress myself better than to you,
Madam, in the dedication of a
work, which I consecrate to her
glory. How favourable a recep-
tion may I not expect you will
give to MANNERS, you whose
life is in every respect so unspot-
ted and blameless! The author
likewise, if I may presume to say
it, merits some consideration on

vi DEDICATION.

your part. The morality that prevails throughout this work, is exact, and superior to censure: now this morality is mine; 'tis the sincere expression of the sentiments of my heart. How tender soever the friend may be that practises it, you have nothing to apprehend from him; he is a friend that cannot seduce you. I freely resign to you the entire honour of your virtue: but do not envy mine. I believe you, Madam, circumspect enough to avoid the snares of a lover: but consider me as a friend that has too honest an heart ever to attempt to ensnare you. It would
be

DEDICATION. vii

be doing me a great injustice, to imagine me virtuous, only because you are so: this would be judging very injuriously of the respectful attachment with which I have the honour of being,

MADAM,

Your most humble,

and most obedient servant,

PANAGE.

DEDICATION. vii

be doing me a great injustice to
imagine me virtuous, only be-
cause you are so: this would be
the right way to ruin of the
virtuous man, and not what
I have a name for being.

FINIS.



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 *SHALL* not tell my reader, as is customary on these occasions, that a friend of mine, having some how or other got a copy of this work into his hands, was just going to publish it; when, upon timely information received of the danger I was exposed to of having my elucubrations printed from imperfect transcripts; I thought it more eligible to condescend, of my own accord, to an impression: because in all this there is not one word of truth; and besides 'tis the usual coquettish air of authors. The case is, I have a kind of turn for moral philosophy; now as the itch of converting every thing we think on, be it good or bad, into a book, is the

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epidemic disorder of the age, I have been seized with the contagion, and sat myself down to moralize methodically by chapters. The motive that determined me, is, if you will, self-love, for it would be in vain to deny it; however it is blended with another more noble incentive, which is the love of virtue. Inflamed with an apostolic zeal, I should be glad to render all my readers virtuous. In this I am well convinced, I shall not succeed; but could I be sure of making only one proselyte out of a thousand, tho' the profession of an author were ever so laborious, still I would do nothing else but write books, and all on the same subject.

*Let the title of this work be particularly attended to; no one, I hope, will require more of me than I promised. 'Tis Manners that form my subject; Religion interferes only, inasmuch as it concurs to improve our manners: now
natural*

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natural religion is sufficient for this purpose, and I go no further. My intention is, that a Mahometan should read this tract as well as a Christian. I write for the four parts of the world.

Some people, perhaps, would have thought it more modest, had I given this work the title of Moral Essays: but this would have been imitating a Divine of the last century; now I declare 'tis not my intention to interfere with those Gentlemen. As for the title of Moral Reflections, I could not pretend to venture upon it: 'tis a title too much decried these five and thirty years; I had no ambition of being ranked among the number of prohibited authors. I might, indeed, have called it, An Essay on Manners; but not to mention that our book-sellers shops are already over-stocked with Essays; methinks 'tis a shocking piece of incivility to tell the publick, we want to make an essay at their expence; I should
be

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be glad, at first setting out, to be sure of my way. I have therefore given it the plain title of *Manners*; because here I describe those that are, and those that ought to be practised.

I protest (as it becomes every author, that attempts to draw characters) against any key that may be invented, in order to charge me with malicious imputations. To say that I had no body at all in view, would be telling a falsity, and even an idle falsity, because no one would believe me. I have drawn all my pictures from nature, otherwise I should have run the risk of exhibiting imaginary beings: but I have not pointed out distinctly any of my originals; their names are an impenetrable mystery, which I reserve to myself in petto. The strokes with which I have painted vice, are drawn from vicious men: but the vast number of people of that stamp, ought to debar any one
from

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from applying their conjectures to individuals.

In several places I have been satisfied with giving a sketch of vices, without entering into a more particular description of their deformity; because the picture speaks itself. Had I drawn after Virgil the enormous chief of the Cyclops, would there have been any occasion to inform the public, that Polyphemus is this hideous monster? The same I have done in respect to virtues: I have frequently represented their graces and beauties, without loading the touches by which they are characterised, with fulsome panegyrics.

When I laid down those maxims, which are respected, even by vicious men, I did not think it necessary to put myself to the trouble of supporting them with proofs. Is there any occasion to demonstrate that calumny, false witness, and perfidy are crimes?

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I have endeavoured in the course of this work rather to touch the heart, than to please the mind: because, in the first place I found one easier than the other; and in the next, because the science of manners is, properly speaking, the science of the heart. When our aim is to correct vicious dispositions, 'tis much better to move, than please; for even conviction is not the point intended. This is, perhaps, what occasioned that most christian saying of the illustrious Monsieur Dacier; that it does not become the majesty of God, to prove the necessity, justice, and truth of what he commands; that he makes us love what he enjoins us, which is much more than proving. Why is it not likewise in my power to inspire every body with a love of virtue! were this possible, it should not have one single enemy upon earth.*

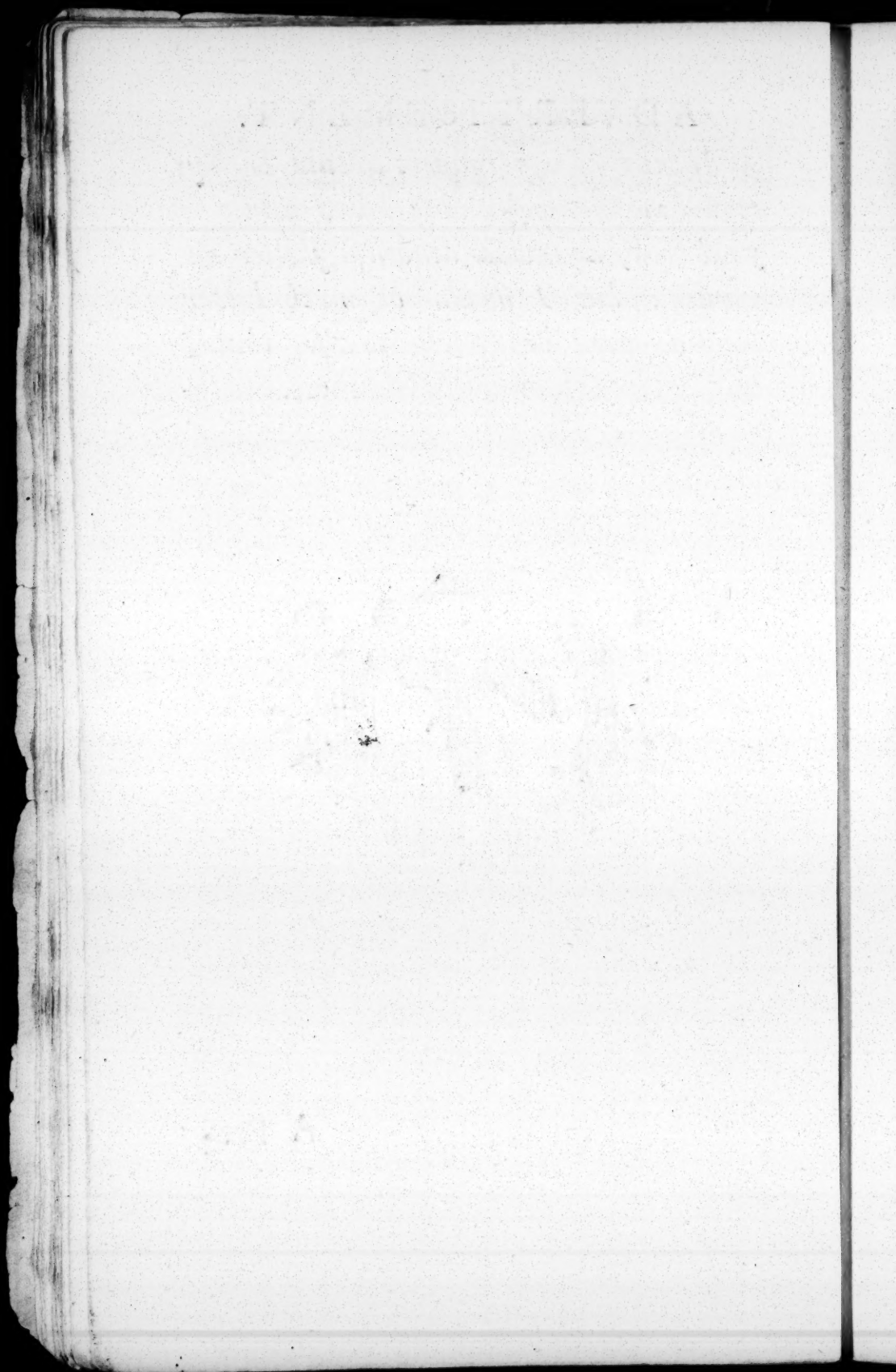
* In his preface on Plato.

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If any of my readers should happen to tell me sincerely, that I had wrote a good book, he would doubtless flatter my vanity: but I should be much better pleased, were he to tell me also, that I had inspired him with Manners.



A Pre.





A

Preliminary DISCOURSE
ON
V I R T U E.



ET us leave the quality of a *Man of honour*, to those that are satisfied with it ; 'tis purchased at too low a price to create any jealousy in noble souls. A good stock of assurance, an easy fortune, and popular vices ; this is what forms our modern *Man of Honour* : Virtue has nothing to do in the case.

As little respect does this title of *honour* deserve in the female sex, as in
ours

ours: All that Egle has done to obtain it, is not letting every body know that she deals in intrigues.

Tho' easy it may seem for either sex to merit this title, in the limited signification which custom has determined; still were we to make a diligent research, how many usurpers should we find that even in this sense have unjustly invaded it?

A wretch, oppressed by indigence, stops a traveller upon the highway, and takes or demands his purse: this is a dishonourable man, and if you doubt of it, the gibbet will determine the question.

But let us place in a magnificent palace, some happy extortioner, whom the necessities of the state have enriched; let us give him liveries, equipage, and a modern title; see how voluptuously he feasts on the public misery, and raises an upstart house on
the

the ruin of a thousand families: that does not signify, he is a man of honour, because he is rich and breathes.

Behold a beautiful young woman, that displays even to indecency the charms she has received of nature; and heightens them by the whole train of an elegant attire, flowers, paint, and patches: but she is a-foot, and has never a servant to attend her: therefore she must be a woman of no honour or character, and as such every one points at her.

Two steps from her another woman passes in the very same attire, but drawn by six stately coursers in a mourning chariot: however, this is a woman of honour, a lady of the first distinction.

All your men of honour put together, are not worth one virtuous man. The former derive their titles only from their fortune, opulence, and interest:

terest: take away those feeble supports; their honour will undergo the same revolutions as their fortune. The same term in French signifies, an unfortunate man, and a man void of honour: they are both called *mal-heureux*, or *unhappy* men; and in fact, taking honour only in the common acceptation, what would become of our honourable Gentlemen, were the charm of their grandeur to vanish?

As for virtuous men, 'tis good manners that form their titles; titles of the greatest solidity, to which adversity, far from making any diminution, adds new lustre. The Assyrian minister, that enemy of the Jewish nation, loses his honour together with life. But I esteem *Fouquet* in his disgrace; and *Saint Lewis* I revere in his fetters.

Should

Should any one ask me, what is meant by good manners; 'tis a conduct, I answer, regulated by the knowledge and love of virtue. I say the knowledge and love; for thro' want of knowing virtue, we imbibe the manners of the people; and for want of loving it, 'tis our misfortune to acquire the manners of the great; that is, none at all. In order to love virtue, we should know it; and once we love it, we shall infallibly practise it.

But to form an idea of virtue, do not follow the model of Cleobulus, Philemon, or any other such person whom you imagine virtuous. Example is a dangerous rule, which seldom fails misleading those who are blindly directed by it. 'Tis with examples as with counsels; in order to improve by them, we ought to have knowledge enough to fix their right value.

value. Bad examples are prejudicial, inasmuch as they lead to the practice of evil ; but even good examples are sometimes detrimental, as they confine us in the practice of virtue. For if those whom you propose to imitate, are not models in every respect (and where can you find any such ?) you must necessarily by imitating them, and even frequently by surpassing them, remain in a state of imperfection and mediocrity. This is without doubt the reason why the Legislator of the Christians did not say :
 “ imitate such an apostle, such an anchorite, such a king, such a father of a family ; *but be perfect as your heavenly father is perfect.* There is no such thing as attaining to sublimity by imitation, unless the model proposed, be inimitable.

Theophilus is a pious man ; he sighs continually after heaven, and
 has

has no other desire than that of enjoying God : But the contempt he has for earthly possessions, extends itself to the inhabitants of the earth. Except the little circle of the elect that visit him, and are improved by his converse, all the rest of mankind are profane worldings, in his eyes, wretches whom God hates, and who ought consequently to be the object of his aversion. You imagine perhaps you will be a saint by imitating Theophilus : but instead of that, you would be a supercilious, fierce, inhuman fellow, incapable of affection, indulgence, and pity; a bad father, a bad husband, and what is still worse, incorrigible in all your faults, which you would look upon as so many virtues.

Cleanthes is a man of honour, as incapable of doing a mean action, as of committing a heinous crime : but he is
blunt,

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blunt, and severe, always in a bad humour with mankind, constantly ready to believe evil; hardly willing to believe good, even when he sees it; and more displeased perhaps with the prosperity than the disorders of the wicked. Are you desirous of resembling Cleanthes? If you are, you will be a slovenly, insociable wretch: an useless friend to virtue, so as to render it rather displeasing than amiable; in fine, you will pass for a man that has taken up with virtue, merely out of a spirit of contradiction.

Damis is a person of quite another stamp: he has an universal friendship for mankind; never has he contradicted any man; but is of every body's opinion, even when opinions contradict one another; he would be a model of probity, were he to converse only with honest men; he has not the courage to be a villain; neither
will

will he ever have spirit enough to blame those that are. Surely you do not propose to take Damis for your model? For after you had copied him exactly, you would be only an insipid, complaisant fool, with a weak head, and dissembling heart, blushing to be an honest man when in company with knaves, as much as you would be ashamed to be a knave when in company with honest men.

Ye youthful beauties, who by reason of your inexperience, and premature inclination to tenderness, run such risks at first setting out in the world; I hear Themiris proposed to you as a surprizing model of chastity. I do not pretend to question her virtue; some chaste women there are without doubt; Boileau reckoned three; and were we even to take two off the number, Themiris might perhaps be this only Phoenix. But take
a heed

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heed you do not imitate her in any thing else but this point : she thinks that chastity supplies the place of all virtues, and that provided she is faithful to her husband, she may indulge her scolding and brawling, tyrannize over her children, worry her domestics, rally, slander, and cheat at play. By forming yourselves after her model, there is no doubt but you would be women of repute ; but the question is, would you be women of merit ? If any one has reason to commend Themiris's virtue, 'tis surely her husband : but alas ! how dearly he pays for this virtue !

At every step you may meet with bright examples, that strike you at first sight : a single touch of virtue gains your heart, and prejudices you in somebody's favour : there, you say, is a virtuous man. Not at all ; a person cannot be called virtuous for practicing

tising only one virtue, he must practise them all. Even savage lands abound with half-virtuous inhabitants; and unless you have the true touch-stone to distinguish the genuine gold from the false, you yourself are in danger of encreasing their number. Now this touch-stone is the knowledge of virtue.

But what is *virtue*? 'Tis a constant fidelity in discharging the duties dictated by *reason*. And what is *reason* itself? 'Tis a portion of the divine wisdom, with which the Creator has adorned our souls in order to instruct us in our duties.

Still you will ask me, which are those duties; from whence do they arise? By what law are they prescribed?

I answer, that the law which prescribes them is the immutable will of God, to which we are by right rea-

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son advised to conform; and that in this conformity virtue consists. No law, that has had a beginning in time, and is liable to lose its obligatory force, can constitute virtue: the Creator did not originally subject mankind to the new yoke this law imposes; but he certainly made them to be virtuous.

Sovereigns may publish or abrogate laws; but they cannot create or annihilate virtues. And how should they do what is even impossible to God, virtue being as immutable in its essence, as the divine will that gives it existence?

The laws of princes oblige their subjects to pay certain duties, and subsidies; they forbid them to export particular merchandize out of the kingdom, or to introduce foreign commodities. The fidelity in conforming to those laws makes obedient

dient subjects ; but does it render them virtuous men? Would any one seriously boast of having one virtue more, for not having dealt in calico? Or were the prince to abrogate those laws, which he has a right to do, would any one say he had abolished virtues?

The same it is in respect to all positive laws ; they have all had a beginning, they are all susceptible of exceptions, dispensations, and even of being abolished. None but the law ingraven in our hearts by the hand of the Creator, is indispensable in respect to all men, and all times.

“ But the human heart, you will
 “ say, is a true ocean, perpetually
 “ agitated by the flux and reflux of a
 “ thousand impetuous passions, which
 “ this moment agree, and the next
 “ are at variance. To engrave laws
 “ in the heart of man, is engraving
 a 3 “ them

“ them not on the lightest sand, but
“ upon the most rolling wave. What
“ eyes are sufficiently piercing to
“ read those sacred characters?

Fine rhetorical declamations! whoever does not read those characters, it is not because his eyes are too weak to discern them, but because he does not look at them: or if there are some instants in which they seem effaced, these are only transitory instants.

There are two distinct regions in the heart: one is an isle a little above the edge of the water; the other is the water it self that bathes the isle. The first has a smooth, hard, and white surface, like a table of the finest and most polished marble. 'Tis on this surface that the sacred precepts of the law of nature are engraved. Near these characters an infant stands in a respectful attitude, with

with his eyes fixt on the inscription, which he reads with a loud voice : this is the genius of the isle ; and is called *the Love of Virtue*. As for the water which surrounds the isle, it is in reality subject to a frequent flux and reflux : the softest zephyr is sufficient to throw it into motion, and as soon as it is agitated, it foams, swells, and roars. Then it rises above the inscription, the characters are no longer legible, nor can you hear the genius read. But this tempestuous agitation is soon succeeded by a calm, the surface of the isle emerges whiter than ever from the gulf, and the genius resumes his employment.

As long as you suppose men obliged to practise the law of nature, you must suppose at the same time that they know it. What would you say of a tyrannical prince, who would insist upon his orders being obeyed,

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without ever giving himself the trouble to render them public. The most despotic monarchs never push their capriciousness so far. Can there be therefore two sorts of justice? one for God, and the other for man? Or shall God, the tenderest of fathers, be less equitable than a tyrant?

“ But ’tis the Divine Justice, you
“ will say, that leaves men in ob-
“ scurity and blindness. Their crimes
“ have extinguished the light of na-
“ ture within their souls; they can
“ therefore blame none but them-
“ selves for their ignorance.”

Well: let them have merited this pretended blindness, as much as you please: at least since they have contracted it, they are under an incapacity of performing their duties. And yet if the obligation does not cease, can we say that God is infinitely just and good; when he requires them to per-

perform duties to which they do not so much as know they are obliged! I charged my servant with a message; instead of obeying me, he amused himself with play, and broke his leg. 'Tis true, he has committed a fault, and I can with justice resent it: but were I to insist upon his going of another errand, before his leg was set, what kind of title would you bestow on me?

Even to you yourself I appeal, you who strive to establish this absolute ignorance of the law of nature. Doubtless it has been frequently your case, to have violated some of the articles of this law; and these infractions, you must own, have been attended with remorse: I conclude therefore against you, that you were no stranger to that law.

Were all men knaves, still I should be equally persuaded that they have a

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knowledge of virtue, provided there were hypocrites among them; for hypocrites, tho' knaves themselves, bear testimony nevertheless to the divine law, by pretending to conform to it.

The law, says Cicero *, is not a human invention, nor an arbitrary establishment made by the people, but the exprefs image of the eternal reason that governs the universe. The outrage which Tarquin offered to Lucretia, was
not

* Hanc igitur video sapientissimorum fuisse sententiam, legem neque hominum ingeniis excogitatam, nec scitum aliquod esse populorum, sed æternum quiddam, quod universum mundum regeret, imperandi, prohibendique sapientia—
nec si regnante Tarquinio nulla erat Romæ scripta lex de stupris, idcirco non contra illam legem sempiternam Sex. Tarquinius vim Lucretiæ, Tricipitini filiæ, attulit. Erat enim ratio profecta a rerum natura, & ad recte faciendum impellens, & a delicto avocans: quæ non tum denique incipit lex esse, cum scripta est, sed tum cum orta est; orta autem simul est cum mente divina. Quamobrem lex vera atque princeps, apta ad jubendum & ad vetandum, ratio est recta summi Jovis. Cic. de legibus lib. 2. §. 4.

not the less a crime, because there was no written law at that time against such sort of violence. Tarquin transgressed against the eternal law, that was a law at all times, and not merely from the first instant it was written. Its origin is as ancient as the divine Spirit; for the true primitive, and principal law, is the sovereign reason of the great Jupiter. And in another place; This law, says he, † is universal, eternal, immutable, it does not vary according to times and places; it is not different to-day from what it was yesterday. The same immortal law rules all nations, because

† *Est quidem verò lex, recta ratio, naturæ congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna — nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia posthac; sed & omnes gentes, & omni tempore una lex, & sempiterna, & immortalis continebit; unusque erit communis quasi magister & imperator omnium Deus, ille legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator. Cic. in frag. de Rep. apud Lactantium.*

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because there is only one God, by whom it was produced and made public.

Let this therefore be laid down as an incontestable maxim, that the characters of virtue are impressed in the bottom of our souls. Violent passions indeed will sometimes hide them; but they will never efface them, because they are indelible.

There is another, and much less suspected obstacle, which hinders us sometimes from discerning those characters: 'tis a multitude of laws of an inferior order, the knowledge of which we have sucked in with our milk; and we unfortunately give them the same rank in our hearts, as to that primitive law which determines our essential obligations.

Laws may be of various sorts: either they contribute to establish the empire of virtue, or they are indifferent about it, or they are opposite to it.

In

In the first class are all those innate laws I have been speaking of, laws known by all men, and adopted by almost all religions in the world. Revere those laws from the bottom of your soul; and you cannot but improve in virtue.

With respect to those of the second class, such as in different religions regulate the external form of divine worship, tho' they may not contribute directly to the progress of virtue, yet they do not, generally speaking, obstruct it. But they may be abused; and abused they really are, if in competition with those of the first class, we give them the preference. The law of nature is the eldest law, to which all more modern religions, as younger sisters, ought to give way. 'Tis the ignorance of this maxim that produces so many bigots and superstitious people.

Orgon

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Orgon had only his daughter Philothea to bear him company. He happened to fall into a swoon: and his daughter made him smell to some Hungary water, which gave him no relief. The hour of evening service approaches; Philothea recommends her father to God and her maid, takes her capuchine and her prayer-book, and runs to church. The service was long, being attended with the benediction of the sacrament. Orgon dies without assistance, and no one so much as perceived he was expiring. Had he been put to bed, and warmed, the accident might have had no bad consequence: Orgon would have been still living, had his daughter missed the benediction. But Philothea imagined that the sound of the bell was the voice of God, and that it was doing an heroic action to prefer the orders of heaven to the cries
of

of blood : wherefore upon her return she made a generous sacrifice to God of her father's life, and looked upon her devotion as so much the more meritorious, as it was bought at so dear a purchase.

Lais has prostituted her charms all her life to the highest bidder ; yet she has still sufficient remains to form new conquests ; and depend upon it, she will neglect no opportunity of improving her advantage. However her manner of living disturbs her repose, and she intends one day or other to make an honourable retreat. In the mean while, in order to ease the qualms of her conscience, she orders a mass to be said every saturday to the blessed virgin.

But nothing throws so great an obscurity on the ideas of virtue, which nature at our first formation engraved in our souls, as the false dogmas, or
laws

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laws of state, that are contrary to the purity of the law of nature. These laws we have found established at our coming into the world; they are stamped with the reputable seal of religion, or the supreme authority. How then is it possible to suspect that what they command is a crime, or what they forbid, is a virtue?

A young Spartan, who had committed a theft without being caught in the fact, far from thinking himself a criminal, valued himself the more for his dexterity. If he enjoyed the stolen favors of a married woman, 'twas a licit gallantry, a gallantry authorized by the customs of the country, and the example of thundering Jove.

How many, even civilized nations, have carried their barbarity so far, as to sacrifice human victims to the deity! And were we not to bridle fanatic zeal; God, the very God of the Christians,

stians, would see his altars smok
with the blood of such victims. Can
he forget the horrible sacrifices of this
kind, that have been offered to him
by the bigotted zeal of our ancestors?

As long as a crime passes for an at-
tempt against the civil government,
we need not apprehend its conse-
quence, the criminal seldom thinks
himself innocent: but if it has the
sanction of a law, or of a custom
universally received; then it makes
the most dangerous impresson on the
heart; it is not satisfied with stripping
it of its innocence, but renders it,
which is still a thousand times worse,
incapable to repent.

To draw a few followers into its
party, is an inconsiderable advantage
to vice: but to supplant virtue, and
usurp its name, there lies its com-
pletest triumph.

What

What must then become, you will say, of this innate science of manners? The same as becomes of the sun overcast with a cloud: he still shines enough to illuminate those who have their eye-sight perfect. The depravation of morality is an encouragement to the wicked; but it does not infect upright hearts: some may be carried headlong with the torrent, who would tremble with horror at the abyss into which they were going to precipitate themselves, were their passions hushed but one moment, to let them hear the internal voice that calls them back.

I doubt not, but there were people at Sparta, who refrained from theft, tho' it was permitted: and sure I am that at Rome, where, as well as at Sparta, a lustful Jove was adored, they looked upon adultery as a crime.

The

The honest man as well as the knave, the sage much more than the fool, comply with established customs in every thing that is not inconsistent with virtue: but an immoral man is not at all vexed to see her lose a little of her credit.

Irene is born of illustrious but unfortunate parents. 'Twas her fate to be exiled in her infancy to a convent: there the generous seeds of virtue, which were implanted in her heart, cultivated by skilful hands, daily increased and multiplied. When the arbiter of human vicissitudes thought her sufficiently guarded by unalterable precepts of wisdom, against the temptation of example, grandeur, and bewitching pleasures; he raised her by an unexpected stroke of his providence, to a much sublimer rank than that of her ancestors,
and

and placed her on the most splendid theatre of the universe : a dangerous snare for a less solid virtue. Irene is an unshaken rock : environed with flatterers, she is humble ; in the center of tumult, she is retired ; in an air infected with irreligion, her piety never slackens ; under the pompous splendour of the most costly attire, her countenance is graced with modesty ; round her, reign dissimulation, perjury, and treason ; on her lips are seated candour, rectitude, and sincerity. True it is therefore, that the torrent of example has no hold of a heart, whose principles are virtuous.

Let us place young Chloe on the same theatre : the licentiousness which there reigns uncontrouled, far from scaring her, will only second her views ; their behaviour is just as she intends to behave ; more circumspec-
tion

tion would be a pain to her. See what was Chloe originally, and you need not be afraid of her being infected by example; her determinate taste for pleasure had anticipated the effects of example, and her education contributed only to strengthen her taste.

We ought therefore to attribute the actual ignorance of our duties, and the depravation of our manners, to no other cause but to the violence of our passions; let us silence for an instant their rustling murmur; and then the voice of reason will infallibly make itself heard. Let us comply with its tender invitations: it waits only for our own consent to make us happy.

But what does reason say; what does it require of us; what must we do?

Love

xlvi *A Preliminary Discourse, &c.*

Love God, love yourself, love your fellow-creatures; these are all your obligations. From the first proceeds piety; from the second wisdom; and the third produces social virtues.



MANNERS.

Chap. 4. Of TEMPERANCE. [145]

To accumulate, and dilapidate immense wealth, there generally needs no more than two generations. The father scrapes, the son squanders; the father grows rich, the son poor. This is the usual course of things; this is what facilitates commerce; otherwise the money hoarded up by private families would never circulate.

You have seen Philargyrus's fortune mount up to the highest pitch in a very little time? And now you behold, how that of his son Scorpison declines. Philargyrus was born with no fortune, but with a violent passion to acquire one. He did not amuse himself with those barren sciences, which procure to those that cultivate them, nothing but glory and empty encomiums: he was neither geometrician, poet, grammarian, nor astronomer; but successively a custom-house clerk, a cashier, a director, and an under-farmer. Arrived to this pitch, he had only one step more to advance, to be at the very height of his wishes. This step also he made; for a hundred thousand crowns distributed in a proper manner, procured him at length the honour of being aggregated to the *opulent assembly of forty*; he was made a chief publican. You would imagine perhaps that his desires were now at a stand; quite the reverse, they increased with his fortune, and his fortune swelled every day in proportion to his desires. When he died, one might have made ten principalities of his estate.

The year of mourning was not expired, when Scorpison, tho' an only son, was less rich by one moiety than his father. The keeping of a mistress, reimbursements of sums he had borrowed, usurers interest to pay, the building and pulling down of houses, gaming, sumptuous entertainments, a passion for pictures, medals, and cockle-shells, but above all his neglect of domestic affairs, had reduced in so small a time his patrimony. Since then he has made a considerable progress: he has not only exhausted his whole fortune; but he has likewise contrived to owe a great deal more than he is worth.

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A great many think themselves prudent æconomists, when they keep exactly on this side the class of spend-thrifts. They do not scruple to make some frivolous expences, provided they only spend their income, without touching the principal or impairing their estate. To assist the unfortunate does not seem to them a duty; nay, they do not so much as know it is a pleasure.

I know not by what fatality it happens, that the more mankind are favoured with the gifts of fortune, the less they are disposed to assist those that are destitute. The poor have greater succours from people almost as poor as themselves, than from the rich. One would imagine that our compassion is raised for evils we partly feel. I say, *partly*; for a man oppressed with excruciating pain, spends all his sensibility upon himself, and excess of misery renders us as incapable of pity, as the highest pitch of prosperity.

Another very strange singularity is, that there are few men more insensible to human miseries, than those whose profession is to preach up charity. Whether it be, that they think themselves excused from assisting the miserable, by the care they take to exhort others to this pious office; and that they imagine they have done enough by interceding for them?

'Tis customary with us here in France to say, that people *make a noble use of their fortune*, when they have a splendid table, vast apartments, rich furniture, costly jewels, a large number of servants, and a superb equipage. For my part, I shall beg leave to deviate from this improper language. What I call making a noble use of one's fortune, is to use it like a prudent, and especially as a benevolent, man. Does the noble and pious Demophilus make a wrong use of his estate, because having abjured all sensual pleasures, and the vain amusements and superfluities of life, he distributes with both hands his largesses to the indigent? If a wise man can find any advantage in riches, 'tis that they procure him the sweet satisfaction of contributing to other people's happiness.

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MANNERS.

PART I.

Of PIETY.



SOME perhaps will imagine it is not the province of philosophy to give lectures of piety. This may be excusable in such, as make this virtue consist in the practice of external worship: but as to those who in conjunction with me, consider it as a natural sentiment of love, respect, and acknowledgment towards God, I see no reason why they should deny a philosopher the liberty of treating of it. Whatever does not exceed the sphere of reason, and the light of nature, is certainly a proper subject of philosophical examination.

Multitudes of people are frighten'd at the word Philosopher; because there are very few that understand the true meaning of this expression. Among the Greeks and Romans, but especially the former, philosophers were men of credit and repute; men who were

considered as worthy of respect for their penetration of mind, and extent of knowledge. But with us this term does not bear the same idea. Philosophers, in the language of the schools, are persons dressed in long-sleeved gowns, and crested caps; who bring up youth in the art of darkening their reason by argumentation, of giving a tincture of evidence to meer hypotheses, and of converting evidence into problem.

These are not the philosophers who are look'd at with fear or terror; they are considered as people of no consequence, and not even worth the trouble of censuring. But there is another sort, who wear neither gown nor cap, who sincerely assent to clear and certain truths, and as sincerely question those that are obscure and uncertain. Ask the vulgar, what they think of a philosopher of this stamp? He is a fantastical fellow, say they, who controuls all our actions, who treats three parts in four of our opinions as prejudices, who believes neither spirits nor conjurers, and perhaps does not even believe in God. Put this same question to a man of sense: a philosopher, he will reply, is a person who examines before he believes, and reflects before he acts; who of course, when he has once determined, is steady in his belief, and resolute in his conduct. As 'tis in men of this character we meet with true and solid piety, they surely are most capable of defining it, who have it engraved in their hearts. And indeed those notions of piety I am now going to set before my readers, had their first origin in philosophical minds.

The existence of a deity is a truth, which a train of argumentations contribute only to obscure, and seldom controverted but in the schools. Those who doubt of it, if any such there be, are to be pitied; their very doubt shews their intellects are not sound, and that the demonstrations designed for their conviction,

viction, are to no manner of purpose. The human mind has as general and regular an idea of the supreme perfections of God, as of his existence. We know he is possessed in an infinite extent, and without any alloy of imperfection, of all the valuable qualities of an intelligent being; that his majesty, his wisdom, goodness, and justice, have no bounds, and his power is unlimited. This we know, and yet there are dangerous sophists, who presume to draw a strange and most frightful picture of this amiable being.

The wicked man (very likely in David's time) said in his heart "there is no God:" but now he is cured of his atheism, and acknowledges indeed a deity, but one of Epicurus's stamp; an idle and disdainful deity, who for fear of being disturbed, does not concern himself about the low affairs of this world; a deity who is neither offended with the iniquity of man, nor honoured with his homage; a deity, in fine, who leaves us at full liberty to act a short-lived character on earth, which must terminate at length in our utter annihilation. This fierce and ill-natur'd deity, putting his rational creatures on the same level with brutes, has neither punishments for vice, nor rewards for virtue; we are only a parcel of mean automata in his eyes, whose understanding and industry entirely consist in a happy mechanism; and like those empty bubbles formed by a violent shower along a rolling flood, we appear on earth in one instant only to disappear the next.

Such a deity, in fact, is no way troublesome to those who consider the practice of morality as a grievous yolk: he has no exception to make against their debauch and impiety, and as he promises them nothing, nothing he demands. But this is not my God: mine has created the universe, and drawn me out of nothing: all the advantages I enjoy with regard to body and mind, I derive from him: 'Tis

he that watches for my preservation, and provides for my felicity. For his goodness I owe him love; for his favours, gratitude; and homage for his majesty.

CHAP. I.

Of the Love we owe to God.

TH E R E is no such thing as disinterested love. Whosoever first supposed it possible for us to love a person merely for that person's sake, understood very little of the nature of affection. Love rises only from the relation subsisting between two objects, one of which contributes to the other's happiness. Let the Quietist love his God, at the very instant his inexorable justice commits him to the fury of eternal flames: this is refining too much on the notion of divine love.

Those perfections of God, from whence nothing results to our advantage, may raise indeed our admiration, and fill us with respect; but can no way inspire us with love. 'Tis not merely because he is almighty, great, or wise, that I love him: no, 'tis because he is good; because he himself loves me, and every moment gives me convincing proofs of his affection. Were he not to love me, what would his omnipotency, grandeur, and wisdom signify to me? He could do every thing, but would do nothing for me: his supreme majesty would only serve to render me mean and contemptible in his eyes; he would know how to make me happy, but would never concern himself about it. On the contrary, let him but love me, and all his attributes become valuable and precious: his wisdom contrives proper measures for my happiness; his omnipotence executes them with-

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Chap. I. *Of the Love we owe to God.* 5

out impediment; and his supreme Majesty renders his love infinitely estimable.

Some will ask, whether 'tis certain that God loves mankind? To which I answer, that the innumerable favours he lavishes upon us, set his love beyond all doubt. But as this proof will be insisted upon hereafter, we shall produce here some other arguments.

To ask whether God loves mankind, is asking whether he is good; which is questioning his very existence. For how is it possible to conceive a God without goodness? And what goodness could he have, were he to hate his own handy-work, and to desire the misery of his creatures? A good prince loves his subjects; a good parent loves his children; we love even the tree we planted, the house we built: and is it possible for God not to love mankind! In what minds can such a suspicion rise, except of those who form a capricious and barbarous being of God, a being who makes a merciless sport of the fate of mankind; a being who destines them, before they are born, to hell, reserving one at most to himself out of every million, tho' that one has no more merited his predilection, than the others have deserved their reprobation. Impious blasphemers, who endeavour to give me an aversion to God, by persuading me that I am the object of his aversion!

You will say; he owes nothing to man. Well; but he owes something to himself: he must necessarily be just and beneficent: his perfections do not depend on choice; he is necessarily what he is; he is either the most perfect of all beings, or he is nothing. Besides I know he loves me, by the very love I feel for him: 'tis because he loves me he has engraved in my heart this sentiment, the most precious of all his gifts. His love is the source of mine, as it ought to be also the motive.

Give me leave, in order to convey an idea of the love of God, to paint that love which your devotees call profane. The parallel in itself has nothing indecent. Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. That pure substance, fire, sends up unwholesome and dangerous vapours, when it preys on infected matter; so love if it be nourished among vices, produces shameful desires, criminal designs, and is followed with troubles, care, and vexation. But let it rise in an upright heart, and be kindled by an object, adorned with virtues as well as charms, it is then safe from censure; and God, far from being offended, gives it his approbation. He has made amiable objects only in order to be loved. I chose this for a model of the divine love; because of all affections 'tis that which moves the soul with the greatest empire and vivacity.

Now let us see, what passes in a heart deeply smitten? It hurries with impetuosity towards the charming object; all its movements tend to approach it; whatever keeps or removes it from this object, is tormenting; it is afraid of giving it any displeasure; it inquires into its tastes and inclinations, in order to conform and submit to them; it likes to hear it commended; talks of it with satisfaction; and caresses every thing, that renews the agreeable idea. Love, they say, gave birth to painting; and 'tis love without doubt that first introduced the worship of relics; a single hair of the object beloved is a precious toy.

'Tis a mistake to think there is a great difference between this and divine love. We have but one way of loving; people love their God and their mistresses in the same manner; and these affections differ only in the diversity of their objects and ends. A man therefore sincerely penetrated with pious sentiments towards God, sentiments like those of a passionate lover, would be glad to behold him, possess him, and be united to him; he thinks of him with joy; and speaks of him with respect; he studies, meditates,

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ditates, and observes his law; which is a proof as well as the effect of his love. For if you love God, you practise his commandments; and if you practise them, you love him.

Cleon leads a retired life; he has broke off all commerce with the world; he prays at stated hours, dresses plain, lives on roots and vegetables, eats very little, mortifies himself a great deal, and sees no women. And yet I question whether Cleon loves God or not. His virtues are merely the effect of caprice. He does a great many things which the law of God no where commands, and omits several things it prescribes. Let Cleon come back again to society; let him love and assist his fellow creatures to the best of his power; let him endeavour to improve his soul, instead of aiming to destroy his body; let him pray rather with fervor than method; let him think every thing permitted that God does not forbid; let him preach up virtue by his examples, and venture to practise it in public; then shall I be more easily persuaded that Cleon loves God.

Man never confines himself to a just medium; but always carries things to extremity. The founder of Christianity said to his disciples, that he who loves God, does what he commands him: they concluded therefore that it would be loving him still more, to do more than he commands. He is willing they should pray, they should honour him, and give him thanks: wherefore they imagined that the sublimity of perfection consisted in abstaining from every other occupation. Hence such a number of pious drones, who pretend they are intirely consecrated to the divine service; and whose life in reality is either criminal, or useless to society. He condemns a fond attachment to riches; they consequently supposed it was a virtue to be possess'd of nothing at all. Hence such a swarm of sturdy beggars, those wasps that live upon the substance of the laborious bees. He forbids adul-

tery, rapes, and debauch : this prohibition made them imagine that a perpetual continency would be extremely acceptable to him. They durst not make of marriage a crime : but they have made (which amounts pretty near to the same) virginity a virtue : forgetting without doubt that their master cursed a fig-tree, merely because it resembled a virgin. He blames, in fine, softness and sensuality : in consequence of which, they are transported with a kind of fury ; arming themselves with whips, scourges, and iron spikes ; and lacerating themselves in a cruel and merciless manner, like the priests of Baal in the presence of Elias. What could you do worse, wretched fanatics, had you chosen for your God, that malignant spirit you call the devil ! When a soldier receives the word of command, he is not allowed, either to exceed, or fall short of his orders ; for which way soever he transgresses, his fault may prove equally dangerous, and is therefore equally liable to punishment.

A person may love God without hating himself, so far is it from being true that self-hatred is a mark of divine love. Is it right we should entertain sentiments contrary to those of God ? Now 'tis certain that God loves us ; let us not therefore expect to please him by hating what he loves. He desires us to love our neighbours like ourselves : can it be supposed by this that we ought to be the objects of our own aversion ? Let us rather subject the flesh to the spirit, without destroying it. Let us be chaste, but not abstain from a licit affection. Let us avoid an immoderate love of riches ; but not neglect to provide for our wants. Let us raise our hearts frequently towards God ; but let us likewise stretch out our hands to the wretch that implores our assistance.

This whimsical notion, that we cannot love God, without contradicting even the most innocent instincts of nature, is so generally received, that no one ever dreams of extolling the sanctity of a person who
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makes his four meals a day, eats fish or flesh indiscriminately, wears a decent garment, lies on a feather bed, has a tender affection for his spouse, and delights to convince her of it; let him have ever so many virtues besides, or perform ever so many good actions. At Rome they canonize popes, anchorets, founders of orders, and, when they find nothing better, anonymous skeletons: but they seldom confer this honour on virtuous fathers of families, unless they happen to be kings, or at least the ancestors of crowned heads.

There are certain bigots who imagine, that to love God as we ought, we must love nothing but God; that he is jealous, and unwilling a husband should be fond of his wife, or a lover of his mistress. They represent him like a whimsical husband, who would esteem it a criminal affection in his wife to be fond of a canary-bird. Thus by speculating and refining upon the notion of divine love, they have taken it into their heads, that there are none but very extraordinary persons, who are capable of so elevated a sentiment. Far are they from thinking that a man of ordinary virtue can attain to such an eminence; nay it would be treated as blasphemy among Christians, to suppose a Turk capable of this sacred affection.

Aristo at the age of thirty was quite full of the world; a man of a fashionable taste; caressed and courted by all parties; and whose conversation formed the principal delight of every feast and entertainment. Now he is sixty, his taste is changed: he declines company, and frequents no other place but church; he is best pleased with long sermons, prays incessantly and with fervor; and bewails the time, when immersed in pleasure, his attention was not taken up with giving due honour, and praise to God. This is, you'll say, because, poor man, he begins to stoop; people generally grow devout at that age. I agree with you, if Aristo at the time of his change gave any other marks of imbecillity. But if his good sense be no

way altered, I will say, that his passions subsiding in his old age, he therefore improves in the love of virtue, a love that must necessarily be attended with piety. I do not make Aristo's piety consist merely in going to church (for were he a Turk, he would frequent the mosques, were he a Jew he would go to his synagogue; were he of the Religion of Job or Enoch, he would pray indifferently in all places) but in the elevation of the heart towards God, and in all those acts by which it is externally demonstrated; acts that are regularly performed by Aristo.

When a woman, no longer adored by a crowd of lovers, takes up with a devout life, she is apt to be charged with hypocrisy, and with mocking instead of honouring God. But why so? 'Tis true the desertion of her lovers gives her a disrelish for the world; yet she preserves still a tender heart, which, as it must tend towards some object, she directs towards heaven. Besides having been often told that 'tis much nobler to love God than the creatures, this sentiment flatters her vanity; and convinced of the emptiness of the world, she is prompted perhaps to love God thro' a motive of self-love. Little does it signify, by what inducement our hearts are inclined to virtue, provided they embrace it with sincerity and resolution.

Valeria was beloved by a person of great eminence; a conquest which highly flattered her ambition. But her levity having at length obliged him to change his affection, she thought it inconsistent with her dignity to stoop to an adorer of an inferior quality. Such a condescension would be too great a sacrifice for her pride; wherefore she instantly resolves, and renounces all commerce of love and gallantry. This alteration is at first the effect of spite and resentment; but that does not signify; it contributes to cure the irregularity of her mind. Delivered from the abyss she was in, she will be better able to know its depth; and tho' forced to virtue by despair, yet she will find a pleasure in pursuing

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pursuing it. Cease to commit the crime, and time will infallibly bring you to detest it.

We accustom ourselves to behold a hideous countenance without horror, by having it constantly before our eyes : but were we to see it after twenty years absence, we should soon discern its whole deformity. Vice is not agreeable at first sight ; the eye must be used to it. No one ever abandons himself to it without dread and fear ; a fear like that of a timorous swimmer, who apprehending the coldness of the Water, dips only at first his foot, then ventures a leg, afterwards a knee, then a thigh, and at length plunges his whole body. A traitor who betrays his trust, must have committed a great many mean actions, before he could attain to so consummate a degree of villainy.

When a person is so happy as to be ashamed of his past misdeeds, and takes a different road from that which led him astray ; he walks at first with uneasiness and pain, finding it hobbling and rugged, in comparison to that easy declivity, by which he was hurrying along to destruction. However let him not be discouraged with his repugnance, but resolutely persist ; a person who walks reluctantly, still advances ; and that which proves at first fatiguing to one of a delicate constitution, becomes at length an agreeable exercise, when he has surmounted his weakness. His eyes being at length opened will see that monster vice in its real colours ; and thus to see it, is enough to detest it. 'Tis by mask and disguise that vice allures us ; and virtue on the contrary engages us by shewing itself unveiled. The more it is known, the more it is loved : we should prostrate ourselves and adore it, were it a personal being ; and such indeed would it be in the eyes of a mortal, to whom God would vouchsafe to render himself visible. For he is the only being in whom virtue resides in its full purity ; nay, I question whether there can be any real difference assigned between God and virtue. A new argument
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this to prove that to love virtue is loving God. No body I fancy disputes whether we ought to love virtue; and how then can any one doubt that we ought to love God? But let us not muster up a heap of proofs concerning this subject; sensible truths need only be set before us, for our full conviction. 'Tis time to proceed now to the article of Gratitude.

C H A P. II.

Of the Gratitude due to God.

IN human life, love and gratitude are two different sentiments. We may love a person without having ever received any favours from him; and we may receive his favours without loving him; and tho' loaded with benefits from his hands, we may yet not love him without being guilty of ingratitude. But 'tis quite otherwise in respect to God: Our gratitude cannot be without love, nor our love without gratitude; because God is both an amiable and beneficent being. That he is amiable, we have already proved; I have only therefore to shew he is beneficent.

You acknowledge yourself indebted to your mother for having brought you into the world; to your father for providing for your wants; to your masters for instructing you in useful knowledge; to your benefactors for their generous assistance; and finally to your friends for their attachment to your person: Now God alone is really and indeed your *mother*, your *father*, your *master*, your *benefactor*, and *friend*; and those whom as such you honour, are properly speaking only the instruments of his goodness. In order to convince you more fully of this truth; let us consider him a while under these different relations.

I. *God*

I. God compared to a Mother.

Sylvia grown ripe for wedlock, receives the addresses of a young, rich, and handsome wooer. Sylvia blushes and likes him; and tho' her youthful modesty makes her hesitate a while, yet such a cluster of perfections stagger her at length, and she yields to the impulse of her inclination. A few words mumbled over by the priest make her a wife; and her husband soon makes her a mother. Now what has she done hitherto for the fruit of her womb? nothing; the whole is the work of God. When he laid the foundations of the heavens and the earth, he had then this child in view, and disposed from so remote a period a long chain of events, which were to terminate in its nativity. But this is not all; he likewise created him, by kneading the clay of which he formed his first parent. The time being come for the opening of this bud; he was pleased to place it in Sylvia's womb; and took care himself to warm and unfold the blossom.

That this child should honour in due time his mother, is what I have no objection against, nay what I advise him to; she has suffered, if not for him, at least thro' him and upon his account, the inconveniences of pregnancy, and the pains of child-birth. But let him carry his acknowledgment still higher, and not imitate those superstitious idolaters, who seeing the earth loaded every year with corn, fruit, and pasturage, stupidly adored this blind instrument of the bounties of their Sovereign Lord, without ever thinking to praise the powerful arm from whence it derived its fecundity.

II. God considered as a Father.

God is likewise the Father of mankind, much more so than each man in particular is the parent of his children.

children. Let us wave here the share a father has in the birth of his son ; for I do not see any obligation due to him upon this score : his sole aim was his own satisfaction, and if we are indebted to him for this pretended benefit, we ought likewise to be thankful to him for the choice repasts he has made, for the champain he has drunk, for the minuets he has danced, and, in short, for all the pleasures in which he has indulged himself. 'Tis not therefore the simple quality of a father, that gives a man a right over the hearts of his children ; he has no just pretence of this kind, but inasmuch as he has discharged the duties which nature has annexed to this title.

What acknowledgment, what gratitude can parents claim from those unfortunate victims, whom their relentless barbarity has doomed to the gloomy exile of a convent, to swell the fortune of an elder brother ? What sentiments of tenderness can arise in the breast of a son, from the fiery transports of a tyrannical father, who never looks at him but with fury, never speaks to him but with boisterous terms, never instructs him but with menaces, and corrects him like an assassin and a murderer ! What an odd sort of a father is Florimond ! Stranger to the very family over which he presides ; he goes out and comes in, drinks, plays, and saunters, while his neglected children grow up to the age of maturity ; lucky indeed if they are of themselves inclinable to virtue, if they attain to any acquirements, or think of settling in the world, for as to his part he never troubles his head about them. He just saw them when they were born, gave them his name, and that is all ; they have been ever since the least of his concern.

But since our business is to draw a parallel between a father and God, let us chuse, in order to render the disproportion less enormous, the tenderest and best of fathers ; and such indeed was mine, whom I beg leave to propose here for an example. Hortensio
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Chap. 2. *Of the Gratitude due to God.* 15

(for so he was named) was of a genteel family, but of indifferent fortune. His tender industry however and prudent œconomy fixed me in a situation, in which I have no occasion to envy the sons of opulence. Temperate was my diet, decent my apparel, and the ablest masters were charged with my instruction. He formed me to virtue rather by his example than admonishments, so that had it been possible for me to have changed my parent, I must have been a loser by the exchange. Thus my father took care of my subsistence, education, and manners; all very reasonable motives of gratitude. He did what he could for me, but it was God that gave him the power to do it: for we should always ascend to this primitive source of blessings. When my father watched for my preservation, it was God that preserved me; when he took care to instruct me, it was God that opened my understanding; when he entertained me with the charms of virtue, 'twas God that excited me to love it.

III. *God considered as a Master.*

If we come to compare the masters that direct and instruct us, to the eternal Truth from whence all our knowledge proceeds; I do not imagine they will be better able to stand the parallel. Let us even suppose them more knowing than they really are, more certain of the doctrines they teach, freer from prejudices, more disinterested, and less passionate: and yet how limited is their science, if we reduce it, as we ought, to the ideas arising from certainty and evidence! Now these ideas, which alone are worthy of the name of science, God has rendered common to all mankind; every one possesses them, and by the help of reflection can recall them to mind; which induced
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some philosophers to think that all our knowledge is attained by reminiscency.

The number of truths, of such at least as are really useful, is not so great, as people imagine; and generally speaking 'tis nothing but indolence or prejudice that conceals them from us. And if there be some more abstract verities, which are not discovered but by study and long application, we are not indebted to our own labour for the discovery: they are treasures which God has buried deeper than others, but proceed notwithstanding from him; because by digging we find them in the bottom of our souls, which are his handy-work. The miner digs the mine, the naturalist directs the operation; but neither of them have made the ore therein contained.

IV. *God considered as a Benefactor.*

Should any one presume to deny God the title of benefactor, I would not endeavour to refute him: the light he enjoys, the air he breathes, and whatsoever contributes to his preservation and pleasures, the heavens, the earth, and all nature, designed for his use, bear witness against him, and sufficiently confound him. That he thinks, speaks, and acts, is intirely owing to the faculty he has received of God; and were it not for that Providence against which he rebelliously rises, he would never have existed, and the earth would not be loaded with the disagreeable weight of so ungrateful a monster. True it is, that we are pretty unanimous, in owning we are indebted to God for our existence: but there are a great many who seem to undervalue this favour, in order to exempt themselves from the duty of acknowledgment. Man is a querulous animal; if the weather proves dry,
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Chap. 2. *Of the Gratitude due to God.* 17

he would have it wet; and if it rains, he would have it dry. He gives himself the trouble of complaints and wishes, as if he knew what was most conducive to his advantage. He exists, and is possessed of whatever is necessary to preserve his existence, as long as it pleases heaven he should enjoy it. And yet this does not satisfy him; indifferent with regard to life when he is to thank God for the favour, he takes it into his head to consider it as a grievance. He forgets what God has done in his behalf, to complain of what he has omitted. His principal subjects of complaint are, "*that disorders happen in the physical world, that the body is subject to troublesome wants, and the soul to irregular passions.*" Let us examine these three objections against Providence, and try, if we can justify the ways of God to man.

1. "A city is swallowed up by inundations; a caravan is buried in sands; the earth opens, and exhibits most frightful abysses; savage beasts endanger human lives; famine, pestilence, and a thousand other terrible scourges infest and destroy mankind."

But what is there in all these events; that exempts you from the gratitude due to God? Are you less loaded with his favours, because Lima is destroyed? Have the fiery eruptions of mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* done you any harm? And were these pretended disorders to reach even as far as you, the very worst that can befall you, is death. Now death is no evil of itself: 'tis a passage that leads from this life to the next; and it depends on you to secure yourself a happy or unhappy state hereafter.

Do not judge of God by events, but judge rather of events by the idea you have of God. In affairs subject to human government disorders happen, because those who are entrusted with the management of them, are weak, dishonest, or ignorant. Now none
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of these imperfections are to be found in God. 'Tis he without doubt that governs the universe; how is it then possible it should be subject to real disorders? Here I see two things, whereof one is evident and the other obscure. Evident it is that God is just, wise, and omnipotent: but 'tis not evident that what appears to us a disorder is really such, since our knowledge in this respect may be far inferior to that of God. My business therefore is to decide the uncertain by the certain, and to conclude that every thing is in proper order.

2. With regard to the wants of the body, far from giving me any reason to doubt of the divine goodness, they afford me the most sensible marks of his paternal attention and care for mankind. I consider them as useful disturbers, whereby he hinders us from applying ourselves without interruption to labour, which would soon waste and consume us. But what I admire most is, that these apparent inconveniences are the source of all our pleasures. We eat and drink with satisfaction, only inasmuch as our wants excite us by the importunity of their sting.

The artisan rises and goes to work, excited merely by the hope of gain; his avarice would allow him no leisure to relax, did not God compel him by the impression of bodily wants to quit his labour. His hungry stomach obliges him to suspend his painful exercise; he obeys this imperious voice; his fatigue sharpens his appetite, which he satisfies with a relish unknown to the effeminacy and indolence of the great. With alacrity he returns to his hammer or file, and with the sweat and exercise of his body procures another repast as sweet and delicious as the preceding.

Who can sufficiently extol thy bounties, O indulgent sleep, thou who so powerfully reparaest our exhausted strength; who charmest our inquietudes, dispellest our blackest chagrins, and asswagest our acutest pains. Had the nectar of the gods any virtues comparable
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to thine? the *Nepenthe* so much extolled by Homer was no more than a soporiferous draught. Into what a sweet situation dost thou not plunge the happy lovers, almost annihilated by excess of pleasure, when thou stretchest out to them thy propitious hand, and to their most lively transports causest a soft and sweet drunkenness to succeed, which tho' not so brisk as that from which they emerged, is nevertheless full as delicious?

Shall the insuperable inclination of one sex towards another, be considered as a troublesome want? sensible I am indeed that there are some to whom it is a punishment: But why so? because they are so foolish as to imagine there is a beauty in resisting it, and that 'tis an ignominious thing to contribute to the propagation of our own species. But are we to blame God for this? Are we to lay our whimsical notions and prejudices to his account? Let us descend rather to a level with other men, and without aspiring to a pretended perfection, which is all a chimæra, let us condescend to satisfy this pressing want; for this only is the reasonable way to get rid of its importunity.

A man of sense, far from imagining that the vacuity of his passion, or even the oppositions he meets with and the difficulties he must surmount, are real evils and subjects of complaint, considers them on the contrary as designed to stimulate the sense, and raise the relish of the pleasure. Take away all longings and obstacles from enjoyment, and you'll utterly annihilate all its charms.

"Some perhaps will produce as an argument against Providence, the unequal distribution of riches. One, they will say, wallows in plenty, while another struggles with want."

This argument is built on a wrong principle; wherefore as soon as we subvert its foundation it will tumble to the ground. It proceeds on a supposition that riches are the only, or at least the greatest blessing we

we can enjoy in life. But if it be the smallest of those favours which the divine bounty bestows on man; if such as it is, it can be more than compensated by other advantages, those who have not been favoured with it, have no manner of reason to complain.

Let us only draw a comparison between those perishable goods which are absolutely extrinsic to us, as they belong neither to body nor soul, and some of the advantages of an animal life, such as perfect health, a regular conformation of the body, or a proper construction of organs. There are none of these, even separately considered, but, were we to have our option, we should prefer to riches; much less would we prefer wealth to all these advantages united. But what if we should compare them to the most valuable gifts, such as virtue, honour, understanding, and science? What trifles are riches compared to the smallest of these attributes! Besides, the qualifications of body or mind have this advantage over riches, that the latter may be acquired by means of the former; whereas riches can never restore a lost limb, or correct a vicious disposition of mind.

The same we may say with respect to inequality of conditions. One (you will object) is seated majestic in his throne, while another creeps obscurely in the dust. But let us place honour in the same rank with riches; let us compare them with the advantages either of body or soul, and you'll quickly see their inconsiderable value. Push your ambition to the very highest pitch it can mount to (for what need you be afraid of wishing?) aspire even to the rank of a sovereign; and suppose your wishes intirely fulfilled; what real advantage would you gain? A king that performs his duty is the most miserable of men; a king that neglects it, is the most odious.

Honours and great riches, conferred on a worthless fellow, contribute only to disgrace him, by exposing his

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his failings to public view. Of this we have recent examples in Hypsistus and Pollio. Pollio was fond of play, good cheer, and women; but had a strong desire at the same time of making his fortune. The latter passion did not stifle the rest, but only rendered him more circumspect; it did not make him a man of honour, but an hypocrite. He knew that as corrupt as the world is, still it requires vice to walk with a veil; and tho' we have some indulgence for an immoral man, yet we do not excuse an impudent Cynic. He confined therefore his words to rule, and disguised his conduct; assuming, as well as he could, the air of a man of honour before his patrons, and discovering none of his mean artifices, but such as they might find of some utility. Pollio thus attained to an immense fortune, because he had pursued the right road. Then it was that tired of a troublesome constraint, he let drop the mask, and gave loose to all his passions; making an idol of his belly, a theatre of the gaming-table, and a seraglio of the opera.

Hypsistus attained to honours by a somewhat different conduct. He was born of a middling family, with a capacity that did not seem to promise any great matters; but the fair sex, more penetrating undoubtedly than ours, discovered a kind of merit in him, which he knew how to convert to his advantage, having raised himself thereby to the highest pitch of grandeur. Hither when he had reached, the talent that raised him, was not of a nature to make him shine; wherefore he cut but a mean figure, exposing moreover his own ignominy by the haughty and disdainful air he affected in public.

In a greater mediocrity of fortune and rank we meet with men at every step, whom the supreme distributor of graces has distinguished more than Hypsistus and Pollio. 'Tis not in the glittering pomp of grandeur and opulence, that we find the most solid happiness, but in a middling state. The air that circulates near the ground

is the fittest for most men; but that which is breathed on too high an eminence, makes the heart grow sick, and turns the head.

Nature, that best of parents, of whom we are so apt to ungratefully complain, has not made so great an inequality among men as appears at first sight. The most lively and transporting pleasures are common to all mankind; those which are peculiar to the great, are pleasures of meer caprice, of very little solidity, and generally mixt with a bitterness from which those that pure nature offers are exempt. 'Tis to her we are indebted for all the comforts of this transitory life; and we must attribute to the irregularity of our imagination or manners most of the misfortunes under which we groan.

3. Another argument those ungrateful wretches alledge against Providence, is the empire of the passions over human hearts. They look upon man as in a deplorable state, because some indeliberate motions rise in his soul, which he is incapable to repress. They flourish and enlarge upon the fatal effects of the passions, and shut their eyes to the immense advantages from thence arising. Is it reasonable to hate the element of fire because it can consume us, or water because it can swallow us up?

Let us consider the passions in themselves, and not judge of them by what we are pleased to call their effects. Or if we consider these effects, let us balance the good with the bad. Ethic writers generally declaim against the passions, and never fail to commend the excellence and superiority of reason. For my part I am not afraid to affirm, that the passions on the contrary are innocent, and 'tis our reason only that renders us guilty. The sentiments are the very soul of the passions; now the sentiments are not free, for we do not love or hate because 'tis our will so to do; wherefore it follows, that the sentiments cannot be criminal. In effect, our passions are not our own

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choice; we experience them in our tender infancy, and feel them before we think. They are therefore the gifts of nature; or to speak more properly, they are the gifts of God; for a philosopher understands nothing more by nature than the benevolent hand of the Almighty. Now 'tis evident that God could not bestow any poisoned gifts upon his creatures.

Again; the passions are so far from being bad in themselves, that they are good, useful, and necessary. 'Tis but just and natural, that an intelligent creature should desire its felicity and endeavour to procure it. Now there are two things which concur to its felicity; namely, exemption from pain, and enjoyment of pleasure; and these are certainly the object of all the passions. Their aim is to remove from us whatever may obstruct our happiness, or to secure to us the possession of what may increase it. Every sentiment therefore we feel of the fear of pain, or love of pleasure, is lawful and agreeable to our instinct. But this instinct is neither free, nor enlightened; nor indeed has it any occasion so to be, because it was not made to direct itself. It avoids evil and pursues good; but both the one and the other must be pointed out, since it is not able to distinguish them of itself. This discernment is the work of reason; whose business it is to regulate the sentiments, by applying each of them to their proper objects, and confining them within their just bounds; a point in which she is frequently defective. We are apt to rail vehemently against the passions, while 'tis reason only that deserves the blame.

Love, for example, is a passion so necessary for mankind, that without it the whole species would soon be extinguished. The inclination of one sex for the other, contributes to improve them both, forming the most delicious unions and the most amiable ties of society; but this only when it is directed by the light of pure reason. Guided by a depraved and
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vicious reason, it is apt to produce, and indeed every day produces treason, perjury, adultery, incest, murders, conflagrations, and all the evils of which a blind fury is capable. As its end is entirely conformable to the design of nature, which is the union of the two sexes, a union in itself legitimate; the inclination is not therefore the thing you are to check. If your heart be naturally tender, do not endeavour to render it insensible, but fix your affection on such objects as will not estrange you from virtue; or rather love those that will lead you to it. Your propensity to love will not be the less satisfied; nay, without this precaution your satisfaction would be very imperfect. There is no such thing as friendship without virtue. The union of two lovers without honour or morals, is not love: 'tis an odious association, by which they enter upon a vicious commerce, and render themselves mutually accomplices in villainy.

Agatho has conceived a liking for Cephisa. Agatho is a young finical and affected nobleman, who moves with a disdainful air, and scarce touches the ground with his tip-toe. If he is obliged to direct his looks towards an object that is not exactly over-against him, his head, most awkwardly jointed on its hinge, turns about half way and with difficulty to behold it; his eye, which he languishingly rolls, performs the rest tho' with some reluctance. Proud of his birth and equipage, he scorns the acquisition of talents, which he excuses in those only, who placed below his sphere have no other means to emerge from their obscurity. The idea of God disturbs him, because it sets before him a superior being; social virtues are his aversion, because they subject him to a respect and deference for other people; and even equity is a thing he disregards, by reason it sets limits to his pretences. Thus he is an impious, hard-hearted, and interested wretch; false in his promises, perfidious in his engagements,

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gagements, incapable of tenderness, commiseration, and gratitude. He is not hurried away to vice by the fire of his temperament; no, he is a silly coxcomb who thinks he is of sufficient consequence, without putting himself to the trouble of being virtuous.

Cephisa is a vain and imperious woman. A crowd of lovers lie prostrate at her feet, where she delights to behold them as so many trophies erected to her charms. One only is to be crowned, and yet they must all adore. She commands like a sovereign; they obey her as slaves. In order to establish her severe and despotic authority, she dictates none but capricious and whimsical commands. The most servile and fawning of her court expect to carry the prize; but they are mistaken. She requires an unlimited respect; tho' she despises those who pay it. Unacquainted with the characteristic of true merit; judging of talents, by assurance; of nobility, by titles; of wit, by punning; of love, by cajoling; void in fine of religion, morals, and regular taste; she is the very picture of Agatho. And in fact 'tis upon Agatho at length she fixes her choice. But are we to expect that love is to be the band of such a match? no, 'tis the confidence they have, that neither of them will be excelled by the other in merit.

But 'tis not enough to know how to direct one's passion towards an object more worthy of love than Cephisa and Agatho. Tho' it may be lawful and well placed, yet there are cases in which it should be moderated, and restrained within narrow limits. If there be an object deserving of the highest affection; 'tis surely the amiable Menoqui. I had no occasion to make a long study of her character, to find her adorable. A heart less knowing and circumspect than mine, would have surrendered at first sight. Every thing conspired to my defeat; the beauty

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of her features, the majesty of her gait, the graces spread round her person, the fire that sparkled in her eyes, and the delicacy that seasoned her discourse. I withstood nevertheless all those charms, but was obliged at length to yield to a thousand other more captivating and valuable qualities, whose numerous cluster daily increased my surprize and admiration; such as a heart open to friendship, a heart benevolent, noble, and generous; a heart free without indiscretion, ingenuous without imprudence; a gay and brisk temper, tho' always sage and circumspect; noble and grand sentiments without pride or ostentation; an exquisite taste and talents veiled with meek and humble modesty; virtue in fine without an affected reserve, and piety without bigotry. Such a multitude of perfections seemed sufficient to justify the love with which I found myself attacked; and notwithstanding the fair Menoqui was engaged in indissoluble bands, and consequently incapable of making a return; yet my affection seemed innocent, tho' unfortunate. I gave it therefore leave to reside in my heart, upon condition it never troubled my repose. And as dear as Menoqui is to me, still were my passion to become indocil, and endeavour to leap beyond the bounds I have prescribed; were it to grow so petulant and licentious as to form unlawful desires: I would not wait till the injured fair, acquainted with my sentiments by some rash attempt upon her virtue, should be able to do herself justice; no, I would become the implacable avenger of my secret crime, by banishing myself for ever from her presence; and contesting with her the point of virtue in my heart, I would deprive her by an expeditious sacrifice, of the fatal advantage of being able to prevent me. The love I have for her gives me no remorse; and a remorse it would cause, were it to make an attack upon virtue; which it is of too pure a nature ever to attempt.

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The same may be said of the other passions: just and useful in themselves, they continue to be such, when they are applied to proper objects, and care is taken to moderate their vivacity. The disorders imputed to them are intirely owing to their misapplication or excess. Thus hatred is not criminal in itself; for there are odious objects: hate nothing but these, and your hatred will never extend to revenge. In the same manner you ought to regulate indignation, contempt, and disdain. Real evils should be the object of fear; for they can hardly be otherwise avoided. If they are inevitable, bear them with resolution. Fear properly moderated is prudence; excess is cowardice. Choler is an emotion of the soul, that renders it capable of violent and sometimes necessary efforts, which it would never have made, had it not been dispossessed of its natural tranquillity. It is useful to a fond parent, to a patient master, to an indulgent superior, who without this assistance would pardon a great many faults that ought to be punished. It is useless to a minister of state, a governor of a province, or an inquisitor; these people know how to do mischief in cool blood. When we give way to it without cause, 'tis whim and maggot; when we carry it too far, 'tis fury.

The necessities of life gave rise to arts; but curiosity alone has produced the progress of the sciences; curiosity that amiable passion, the next to love in polishing and civilizing mankind, and softning their ferocity. Unfortunate victims of that smoke called glory; unhappy shades precipitated to the lower regions from Fontenoy, Rocoux, Lawfelt, and Exiles; your precious blood, spilt with such profusion, would still continue to circulate in your veins, were the world inhabited only by men of letters, and swayed by no other passion but that of a useful curiosity! And yet this fertile source of good effects, directed towards objects which prudence forbids, becomes indiscretion;

and carried beyond the strength of the human understanding, generates monstrous systems among philosophers, and extravagant religions among priests.

The passions are not bad of their own nature, but by the abuse made of them. Let us not cavil however about terms; if by passions we are to understand vicious and immoderate affections, I freely pronounce sentence against them, and grant that we should endeavour to mortify and extinguish them. But if they are considered in their principle, where they are only innocent sallies of an instinct that is born with us, we must respect them as God's handy-work. 'Tis an attempt against his providence to endeavour to destroy them; we should only regulate their application and use.

" But a question here may arise, whether 'tis always in our power to regulate the passions. And whether reason herself, stunned by their tumult, be not incapable sometimes of keeping them in subjection? And if so, whether it must not be allowed that the soul is in a state of imperfection, which without any injustice may be imputed to God, who undoubtedly might have given us a greater command of our passions."

I answer in the affirmative; and that neither of these is to be contested. Reason but too often fails in her duty; and then the passions, for want of being directed by her light, become hurtful to us. But what is there in all this that exempts us from the acknowledgment due to God? They are hurtful to us only inasmuch as we are consenting; and 'tis our reason that permits them to assume the command they have over us. But without inquiring into the cause, that makes the passions, tho' commendable in their principle, degenerate into imperfections; let us see whether these imperfections themselves, are so incompatible, as some would fain make us believe, with the goodness of a supreme being that loves us.

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In taking notice of the wants of the body, we observed that they are the source of all our pleasures. May we not say the same of the passions of the soul? undoubtedly in respect to the honest man, who endeavours to extirpate his vices. A mathematician hugs himself at the solution of an abstract and profound problem: how much sweeter a satisfaction must it be to the heart of a virtuous man, when victorious over an obstinate passion after a long and generous struggle he is able to say to himself: *I am at length grown better, more agreeable in the eyes of my God, and more resembling that supreme and most perfect of Beings.*

But were man (you'll say) exempt from those struggles, would he not be more obliged to heaven? I cannot tell, nor have I any occasion to trouble my head about it: this I know, he would have less merit. Are we continually to look out for pretexts to excuse ourselves from acknowledgment? is a watchmaker deserving of blame, because being able to make a second pendulum he made a minute one? God without doubt might have created us more perfect, and have equalled us with those celestial spirits that are painted round his throne; but his design was only to form men. Ungrateful and unnatural wretches, who to his benefits make no other return, but complaints and murmuring! Had he made you angels, you would have complained you were not Gods; like those devils whom he is said to have precipitated into the bottomless pit. In fine let us cease to insult our benefactor; let us shew ourselves sensible to the perpetual testimonies he gives us of his benevolence; and if we refuse to love him, in consideration of his supreme perfections, let us love him at least because he is good and beneficent.

V. *God considered as our Friend.*

All that a friend does for a person on whom he has fix'd his affection, is to love him, to wish him well, and to serve him. The love which God bears us, and the favours we receive from his hands, have been sufficiently evinced, methinks, in this and the preceding chapter. I shall not therefore attempt here to prove that God is our friend, this proposition being demonstrated by what we have already advanced. But this title so tender and flattering in respect to man, ought not to diminish the infinite respect with which the idea of his supreme grandeur should naturally inspire us. Less disdainful than earthly monarchs, and a friend to his subjects, he is willing this friendship should be reciprocal: yet he does not allow them to forget he is their sovereign master, and that upon this account he expects their homage.

C H A P. III.

Of the Homage due to God.

TIS not merely because God is great that we owe him homage; but because we are his vassals, and he our sovereign Lord. The sultan of Constantinople is one of the most potent monarchs upon earth; but as we are not his subjects, we owe him no homage. God alone is possessed of the whole dominion of the world; in respect to which, that of the kings of the earth is no more than a shadow. The power of these depends, at least originally, on the will of the people; but God holds

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his power and authority from himself. He said, *let the world be made*; and the world was made. Here lies the original title of his royalty. Kings publish edicts for the political government of their states, and their officers see them executed by the terror of the sword; but God only wills, and the universe assumes what form he pleases. Our kings are masters of our bodies; but God commands our hearts: they make us act; he renders us willing. The more his authority over us exceeds that of our sovereigns, the more profound ought to be our submission and homage.

The homage due to God, is what is otherwise distinguished by the name of worship or religion. We generally reckon two sorts of worship, one internal, and the other external. The internal is obligatory, the external a matter of decency; the former is invariable, the latter depends on times and customs.

I. *Of Internal Worship.*

The internal worship resides in the soul, and is the only one that honours God. It is founded on the admiration excited in us by the idea of his infinite greatness, on the acknowledgment of his benefits, and the confession of his supreme authority and command. A person penetrated with these sentiments, expresses them with raptures of admiration, with sallies of love, and with protestations of acknowledgment and submission. This is what we call the language of the heart; this its hymns, its prayers, its sacrifices; this its proper worship, and the only one worthy of the divine majesty. A worship of this kind the abolisher of the Jewish ceremonies was desirous of establishing amongst men, as appears from the beautiful reply he made to the woman of Samaria, when she asked him

whether it was proper to worship on Mount Sion, or that of Semeron, *The time is coming*, says he, *when true adorers will worship in spirit and truth.*

Such was the adoration of those primitive fathers of mankind, those men so famous in the annals of the Jewish nation, and distinguished by the name of patriarchs. They had neither temples nor oratories, no fixt hours for public worship, no new forms of prayers, no rites or ceremonies, no prostrations or genuflexions. The heart can adore at all times and in all places, in all postures and situations. The whole face of the earth was their temple, and the celestial vault their ceiling. If some wonder performed by the Almighty struck their sight; they embraced it as a proper moment of admiring his grandeur. A benefit, a timely succour, a consolation sent them by providence, marked out the instant of testifying their acknowledgment. When their domestic cares or bodily wants afforded them leisure to taste the charms of solitude, then they were with God, they freely conversed with him, they praised, they blessed him, they protested their attachment and fidelity to him; and as they had not inclosed him in walls, they saw him every where; standing, sitting, lying down, bare headed or covered, they were sure of being heard, and he really heard them. But this sacred and spiritual worship did not subsist long in its purity: it was afterwards loaded with external practices and ceremonies, from whence we must date the epoch of its decadence.

II. *Of External Worship.*

In the first ages of the world, mankind being justly convinced, that all they possessed belonged to God, as their creator and sovereign of the universe, consecrated to him a part, in order to do homage for the whole:

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whole: hence the origin of sacrifices, libations, and offerings. At first these religious acts were performed in the open country, because at that period there were neither towns nor houses. In process of time the inconstancy of the weather and the inclemency of the seasons, obliged them to perform these exercises in caverns, and grottos; or in huts raised on purpose: hence the origin of temples. Every one in the beginning offered up his own sacrifice, and made his own libation to God; but afterwards men were chosen particularly for the exercise of this function: hence the origin of priests. As soon as the priest-hood was instituted, religion, or rather the apparatus of external worship, daily and sensibly increased: they thought to improve it by ornaments, and to render it more agreeable to God, by overloading it with ceremonies. This is what set them upon devising public games, dances, processions, legal impurities, and superfluous expiations. Thus religion degenerated among all nations into empty shew; that which was only the shadow and bark of it appeared the essential part to gross and carnal men, and there remained but a very small number of the wise who preserved its true and genuine spirit.

The origin of external worship appears pure and innocent: we naturally delight in communicating our sentiments; and the juster they are, the more we desire that others should be inspired with them. This was surely the motive which induced the first men to perform some external acts of religion in public. Their intent was, that the significative ceremonies should raise in mankind those sentiments the ceremonies expressed. But the very reverse fell out; the symbols were taken for the thing itself; religion was made to consist in nothing but sacrifices, offerings, and censings; and that which was intended only to excite and establish piety, served to weaken and extinguish it.

As the light of reason suggested no particular regulation concerning the form of external worship, people were not long of one mind upon this subject. The religion of nature alone has the privilege of being uniform and invariable; all others are infallibly subject to divisions, and changes. Each nation set up a worship of their own invention. From this division, a disorder arose equally opposite to the sanctity of the primitive law, and to the happiness of society: the different sects formed by the diversity of worship, conceived an aversion and contempt for one another; those especially which piqued themselves for the most scrupulous exactness, took particular care to make people believe, that whosoever rendered to God such honors as they proscribed, or did not pay him those which they had established, were the object of his wrath, and some time or other would feel the effect of his vengeance. Hence those implacable aversions, which so often waded in the blood of sectaries, without ever glutting their barbarous fury. Vain were the generous attempts made to reconcile them: let peace be inculcated ever so much, even by the christian religion itself, of all others the most pacific in theory; people cannot be persuaded to love those whom they consider as damned. This fanatic method of devoting the living to hell flames, is only proper for having them inhumanly massacred.

But let us not judge of things by the ill use made of them, (for what is there that is not abused?) let us rather examine, without any regard to the inconveniencies that may arise from the practice of external worship, 1. Whether this kind of worship is of any utility. 2. Supposing it useful, whether the choice of such or such a particular worship, be not a matter of indifference.

1. If piety be a virtue, 'tis useful it should reign in our hearts. The first of these propositions no one
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I suppose will dispute; the second flows from it by a necessary consequence. Now there is nothing that contributes more effectually to the empire of virtue than example. As lessons have not half so much influence in this respect, 'tis therefore a very great advantage to have before our eyes some attracting models of piety. But these models can never be traced except by external acts of religion. 'Tis of no use to me that my fellow-citizen is penetrated with love, respect, and submission towards God, if by some external demonstration he does not show it. But I require no regular or periodical exercises of him; these would be very imperfect and equivocal proofs, as they might be owing to policy or constraint. Let him give me, in what manner he has a mind, unsuspected tokens of his relish for truth, of his resignation to the orders of providence, of an ardent love for his God; let him adore him, praise him, and glorify him in public; then it is that he has discharged the duties of external worship; then it is that his example has an effect upon me; and I find myself spurred by a holy emulation, which the finest lessons of morality would never have been able to excite.

2. The second question is, whether among those signs that are intended to infuse piety into human breasts, there is any one of them particularly agreeable to God? If there be, let our Divines make their appearance, let them speak and convince us. For my part, waiting for their decision, I confine myself within the sphere of right reason, and there I meet with the following solution to the question proposed.

There is only one internal worship: this has been obligatory in all times and places, and consequently as a necessary duty it is known to all men. No choice have we therefore left, with respect to internal worship. There are not two ways of loving God,

God, of being sensible of his benefits, of being subject to his authority, and of being penetrated with respect at the sight of his grandeur : but there are an infinite number of arbitrary signs by which these sentiments may be expressed. All those that are instituted for this end, are innocent : if there be room for choice, 'tis to prefer such as are the most clear and intelligible. This choice however is not of an indispensable necessity, because the agreement or convention of man is alone sufficient to give energy to signs, and to render them expressive. A serpent in the form of a circle, with its head meeting the tail, was among the Egyptians a clear symbol of eternity, because they had agreed to express it by this figure. Besides, the circle represented the deity ; who, among the Jews was expressed by a triangle. The Cananeans purified themselves with flames ; the Jews with ablutions. In effect, what does it signify, whether God be painted round or triangular ; provided our intent be to express, by the circle or the triangle, that he is the most perfect of beings ? What signifies it, whether we express purity by water or fire, if we are equally perswaded, that without sanctity of morals we cannot be agreeable to God ? What signifies it, whether we sacrifice an ox or an elephant, a sheep or a goat, a black bird or a swan, to the supreme being ? What signifies it whether we sacrifice animals to him, or offer him only herbs and pulse, provided we acknowledge that every thing we have, comes from his hand ? In fine, what does it signify whether we pray to him with our heads raised towards heaven, or with our eyes fix'd on the ground ; whether standing or prostrate ; sitting or kneeling ; if our hearts are perfectly annihilated in his presence ?

The necessity of paying an external cult to God, proves nothing at all in favour of any particular worship. God perhaps is no more displeased with
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I. Chap. 3. *Of the Homage due to God.* 37

the different homages paid him in different religions, than that in the church of Rome some monastic orders should say their mattins at midnight, and others in the morning ; some should sing them, and others only recite them. But if there happens to be a worship which supposes dogma's contrary to those of the religion of nature ; God without doubt condemns it. He detested the abominable expiations of those blind idolaters, who sacrificed human victims to him, in order to appease his choler, and expected to efface their own crimes by the effusion of innocent blood. To refuse rendering to God the public worship due to him, is certainly an omission, of a very dangerous example ; but to abuse this very worship in order to authorize our disorders, is an excess whose horror cannot be sufficiently described.

The multiplicity of the several forms of external worship was raised by succession of time, and established by custom and education. Let us suppose men just come from the hands of nature, and consequently exempt from the impression of lessons and example ; let us assemble them afterwards from all corners of the earth, in order to consult together on the homage due to God ; and then this so much wished-for unity of religion, will quickly appear. Their judgment not being as yet depraved by blind prevention, but enlightened by pure reason ; they would either reject all established modes of worship, or if any of them deserves to be settled on the ruins of the rest, that undoubtedly they would unanimously chuse. If God required any kind of homage in preference to another, he would certainly have taken care to inform all mankind of it ; for is it likely that he would wait for our priests and doctors, to give us ideas in point of religion ?

Were we to suppose a man all alone upon earth, he would be dispensed from external worship, for it was never instituted on God's account, but

but only to unite the several members of society in the open profession of one and the same religion. This unity has been unhappily broke by a multitude of different worships. In this situation 'tis the business of a prudent man to fix upon the internal worship, which is not susceptible of change. And with regard to the external worship in which he is brought up, if it be compatible with the principles of natural religion, he ought to make it a rule never to disturb or abjure it. I excuse a Turk for being a Musulman; but I will not forgive a Christian for changing his religion. 'Tis something more than fanaticism to alarm consciences for matters, in which the glory of God is no way supposed to be concerned.

'Tis not sufficient to discharge our duty to the supreme being by the practice of internal worship: we have duties likewise to fulfil with respect to our equals, whereof we shall treat in the last part of this work; now a deference or respect for the established worship, is one of those duties. But before we proceed to what we owe to others, the order of things requires us to begin with what we owe to ourselves.





MANNERS.

PART II.

Of WISDOM.

LET us now consider Man in himself as a separate being; and waving for a while whatever is extrinsecal to him, let us in this light examine, what are his obligations with regard to himself. Hitherto we have viewed him only as subordinate to his creator, and we have made his submission to God's precepts depend on the ardent love he has for him. Our business is now to enquire into the duties he owes to his own person: and here we shall likewise ground his exactness in fulfilling this second class of obligations, on the love which the law of nature requires he should have for himself.

When a bigot takes it into his head to moralize, (which too frequently he does), if self-love happens to be his text, his sermon is never at an end. Under a pretence that religion forbids us (which reason also forbids) to be vain, presumptuous, sensual and effeminate; a prudent and sober man, were he to mind this merciless declaimer, must conceal his honesty from himself; a sage and learned philosopher must put him-
self

self upon a level with the ignorant vulgar; we must all despise and hate ourselves with an implacable aversion, and consequently we are to force our inclinations, and mortify our tastes, let them both be ever so innocent.

Since zealots have begun to clamour in this manner, self-love is so decried, that a person is ashamed to undertake openly its defence. 'Tis rare to see any one courageous enough to side with the oppressed. Let us therefore make a magnanimous attempt to vindicate its honour, too lightly perhaps traduced. But before we enter upon this province, let us explain the signification of the term. If by self-love we are to understand presumption, pride, or vanity, I abandon it to the severity of its prosecutors, and declare myself also its enemy. But if by this expression you understand with me, that strong affection towards ourselves with which pure nature inspires us, I affirm it innocent, lawful, and even indispensably necessary.

Man is composed of body and soul. The body is subject to accidents, which hurt or destroy it; the soul is susceptible of ideas, which vex and afflict it; and of sentiments that degrade and defile it. For the preservation of our bodies, God has given us an instinct, that watches for our security, defends us against whatsoever is prejudicial, and informs us of our wants. To guard our souls against every thing that is capable of bereaving us of our happiness and innocence, he has given us the light of reason, which conducts us to the truth, points out true happiness, and likewise the means of procuring it.

Nothing therefore is more conformable on our part to the divine will, than to study the happiness of body and soul. The law of nature requires us to treat our fellow creatures, as we ourselves would be willing to be treated. Surely the legislator does not mean by this, that we should use our fellow creatures ill; consequently it can never be his meaning that we should
injure

injure ourselves. This law commands us to love them like ourselves; it requires therefore previously, that we should have a love for our own persons. I am not ignorant that self-love has its inconveniences, that it renders us blind to our imperfections, and sometimes too indulgent to our defects. But are not even conjugal and paternal love subject to these weaknesses? and is this a reason therefore that we ought to proscribe them?

Love yourself with prudence and moderation, minding to place the love of the body and that of the soul, instinct and reason, in their proper order; and you need not afterwards apprehend lest either of them should suggest any thing that may excite the divine indignation. Let reason command; instinct is made to obey. Let the love of the soul have the preference: the soul is nobler than the body; the latter is formed of clay, the soul is a celestial being. Be sure to curb the insolence of the body, if it presumes to contradict or lay a restraint on the soul. You must subdue even the soul itself, and oblige it to return to its duty, if it should happen to forget the obligations it is under to the divine being, from whom it derives its origin. The body ought to obey the soul, and the soul God. The happiness of these two substances depends on this subordination, to preserve which is the proper business of wisdom. For wisdom is nothing else but a just choice of fit means to render us happy. To renounce, when we have a body, all enjoyment of the sense, as useless in respect to happiness, is affecting a false and groundless devotion. To pursue no other than sensual satisfaction, and to despise all spiritual pleasures, is creeping in the low class of brutes.

When we have settled the subordination of the soul to the body, and of the latter to the soul, the chief means of attaining happiness is to conform our manners to the divine law, which is the only rule of human

man conduct (for God never prescribed any thing to us, that did not directly tend to our greatest felicity). Now in order to square our manners by this rule.

I. We must prudently discern what it commands and what it forbids.

II. We must have courage and resolution enough to comply with it, whatever obstacles we may have to surmount.

III. We must prefer the honourable to the useful.

IV. We must bridle our desires.

Let us follow therefore the order our subject seems to point out of itself; and let us treat separately of prudence, fortitude, justice, and temperance.

C H A P. I.

Of P R U D E N C E.

PRUDENCE is the art of chusing. A person is prudent, when among several objects he knows how to distinguish that which merits the preference. Now prudence has a two-fold office: it instructs the understanding and regulates the will; it determines us in respect to speculative as well as practical maxims. By prudence the mind is kept upon its guard against prejudice and precipitation. Guided by this sage Minerva, she gives to those dogmas that are proposed to her, an assent proportioned to their degree of certainty. She firmly adheres to such as are evident; those that are not evident, she ranks among the probable; and with respect to others, she absolutely suspends her assent. But if there happens to be a mixture of the marvellous, she becomes less credulous,

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credulous, and begins to doubt, apprehending the charms of illusion.

The laws of prudence are somewhat less rigid with respect to practical dogmas. The heart does not wait for a complete evidence to resolve, but must have probable motives at least, to make a reasonable determination. To desire objects, which very likely may prove contrary to our happiness, is a pernicious imprudence; to desire those that are opposite to good morals, is absolutely criminal. Now whatever is criminal, must necessarily be fatal, because there is an avenger in heaven, who sooner or later leaves no crime unpunished.

The prudence relating to points of mere speculation does not fall within my province; but belongs to metaphysicians, to whom I resign it. That which comes under my examination, is the wise circumspection, which regulates our sentiments, words, and actions; whereof we shall make here three distinct articles.

ARTICLE I.

Of Circumspection in Sentiments.

The sentiments are not free no more than our thoughts; they generally rise without any concurrence of the will. The most circumspect prudence cannot destroy their root. Besides the attempt itself would be vain; for as they are not voluntary, they cannot be criminal. But tho' they are innocent, still they are always dangerous, if they incline us towards objects proscribed by the divine law. We ought to be afraid, lest by rising too often in our breasts, they should gain too great an empire over the soul, and occupy it intirely; and lest by seducing it with flattering hopes, or stunning it with tumultuous

multuous clamors, they should render it at length unattentive or deaf to the counsels of reason.

Now the sentiments over which we should have a guard, either proceed from the soul without any concurrence of the body; or are excited by the senses; or produced by extrinsecal objects. In the first class I place those vain and presumptuous sentiments, which are the seed of pride; in the second all corporeal appetites, which are the source of intemperance; in the third those desires, whose objects are valuable in our eyes, only because of our prejudices; such as those which riches and honours excite, and which produce in time, when they come to take root, avarice and ambition. For all those different desires, by frequent repetition, become habits, and these habits are what we call the passions.

The very passions themselves, were they even to tend to illicit objects, would not be criminal, without the consent of the will; because the repeated desires that form them, are not criminal, when the heart by which they are produced, instantly disavows them. But there is reason to fear lest they stagger the soul by a continued action, which weakening it by degrees, may reduce it at length into an intire subjection, and oblige it to contribute to its own defeat.

We must hinder therefore, as much as in us lies, the rise or progress of disorderly passions. We must even have an eye over those that seem innocent, because they soon cease to be so by being immoderate. Some passions ought to be stifled without any ceremony; and there are others that should only be somewhat curbed. Let us distinguish such passions as are vicious in their object, from those that are only so by excess; and that we may proceed in order, let us begin with that whose source is in the very soul itself; I mean pride or vanity.

I. Of

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I. Of *Pride*.

Pride rises from a too advantageous idea of our pretended merit. In order therefore to remove this passion, we have only to set a just and exact value upon ourselves. But how difficult a task is it to weigh ourselves exactly, while we hold the scales in our own hands ! A person who has an estate of four hundred pounds a year, is richer by a fourth part than another whose income amounts only to one hundred. This calculation is easy and exact. Rousseau might have said of himself, that he could write better verses than La Motte. We have had even an instance in France, of a poet who has owned himself outdone by another, and complimented him for it. This was Rotrou, who gave so surprizing and unparallelled an example of modesty, when he saw his lawrels fade upon the success of the great Corneille. Now the testimony of a poet, who is capable of acknowledging himself inferior to another, should not be suspected, if comparing himself to a person of inferior poetical merit, he were to think himself his superior or equal.

This example alone is sufficient to prove, 'tis possible, tho' very difficult, to estimate one's self exactly. But for this purpose, 'tis necessary not only to have a great deal of sincerity, but likewise to make your estimate by way of comparison. And as modest as Rotrou was, yet he would not have thought himself an indifferent poet, had he lived ten years before Corneille. Let us therefore pitch upon this method to endeavour to pull down our pride.

Thou fanciest thyself, vain and presumptuous Hortensio, a great orator, a fluent speaker, a thunderbolt of eloquence. Try to make some comparison,

son, for some body without doubt can be thy competitor. Nay, thou felt'st it but too well thyself, when under the specious pretext of serving thy client, thou pursued'st with such obstinacy a formidable adversary, whose name alone was sufficient to eclipse thy fame. But let us suppose for an instant, that thou had'st at that time the advantage; perhaps twenty other rivals are still ready for thee, the least of whom will complete thy overthrow. If the apprehension of a future equal be not able to surmount thy pride, let us seek for one in former times; for I should be glad at any rate to cure thee. Do but trace things back for some years, and place thyself in that time when thy profession was at the height of its glory. 'Twas not then for such as thee that lawrels grew. However I have a mind to make thee easy; Demosthenes and Cicero were nothing to compare to thee; for thee heaven preserved the talent of speech. But confess thou must, thou writest ill; let this render thee more modest and submissive.

After having fought for rivals in the particular branch in which we pretend to excel, should we still come off triumphant, and covered with new lawrels, there are yet some methods left to subdue our vanity. To no purpose would it be, perhaps, to represent to proud people, that having received from heaven the talents in which they shine, they are in the wrong to boast of them. I hear them reply, that since God crowns our merits, they must consequently be our own; and that for the very same reason, our talents belong to us also, at least for the culture they have received. Be it so, we shall not insist upon this method; there are still several others that may be used with success against pride and presumption.

Zeuxis is an excellent painter; compared to his rivals, he is sure of having the preference. This is a determined point: yet there are a great many other

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other articles to examine and compare, before we can absolutely fix the just value of Zeuxis. Let us view his understanding, 'tis dull and uncultivated; his character, 'tis fierce and savage; his humour, 'tis maggotty; his heart, 'tis cowardly and perfidious; his conduct, 'tis debauched and irregular.

To counterbalance Zeuxis, whose whole merit consists in drawing a good picture, let us put into the scales the sage Podalirius. Podalirius is a good father, an honest citizen, a tender and officious friend, a fine but humble and modest genius, a sensible tho' anonymous author, a lover of the polite arts, and a connoisseur in every branch of learning. Is the merit of painting alone of so great a value, as to make us prefer Zeuxis to Podalirius!

'Tis a flagrant injustice to attempt to authorize our pride, by chusing for a parallel the only branch in which we have any value or merit, while we fraudulently subtract a vast number of imperfections, by which we are inferior to those with whom we are compared, and a thousand vices to which they are utter strangers. Suppose my whole fortune consists of three thousand pounds in the stocks, for which I receive interest; and Lycas has only one thousand; but he has an hundred acres of copse, five hundred of arable, a mill he lets out, a share in the mines, and a place in the custom-house; am I richer than Lycas?

Some people have a very chimerical and false method of deciding the merit of men, by rating them according to the noise they make in the world. Thus the trumpet takes place of the flagelet. Callimachus, for example, is a fashionable poet; he turns a verse extremely well, and reasons tolerably; but nature, as if she had been exhausted in the production of his mind, has given neither rectitude nor probity to his heart. Jenades on the contrary, without gathering any lawreels on mount Pindus,

Pindus, advances towards immortality; tho' his advances are slower, and by another road. Instead of scribbling verses, a kind of production, which the press soon renders public, he takes care of human bodies. He lets Callimachus run after Euripides and Pindar; but for his part, he chuses Hippocrates for his model. Instead of amusing a number of readers, he attends upon the infirm. He has pitched upon a profession, in which he may be of service to his fellow citizens, and his success abundantly answers his benevolent inclination. Callimachus, who goes to court, or at least attends the levy of some noblemen, does not so much as suspect, that Jenades can with any shadow of reason be compared to him; and for my part I cannot help thinking, it would be an injustice not to give the preference to Jenades.

Uraniscopus the astronomer, beholding a modern Archimedes grown old over abstract problems, looks at him with pity, and says to himself with an air of satisfaction: Alas! this poor dreamer does not perhaps know the present height of the *eye of Taurus*. The smoaky alchymist, who regards the love of gold and silver as wisdom, and considers himself, exclusive of every body else, as a complete philosopher; proud of the title with which he has honoured himself, looks at every man with an air of disdain whose cabinet is not all over furnished with crucibles.

Shall I stoop here to speak of those souls of clay, who have no other resource to flatter their vanity, but their luxury and opulence? I should even be loth to excuse a person, who demeaning himself with humility in affluence, imagined he deserved esteem for this sentiment. 'Tis setting too great a value upon riches, to claim a merit for not making a bad use of them. Does wisdom consist in not being extravagant?

II. Of

II. *Of Corporeal Appetites.*

By corporeal appetites, I mean the desires excited in us by the wants of the body, such as the desire of eating, drinking, or repose; when the body is oppressed with hunger, thirst, or weariness. We have already observed, that these desires are innocent; that they are notices which nature gives us for the preservation of our bodies. Here we add by a necessary consequence, that instead of opposing them, 'tis just they be satisfied. There is a virtue in abstaining from what is forbidden by right reason; none can I see in abstaining from a lawful object. But we are only to satisfy them exactly. Whatever we give to the body beyond its wants, is an excess that destroys it: even the sweetest pleasures, pushed to excess, cease to please us, and degenerate into punishments, whose pain is so much the more tormenting, as 'tis joined with the remorse of being owing to our own procurement.

Here you must not expect me to give you an exact prescription, to fix the quantity of nourishment or repose you are to allow the body; this should be regulated according to the exigency of your natural wants. To continue inactive, after your body has had its rest, is laziness; to cram yourself with victuals after you have satisfied your hunger, is gluttony. With respect to the choice of meats or drink, your first attention should be to abstain from all such as are any way prejudicial to health. The pretended impure meats, proscribed by Moyses, were all of them really bad to digest. But in regard to such as are wholesome, we may consult our taste; for there is no reason that forbids the palate to determine the choice.

The same I say of all the other appetites of the body. Shun excess, for it is fatal and criminal; but while you confine yourself within the limits of want, neither honour nor reason requires you to make a total renunciation of pleasure. Pleasure is even a kind of necessity; 'tis a sort of repose and interval, during which man breathes, and recovers new strength to prepare himself for labour. Sensuality is neither dangerous nor enervating, till by habit it degenerates into want. It cannot corrupt a person, who knows how to deprive himself of it without regret. There is no heroism (moral heroism I mean, for I don't grant this title to the destroyers of mankind) there is no heroism in hermits who abjure all pleasure, but in men who can resolve to part with it whenever honour or the good of their country requires.

III. *Of Avarice and Ambition.*

1. As most passions, so the love of riches, is a vice only by its excess: corrected by a sage moderation, it would soon become an innocent affection. Gold and silver, being in consequence of a general convention, the key of commerce and the instrument of our wants, there is no more crime in desiring them, than in wishing for the very things we acquire by means of those metals. But as too much food would load the stomach with a superfluity prejudicial to the digestion, so a too great plenty of money causes likewise a kind of repletion, a repletion of a more dangerous consequence, because it generally corrupts our manners.

Every immoderate love of riches is vicious, but is not avarice. An avaritious man, properly speaking, is he who perverting the use of money, made to procure us the necessities of life, causes rather to deny himself those necessities, than to diminish, or neglect to increase his hoard, which lies
dead

dead and useleſs. If you want an example of this kind, you will find it in *Chryſolatriſ*. Take a full view of his perſon; he is covered from head to foot with greaſy rags, miſerably patched, but patched by his own hands. Step into his apartment, every corner of it anſwers the tattered figure of his perſon; his bed, his armed chairs, his hangings, are curious monuments of the moſt antiquated modes. He lets the dirt and greaſe grow thick upon his furniture as well as his cloaths, ſo as to penetrate and incorporate with the ſtuff. Cleanlineſs, he ſays, is made only for ſpend-thrifts. Let us follow him cloſe; he is going to ſit down to dinner. 'Tis a rule with him before he ſays grace to have the doors always bolted. Next to thieves, he is moſt afraid of paraſites. As for money-borrowers, he fears them not, for he has long ſince got rid of their importunity. Behold, on two worm-eaten and ill joined boards, laid upon a tottering leg, appears a piece of boiled beef, warmed a ſecond time, and drowned in a porringer of thin broth, with a cruſt of black ſtale bread, a ſpoon, and nothing elſe.

But who is this that knocks at his door before he has quite dined? 'Tis his nephew, and heir, who out of regard to his uncle's large fortune, pays him a very cloſe attendance. So! Nephew, he cries out as ſoon as he eſpyes him, *is there no other time to come plaguing me, but while I am at dinner? I love to eat alone, 'tis my humour, and I will not change it to pleaſe you. But what's that? What is it you are looking at? Are you come to rob me? I am ſorry to be obliged to tell it you; but after all, your hands, your looks, make me extremely uneaſy. Mind what I ſay, nephew, believe me, and ſave yourſelf the trouble of coming to ſee me ſo often. I am ſure you imagine I am worth money, but that's the folly of all heirs. Let me tell it you once more honeſtly and ſincerely, you are miſtaken, I am naked, I am undone, I am worth nothing, or next to nothing.*

But before we part with *Chrysolatris*, let us see how far he is from telling the truth. The day declines, and the hour draws near wherein he pays homage to his god, tells his gold, caresses it, and places it again in the bottom of his strong box. He has done reckoning it. But what is that he mumbles to himself? 'Tis the total sum his treasure amounts to. *A hundred and twenty five thousand crowns, two livres, and four sous.* What a deal of pains, continues he shutting up his box, *a man must take to get a little comfortable competency!*

I shall say nothing here of those mad extravagant fellows, who cannot find a sufficiency even in large estates; wretches whom opulence impoverishes, and who the richer they grow, the more they hasten to their ruin, as their desires and expence always exceed their fortune how great soever we suppose it. I shall have occasion to take notice of this gentry in another place.

2. Some souls have an insatiable desire of other goods than riches; such are those who are moved by the spirit of ambition. The object of their passion is much more fantastical; but on the other hand they look upon it in a nobler light.

There are two sorts of ambition. The first inspires the person it possesses, with a desire of attaining to an elevated rank, makes him consider this desire as a passion peculiar to great souls, and removes all such scruples as may obstruct his design. Every method appears to him just, that can lead him to the end he proposes. If he has no other opposition to surmount but that of conscience, he is sure of success, for he will quickly silence it. The cause of his criminal proceedings appears to him so beautiful and engaging, that he is persuaded 'tis sufficient to excuse him. Whosoever is staggered with the horror of a crime, either was not born ambitious, or only half so; 'tis not upon him that fortune will shower her favours.

A man

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A man of honour may be serviceable to the state; but how great soever you suppose his talents, the state very seldom takes care of his fortune. He has all the zeal necessary for serving his prince; but he is not master of that servile complaisance which is requisite to stoop to royal favourites; and yet this is an essential talent, without which he cannot proceed in his journey.

This is the ambition that forms unhuman conquerors, makes them enemies to all the neighbouring states, induces them to violate the law of nations and the faith of treaties, renders them the scourge of foreign nations, and tyrants over their own subjects. This is the ambition that forms cowardly magistrates, such as sell themselves to the passions of the great, too weak to give them wholesome advice, iniquitous enough to pronounce indiscreetly the sentences dictated by arbitrary power, and oppressors in fine of the people who should naturally fly to them for protection and refuge. This is, in fine, the ambition, that pours into the hearts even of priests, friars, and monks, the thirst of honours, that so often profanes with base flattery mouths destined to celebrate the glory of God, transforms into servile courtiers the heads of religion, and makes them aspire to capricious dignities, to the humb'ing livery of a foreign power.

Strange paradox, but true: 'tis rare to see an immoderate ambition, which is not accompanied with a mean subjection. Eager after grandeur, without knowing what is truly grand, the ambitious man creeps in order to raise himself, like the serpents which dart themselves by pressing the ground with their bellies.

Orgastes is bluff and fierce, voluptuous, vain, and knavish; a fellow that knows nothing, but decides every thing; a fellow that understands neither justice nor laws; but whose caprice supplies their stead. He swallows down affronts very peaceably, but he knows how to be revenged by insulting the wretched.

A post happened to be vacant; an odious post that invests the person who fills it, with a power only of hurting his fellow citizens. Orgastes gets it, and he is the properest man in the world to fill it. To discharge this post 'tis requisite to assume an imperious tone; this suits his ferocity and haughtiness: 'Tis requisite to chastise; this suits his cruelty and inflexibility: 'Tis requisite to decide in a military manner; what form of proceeding can be more agreeable to the whims of a capricious judge? You would be surprized without doubt, were Orgastes to be stript of this employment, since he is every way so well qualified for it. Is it possible for him to answer better than he does, the views of those who raised him to this place? Does not he execute all the mischief they require of him? Does not he execute it with resolution and taste, without trouble or remorse? where is there a man therefore that better deserves to be continued in his post, or not to be removed but in order to be rais'd to a higher dignity?

'Tis a rule with those who hold the reins of government, to give a greater recompence to ministers for bad than good actions. And this custom seems but just and reasonable: as honour is far preferable to life; he who tramples upon it for the service of a great man, does more for his master, than a brave fellow who has only spilt his blood to defend him. The latter runs the risk of his body; the other does more, he ventures his soul.

How comes it that Polydamas is made a knight? 'Tis for being so complaisant as to commit an assassination? perhaps his frightened conscience was twenty times on the point of making the blow miscarry; but at length he overcame it, and triumphed over his repugnance. Is there a price high enough for so great a sacrifice? would not you be glad to be recompensed in the same manner for having saved the life of a fellow citizen? what efforts has it not cost you? But

'tis

'tis recompence enough for you to have the inexpressible satisfaction arising from the consciousness of the action. You would be overjoyed in all likelihood to meet every day with a thousand such opportunities. Do not therefore envy Polydamas's lot; you have gained a great deal more than he; while you ventured nothing in comparison to what he has lost.

There is another kind of ambition less criminal indeed, but more puerile and ridiculous. It is not so presumptuous as to aim at the rank and dignities of great men, but is satisfied with affecting their manner, and copying it to the best of one's power. The vulgar are so fully persuaded that 'tis suitable to the dignity of a great man to be vain and arrogant, that when a mushroom fellow takes it into his head to have his origin forgot, he fancies the best way is to make himself known in the world by his ridiculous fopperies. This perhaps would be a right method of imposing upon people, were he but to draw a better copy of his models.

Chryses intoxicated with this folly, has acquired a scornful look, a surly tone, a disdainful smile; he has petitions presented to him, but does not read them, only answers with *I will see about it*. He has authors, priests, and players at his table, whom he sets a wrangling, and rallies; if they are out of countenance, he sneers. In his discourse, gesture, and attitude, he is as silly and foppish as a French marquis, but with less ease. All his ridiculous parts are studied, and visibly affected. He neither strikes his vassals nor his domestics; his debts he pays exactly, he has calculated what his estate is worth to the full, he touches only the yearly income, but never breaks in upon the stock, which he intends to transmit intire to his children. So true it is that the plebeian spirit will always penetrate thro' some hole or other! would a true nobleman have ever stooped to those minute particulars of vulgar œconomy?

A R T I C L E II.

Of Circumspection in Words.

To know how to govern the tongue, is a rare but necessary and useful knowledge. A person who has brought his soul under proper discipline, by regulating his thoughts, desires and sentiments, must have made a great progress in this science; for the tongue is only the interpreter of the mind. The remaining part is a trifle in comparison of this; we are still to observe that there are thoughts, desires, and sentiments of such a nature, that tho' they be innocent while confined within ourselves, yet they become indecent and culpable, by being divulged.

'Tis possible I may have heard without wounding my conscience, the intrigues of Phædima; but 'tis criminal in me to render them public. There is no harm in perceiving that Atys is a stupid disagreeable fellow; yet I am not allowed to make him the object of all my raillery. Polydorus has voluntarily, and without any artifice on my side, entrusted me with his secret; so far there is no breach of honour: but a breach of honour there would be, should I attempt to betray Polydorus. In fine, I may be innocently acquainted with the familiarities practised by married people, or by lovers that pass for such; I may understand the map of love better than that of the world; yet were I to express myself in too distinct terms, especially in presence of that sex which is supposed to be nicer about these matters, I should transgress against honour, modesty, and decorum.

I. Of

I. Of *Detraction*.

To prejudice the reputation of a person, by disclosing his secret vices, is an action of itself indifferent. It is lawful and even sometimes necessary when it turns out to the benefit of the person accused, or of those to whom it is revealed. 'Tis right to acquaint a parent with the irregularities of a licentious son; an abbot or conventual superior with the lewdness of a strolling monk; the government or prince with the rash projects of a rebellious subject; and the public with the villainous deeds which a dangerous hypocrite secretes from their view; especially when all endeavours to reform the guilty by charitable admonishments, have proved ineffectual. This is not properly speaking what we call detraction.

By detraction we commonly understand, a malicious and satyirical accusation against a person absent, merely with the view of aspersing and vilifying his character. This term may be extended to defamatory libels, which are detractions of a more criminal nature, as they make a stronger and more durable impression; wherefore among civilized nations they have been always esteemed a crime, and punished as such with severity.

At present there is less detraction than formerly in public assemblies, because there is more gaming. A greater number of reputations have been saved by cards, than were ever preserved by a legion of missionaries, should we even suppose them intirely taken up with preaching against detraction. But as we do not always play, we are consequently apt sometimes to take up with slander.

There are very few that do not deal sometimes in detraction; but each person has a turn in doing it,

conformable to his character. Ergastes the Misanthrope flanders people in the most open and unreserved manner. If mention happens to be made of one that is absent, he relates with the greatest exactness all the harm he knows of him, and with as much care he conceals the good; thus he is sure to hit off only the deformities of his original. The coquette Hermione does not dwell so long upon a subject. Her fertile imagination presents a multitude of people to her view; of whose portraits her indulgent malice only just draws the first out-lines. Twenty different originals she sketches in a quarter of an hour, each of which costs her but a word, a touch, a flying joke. What a charming talent has this young lady for slander!

The pious Dorothea is much more reserved; she is sensible 'tis a sin to speak ill of her neighbour, unless in case of necessity; wherefore she very seldom says harm of any one, on the contrary she would be glad to be able to praise all the world. If she has occasion to mention any body, she first sets forth his good qualities; but when she comes to the bad ones she stops short; and there it is we see the delicacy of her conscience. 'Tis obvious she conceals some disadvantageous strokes in the picture, which can be supplied only by conjecture. If she happens to fall on the person of Helena. *Helena, she says, is a very amiable woman, endowed with good sense, bred up with virtuous principles, but——* And here she halts. Some one less circumspect than she, would perhaps have said in plain terms; *but she has made a bad use of it*: Dorothea stops at her *but*. The company afterwards are inquisitive, and press her to explain her meaning; but she is impenetrable. *No, says she, 'twas nothing at all: have I not told you she is an amiable woman, and a person of good sense?*

II. Of Raillery.

Raillery is less injurious to natural equity and the law of nations, than detraction; because as the person attacked is present, he has generally an opportunity of defending himself. But tho' it be less criminal, yet 'tis frequently more offensive by reason it strikes two blows at once, one against honour and the other against self-love; it dishonours you, and puts you out of countenance. The malicious turn it takes, adds sometimes to the chagrin one feels in being taxed with a defect, with a cross accident, or an infirmity, the humbling mortification of not having immediately repelled the scoffing stroke with a more poignant reply. A person would rather be traduced, than taunted.

And yet raillery is not always an insult, nor consequently a crime: there are some innocent jests, which an ingenious person * of the last century compared to a flash of lightning that dazzles without burning. Were wit and judgment to bear one another always company, every jester would be circumspect, for a jester cannot be said to be a stupid fellow. But so far is wit, (and especially that kind of wit which invents satyrical strokes) from being prudent and reserved; that on the contrary the more it sparkles and abounds in sallies, the more it is, generally speaking, inconsiderate. Such is the difficulty we experience in depriving ourselves of the pleasure of a joke, that we do not stick, when occasion offers, to lose a friend, to disoblige a benefactor, or alienate the affection of a patron, in order to satisfy the itch of shining in company.

Not

* *Mademoiselle de Scudery.*

Not that I absolutely forbid people to rally; this would be rendering conversation too heavy; and leaving vice and ridicule too much at their ease. Raillery is an agreeable salt, when the dose is moderate; but too pungent, when it is wantonly wasted. Rally therefore, if your humour leads you; but rally with prudence. Spare those whom age or character has placed above you; 'tis a detestable impudence to rally a grey-haired man, a parent, a master, a magistrate. Spare likewise your inferiors, if you have no right of correction over them; your superiority strikes them with an awful respect, and deprives them of the power of making a defence. This would be attacking with too great an advantage; it would be making use of fire arms against a naked and armless man; it would be shewing your strength in throwing down an infant.

But if they be of a subordinate condition in life, you are not forbid the use of raillery; 'tis a method, and very often an efficacious one, to make them submit to the yoke of virtue and decency. 'Tis easier to refrain from actions we are ashamed of, than from those whose consequences we apprehend. Youth thro' temerity frequently shake off the thoughts of fear; but self-love, irritated by a pungent irony, feels its venom and gall. People mend when they cannot be revenged.

Raillery is tolerated chiefly among equals. 'Tis then an innocent trial of wit, an ingenious combat, whose dubious and changeable success is an agreeable amusement, provided the combatants be pretty near of equal force; for 'tis cowardice to rally a person who has not received of heaven the gift of repartee.

Even among equals, raillery ought to be rare, delicate, and moderate.

A person

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A person of a solid turn of mind, that understands raillery, is tired at long run with a perpetual series of jests; he begins to be uneasy, suspecting he is despised, and that there is a design on foot to ridicule him. Disturbed by this idea, he loses all his enjoyment; he maintains the fight by retreating; press him ever so little, you are sure to defeat him; but take care you press him not. In a combat of understanding, especially between friends, one ought to be afraid to gain too complete an advantage.

To render your raillery delicate, it should only glance at simple foibles, or which pass at least for such; it should be levelled against slight failings, the discovery of which is neither attended with dishonour and infamy, nor gives self-love too sensible a blow. Rally Memnon's awkward and sheepish air, in dancing a minuet: He will not be offended, but will laugh with you; this shews he is a prudent man that does not make it a point of honour to dance methodically. Rally Lucilia for being so long at her toilette; she will applaud herself inwardly, from a conviction that the time she has spent in adding to the natural lustre of her charms, has been well laid out. Rally the indevout Alcander on his irreligion; instead of offending him, you flatter his vanity. But take care not to rally an author on the ill success of his work: be cautious how you speak of cowardice before the pusillanimous Casanova; let cuckoldom alone, when you are in company with the easy and contented Eugametes.

Even on slight subjects you should rally with moderation. To launch out into cutting inhuman sarcasms, for insignificant trifles, is a very unfair proceeding. 'Tis true you will have the laugh on your side, the company will be externally pleased with the keenness of your jokes; but at the same time they will inwardly dread you: their laughter you may excite, but you will not gain their hearts.

III. Of

III. *Of Indiscretion.*

Indiscretion is a crime in which injustice is added to imprudence. To reveal the secrets either of a friend, or of any other person, is disposing of another man's property; 'tis abusing a trust, an abuse so much the more criminal, as it is always unremediable. If you lavish a sum of money with which you were intrusted, perhaps there will be a method found some time or other to compel you to restore it: but how is it possible to make a secret once divulged, return into the recesses of darkness?

Whether you have promised or not to be silent, your obligation is all the same, if the confidence be of such a nature as to require it: to hear the story out, is engaging not to reveal it. To recommend discretion to your confidant, if he be prudent and circumspect, is an unnecessary precaution, because without your recommendation he would have said nothing: to charge a sottish fellow with secrecy, is likewise a superfluous trouble; your secrets will not be a bit the more secure by his promise. He does not think himself obliged to hold his tongue, if he has not given his word; and if by chance he is silent, it is owing to want of memory or opportunity. But if unluckily he has promised to be discreet, opportunity and memory will not fail him. After his promise is made, he weighs and examines it, which before he did not; he thinks he has gone too far, and would be willing to recall his word. What a heavy weight a secret proves to a fellow without judgment! He is sure not to forget what you have committed to his trust: for how is it possible for him to carry so ponderous a load, without thinking of it? He imagines every one perceives the confusion he inwardly feels, that they penetrate into the recesses of his soul, and there read your secret. To save himself therefore the
trouble

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trouble of being discovered, he at length resolves to betray you; after strictly charging his new confident to remember, that what he has disclosed to him, is an affair of the utmost importance.

Believe me, 'tis the safest way to keep your secret, to yourself. If you think it a heavy and troublesome load, can you blame another person for endeavouring to disburthen in his turn? Aphrosyne takes me aside, and with a very mysterious air whispers in my ear, *You know, says she, My Lord N. who visits at our house; I am to be married to him to morrow; the articles are ready drawn: but I beg you not to mention it to any creature living; he is a man of such a temper, as to break off directly, if he knew I had spoke to any one about it.* Scarce had I left her, when twenty other intimates of her's come to inform me of what I know as well as they. Aphrosyne hears it is the news of the day; and behold I am unjustly confounded with a crowd of idle prattlers. I had as lief have stolen goods in my custody, as be the depositary of a babblers's secret.

Still be upon your guard; tho' an only confident, you may meet with some sly prying medlers, who pretending to have been entrusted also with the secret, would inform themselves from your mouth of what they only surmised before. This is a common stratagem, an usual snare; tho' there are daily instances of people caught in it. Besides, were it even true, that the person who entrusted you, had reposed the same confidence in others, this is not a reason that discharges you from your obligation of secrecy; you should always inviolably observe it, without disclosing the affair even to those who have equally shared in your friend's confidence. How do you know but it is a matter of importance, that in company with those very people you should seem to know nothing of the matter?

“ But some of them, you will say, have spoke of
“ it already.” What do you pretend to infer from
thence?

thence? Does another person's infidelity authorize yours. Again I repeat it, you are charged with a depositum; no one therefore can release you, but he that committed it to your keeping. The person who entrusted you with the secret, is the only one that has a right to untie your tongue. Even a rupture between two friends, does not extinguish the obligation of secrecy: you cannot get rid of your debts, by quarrelling with your creditor. How detestable a perfidy is it to employ for your resentment the arms you had drawn from the bosom of friendship! tho' we should cease to be united by tender affection, are we therefore discharged from all ties of honesty and rectitude?

In vain would you alledge, that the wretch you detest, has merely thro' his indiscretion merited your aversion. A fine project of revenge! to punish a traitor, you are to equal him in perfidy! No, you ought to lodge, as it were, another person's secret in the most impenetrable recess of your bosom; you should conceal it, if possible, from yourself, for fear of being ever tempted to convert it to your advantage. To make use of it to the prejudice of the person by whom you were entrusted, or for your own particular emolument, is usurping another person's property; an usurpation which even the desire of revenge, already criminal of itself, is incapable of excusing.

You know Aspondus: he is possessed of an eminent post, which very likely you suppose he attained by his talents and capacity. But you are mistaken; 'tis the purchase of his perfidy. His friend Philoctetes solicited for this post before him: his measures were well concerted; his competitors set aside; and he was just on the point of obtaining it, when he called upon Aspondus, to make him a partner of his joy. Aspondus the very next day was in possession of the post. *I will employ*, says he then to Philoctetes, who in spite of evidence, still doubted of this horrid perfidy, *I will employ with all my heart, in order to serve you, the*
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friends and credit I have acquired by my new rank; but do not take it amiss; that place was the very thing that fitted me, I have got it for myself; would not you have done the very same? No, traitor, replies Philoctetes, had I been thy confident!

How much more flagitious an attempt would it be, to arm yourself with the very benefits conferred upon you, in order to betray your benefactor! There are some favours of such a nature as always require secrecy: as much as we are obliged by gratitude to publish others, so scrupulously ought these to be concealed. But too often the reverse falls out; those we ought to divulge, thro' ingratitude we conceal; and those we ought to conceal, we divulge thro' vanity.

Corylas is an agreeable young fellow, formed for amorous conquests. If you have a mind to know the particulars of his exploits, you have only to introduce the subject; he makes no secret of his amours. I would not engage he does not exaggerate their number; but after all he only exaggerates, and the public does him justice with respect to some which they say he has not invented. Among the number of his conquests he reckons Nerine: Nerine bears a proof of it, which in a few months will justify his veracity. He has boasted of the favours of Clytia: they are so well known, that she finds never another lover to put her virtue to the proof. He has defamed Aminta; and the yielding fair immured in a convent, bewails her weakness, too much testified alafs! by her tears: He has bragged of having seduced Leonora; the furious transport of her husband, sufficiently convinced of the affront, is but too plain a proof of the lover's triumph.

IV. Of free Discourses.

I do not pretend to exclude all subjects of gallantry from conversation; my intent is only to point out the manner

manner in which they are to be treated. Without falling into obscenity, one may take a little more liberty in assemblies that consist only of persons of the same sex. And those who pretend to be well informed, assure us that the ladies are not at all inferior to us in freedom of discourse, when disembarassed from the restraint of modelling their discourse by the presence of our sex, they have only to speak before female witnesses.

To explain ourselves on subjects that are apt to offend the delicacy of modest people, there are two different languages. One is that of physicians, matrons, and clowns; whose expressions, are blunt, and energetical. The other makes use of select words, mysterious circumlocutions, and enigmatical turns. It lays a kind of paint that embellishes the subjects, or removes at least their principal deformity: it veils them with a thin gawze, which without concealing them from the eye, renders the sight of them more supportable. This is the language which well-bred people use before the fair sex. Tho' it may seem obscure, in reality 'tis not so; we have agreed to understand one another at half a word. Our ladies have a quick understanding and a delicate ear: it would be affronting them to express ourselves in their presence, with too much perspicuity; *their imagination*, says a modern writer, * *likes to walk in the shade*.

This amiable sex is divided into classes; one contains what we call maids, that is, virgins, or at least reputed ones; the other is the class of matrons, that is, of such as are, or have been engaged in marriage. The latter do not lay us under so great a constraint; one may speak of every thing before them; the business is only to make use of such terms as are not down-right

* *The editor of Marot, the Hague edition, 1731.*

down-right offensive to modest ears. But with regard to the others, they are supposed to be ignorant of an infinite number of things, with which married women are acquainted. Now it would be unmannerly to converse with them, at least in too plain terms, on subjects it becomes them not to understand. One cannot therefore be too reserved in their presence, with respect to language and expressions.

'Tis a constant maxim with well-bred men never to hazard any free expressions, that may offend the ladies, or put them to the blush. In the polite world, a Cynic is a down-right monster. "But which are those free expressions, you will ask me, that offend the modesty of the sex? what is it we are to substitute in their room? And were I even after a laborious application to know them all, who can assure me that the same word which is no-way offensive to Aspasia, will not raise the blushes of Liza?"

In order to understand a language well, we should study it among the people that speak it: and 'tis among those very people we should speak it, if we have a mind to make ourselves understood. Now this circumspect language, purged of smutty expressions, impertinent details, indecent double meanings, is spoken only in good company; and there it is we must learn it, and speak it in our turn. But I must still let you know what I understand by the word *good company*. Exclude first of all, your rustic and unpolished fellows, such as have neither manners, delicacy, nor taste; shut out likewise your bigots and precise folks, your pedants, fribbles, and petit-maitres; and the remainder will form what we call *good company*. Then you will have a society of honest people, of an easy and engaging temper; a society in which virtue, order, and decency will be always respected. There you will have a common fund of mirth, wit, and gaiety, to which each member contributes his share. Liberty will there take place, licen-

licentiousness will be excluded: pleasure will have admittance, without exiling wisdom.

A R T I C L E III.

Of Circumspection in Actions, or Decorum.

'Tis not my business here to point out a general plan of conduct; nor is it my intent to comprize in this article a complete treatise of morality. I suppose, as in the preceding article, where I treated of circumspection in words, that the dispositions of the heart, the desires, and sentiments are already regulated and restrained within their just bounds: Now upon this supposition, I have no occasion to be afraid of criminal irregularities; all that is to be done is to prescribe some unbecoming actions, which tho' not proceeding from a vicious bottom, are yet deserving of censure.

If we had God alone for a witness of our actions; were the heart unrepachable, unrepachable also would be our conduct, for he judges us only by the heart. But men on the contrary seeing no more than our external part, judge of our sentiments by our actions; and weigh and estimate us by the report of their senses. We ought therefore both by interest and duty to avoid giving any voluntary occasion to suspicions that may injure our honour. *By Interest* I say, because having continual need of the assistance of our fellow-creatures, 'tis of consequence to us to have a due share of their esteem; for their benevolence and good offices will be regulated by the opinion they have of our merit. I say likewise by *duty*; because 'tis really incumbent upon us to contribute to our neighbours improvement, by a conduct capable of inspiring them with a relish of the practice of virtue.

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'Tis not therefore sufficient to have virtue in our hearts, we must render it visible: it ought to spread so luminous a colour over all our actions, as to hinder them from being equivocal or susceptible of sinister interpretations. Eusebius fears, honours, and serves God; and yet he passes for a reprobate. But why so? Because he imprudently ridicules the worship which custom has established among his fellow citizens. He does not offer up incense to the God of his country; 'tis therefore concluded he is an Atheist. Evergetes is compassionate, liberal and officious; but he receives people coldly, talks short, and has a discountenancing look. The wretched, whom misery intimidates, are discouraged at these forbidding appearances; were some unfortunate person not to be daunted at his first reception, he would be sure to come away with real comfort. But Evergetes conceals his benevolent temper under a froward aspect; for which reason he is looked upon as a hard-hearted and inhuman fellow. Adelaïd is a woman of virtue, fond of her husband, and exact in her duty; but her dress is too gay, her conversation loose, and her parties of pleasure scandalous. People will not be at the trouble of examining her heart, to be assured of her morals: no, her sentence is past, she is condemned as a coquette.

The great art of decorum consists in two points;
1. To do nothing but what carries along with it the stamp of rectitude and virtue. 2. Not even to do what the law of nature permits or commands, but in the manner and with the limitations by that very law prescribed. The first of these two points is the source of good example; and the other of modesty.

I. Of Good Example.

The way to love our fellow-creatures is to wish them all the good we judge conducive to the happiness

pinels of man, and to procure it for them, if in our power. As nothing is more conducive to happiness than virtue; the first and most important duty of society, is therefore to shew it in its full lustre to those who surround us, in order to make them fall in love with it. Now example is the most effectual means to produce this effect, and frequently 'tis the only one in our power. Every one does not write books, sermons, or laws, nor has every one the necessary talents, leisure, or authority: besides, these are only lifeless pictures, which seldom touch the heart, and present only imperfect and mutilated images of virtue. The pen, and even speech itself, as well as the crayon or pencil, paint no more than the surface of objects, and give them only a face, and one single attitude, but can imprint no movement in portraits.

Example is a living picture, which paints virtue in action, and communicates the impression that moves it, to all the hearts it reaches. Now every one is capable of giving examples of virtue; since there is nothing more to be done than to act the character of an honest man. Let us admire the divine wisdom, which of all the means capable of contributing to the sanctity of man, has invested him with that, which is known to produce the surest effect. Some indeed contribute thereto more than others; but in fine, every one is capable of contributing more or less. There is a radiancy in all the stars; but they have not all a sphere of equal extent. The same it is with respect to models of virtue. Each in the circle he occupies, illuminates and vivifies whatever approaches him; but a virtuous monarch or prince, sheds his salutary influence to a much greater distance, than a citizen who lives in a state of obscurity. Not that the virtuous man, seated on the throne, is of himself a more luminous star, than a private person;

person ; but only his rays descend from a more elevated position.

II. *Of Modesty.*

To transgress against modesty, is being deficient with respect to a decorum of very strict obligation. You are married to Agatha ; and in that quality you have a right over her, which she does not contest : but the temple where you were invested with this right, is not a proper place to enjoy it ; the witnesses of your solemn engagements, ought not to witness likewise to your embraces. This she is passionately desirous of being in the arms of Pyramus ; a very innocent desire ; but she must not for all that throw herself into his arms. Let her secretly sigh for the happy hour in which she is to be united to her lover ; let her then without scruple admit of his innocent caresses, thus there is no danger of violating her duty ; but let her take care she does not meet him half way with too wanton an impatience.

Modesty and reserve, far from being sentiments of human invention, are real perfections in the fair sex. Man being the most beautiful production of nature, she has taken a particular care of his preservation ; and in order to perpetuate the species, she has annexed to the means of reproducing it, pleasures so lively and delicate, that they are capable of tempting and even of seducing, not only the general run of mankind, but even those supercilious philosophers, who vainly pretend to a superiority over the impressions of sense. Now the modesty with which it inspires the fair sex, is one of those attracting charms, which by its mysterious reserve, communicates a new taste of pleasure to enjoyment.

Let not this end be thought unworthy of the majesty of the Creator ; neither let it be imagined he
has

has any way degraded himself by providing for our pleasures. Open your eyes, and cast your looks on the whole face of the universe; descend into the bottom of the rivers and seas; penetrate even into the very entrails of the earth; and among the works of the Almighty you will find not even a thousandth part essentially necessary for our wants; the rest is all made for our pleasure.

Confound not however modesty with chastity. Modesty, if you will, is a kind of virtue; but a virtue, if I dare say it, founded on the rules of decorum. This I prove by cases, in which it is lawful to abate its rigour; whereas in point of chastity there is no such thing as the least dispensation; and this is the character of real virtue. Sincerity, for example, is a virtue; for it is of an indispensable nature.

Modesty and chastity are two such distinct things, that you may find instances of women who would not let you see their naked arm, tho' their heart burns with an adulterous flame. Such are particularly the Oriental ladies, who generally have no less lubricity than modesty. Obscurity, night, and solitude, dispense with modesty, but never with chastity.

Among the number of actions on which 'tis proper to throw a veil, you must rank all those which natural instinct directs us to conceal from public light. I shall not pretend to enumerate them in particular; this would be trespassing against the very modesty of which I am treating, that modesty which ought to be no less respected in writing than in our actions.

C H A P. II.

Of FORTITUDE.

O Bvious it is without doubt, that our intent is not to treat here of fortitude or strength of body. As this quality has no sort of influence on manners, it is absolutely foreign to my subject. My purpose is to treat only of those which bear the name of virtues ; now there is no more virtue in being as strong as Sampson, than as big as Goliath. The fortitude I intend to speak of, is that nobleness of sentiments, which elevates the soul above vulgar fears, and makes it defy, when occasion requires, danger, pain, and adversity. I say, *when occasion requires*, because to run into it head-long, and without necessity, is rather folly than greatness of soul.

But the question is to know when 'tis necessary to resolve to suffer ? I answer, that doubtless 'tis when the evil is inevitable, or when from your sufferings there results a greater good. To bear an evil we cannot avoid, is *patience* ; to expose yourself to it voluntarily for the good that will arise from it, is *courage*.

A R T I C L E I.

Of Patience.

We may reduce to four classes the pains or troubles that afflict human life : 1. *Natural evils*, that is, those to which our quality of men and perishable animals subjects us. 2. Those from which a virtuous and prudent conduct would have screen'd us, but are inseparable consequences of prudence or vice, and are

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called *punishments*. 3. Those which exercise the constancy of man; such are the persecutions he feels from the wicked. 4. To these, in fine, we may add the *contradictions* we daily meet with, by a diversity of sentiments, manners, and characters in persons with whom we live and converse.

Against all those evils patience is not only necessary, but useful. 'Tis *necessary*, because the law of nature renders it a duty; and to murmur against the incidents of life, is insulting Providence. 'Tis *useful*, because it renders our sufferings lighter, shorter, and less dangerous. Leave an epileptic person to his own management; with horror you'll behold him strike and bruise himself, and welter in his gore. The epilepsy was already an evil, but he has made it worse by the blows he has given himself; he might have recovered of his disorder, or lived, at least, by enduring it; but now the wretch must die of his bruises.

I. Of Natural Evils.

Natural evils, as I have already observ'd, are those which the Creator has inseparably annexed to human condition: now these evils are not so numerous as people imagine. The inconveniences of infancy, the pains of child-bearing, the loss of those who are dear to us, the infirmities of old age, and death; these, if I am not mistaken, are all the natural evils. The rest are either imaginary evils, or the bitter fruits of human disorders. I do not even except diseases, because they are generally the work of man, and seldom owe their origin but to his imprudence, effeminacy, or intemperance.

Now of all natural evils, I see none that are seriously such, except the death of persons dear to us, and our own. These are the only two cases which require some constancy of soul. As for all the rest,

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we have occasion only for a share of common virtue, or none at all, to support them.

'Tis now thirty years since I have forgot the evils of infancy ; be they what they will, they are foreign to my subject, because there are no arguments on patience, adapted to the capacity of that age. Besides, whether an infant in its cradle be patient or not, is a matter, methinks, of indifference with respect to manners ; for manners cannot be required of those, who have nothing, as yet, but instinct to direct them. St. Augustin is not the only one who has beaten his nurse ; but, perhaps, he is the only one that seriously reproached himself for it. This pious doctor had certainly a very timorous conscience.

With respect to pains of child-bearing, I cannot tell the degree of their acuteness ; but satisfied I am, that they are supportable, by the intrepidity of widows that marry again, and by the example of beasts who patiently endure it.

As for old men, I do not find their state so very deplorable, because, in proportion as their infirmities increase, their understanding decreases ; and the pleasure they have of living, indemnifies them for the pains of life. 'Tis the greatest vexation to an old man to die ; a young man encounters death with a far greater resolution.

But to lose a friend, a son, a father, a tender loving wife, these are violent strokes ; strokes that pierce even our most sensible part, the heart ; 'tis then we must summon the whole strength of our soul, to be able to support the acuteness of the pain. We see instances of wounds that are curable when made on sound bodies ; that are otherwise, when on bodies troubled with sickness or cachexy. 'Tis the same with respect to the wounds of the soul ; let it have ever so good a constitution, still it feels an acute pain ; but the goodness of its temperament, that is, its virtue (for virtue is the health of the soul) prevents despondency, and dejection

tion of spirits, and at length closes up the wound, of which there will remain no more than a superficial scar.

In great pains, whether of soul or body, there are two rocks to be avoided, impiety, and weakness. Let us apply this maxim to particular cases.

Death has bereft you of an amiable spouse, a spouse accomplished in every respect, and who united in her person the seven qualities, which Henry the Great †, a connoisseur beyond dispute, required in a woman. She was handsome, prudent, mild-tempered, witty, rich, and of noble extraction. Is this a reason to attack heaven, to accuse the cruelty of the fates, that is, to charge Providence with injustice? Is it a sufficient motive to desire no longer to live, to abandon your employments, to neglect your duties, to deliver yourself up to frantic transports, or to fall into a stupid lethargy? Your impatience is an additional evil, which does not remedy that under which you groan; and what is still worse, 'tis an unjust and criminal revolt against the supreme authority of the universal monarch.

Your spouse was born mortal, and as such you married her; she is dead, an event which you should and did foresee; but what is there in all this that justifies your complaints? God only lent her to you for a time, without acquainting you with the term; this term is now expired; what injustice therefore does he do you by taking her back? You did not expect to lose her so soon. But why so? He never gave you any assurance you were to enjoy her long. Is it him you are to blame, if you flattered yourself with groundless hopes? People grow too much used to enjoyment, and from actual possession they form a title to

† *Memoirs of Sully, Book ix. Ed. Lond. 1747.*

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futurity. It was at least as probable, that your spouse would die before you, as that she would survive you ; and yet you find it strange she should go first! Had death approached to take you before her, are we sure you would not have some other pretexts to complain? Would it not be a pain to you to think of the affliction your death must give her? And yet one or other must necessarily have died first. Or would you have desired to die both at the same instant? but does your desire give you any title to demand it?

Some impression, I find, I have made upon your soul; you are resolved at length to insult God no more with your impious murmurs. But this is not yet enough, you have taken a step towards virtue; you must draw near also to reason. You respect the hand that afflicts you, but you faint under the weight of the affliction. The tears that flow from your eyes magnify the objects, or make you view them at least under imaginary forms. You look upon yourself as the unhappiest of men; there is no situation that you do not think preferable to yours; and yet the loss you have made, does not throw you into a state of suffering, 'tis only a privation of pleasure. I question whether it would not be less severe to be separated by death from a wife you loved, than to be obliged to live with one you hate. This latter punishment is longer at least, more even, and uniform; whereas grief let it be ever so violent, continually diminishes.

Surely we are deceived by illusory ideas; when we persuade ourselves, we are to be melancholy all our lives. We should think ourselves wanting in delicacy of sentiment, were we to venture to hope, that time would ever afford us comfort. We imagine ourselves abandoned in prey to perpetual despair; and to add to our sorrow, we confound, in some measure, the future with the present. Before you possessed the lamented object, did you feel that frightful void you

now feel at her loss? Well then, rely upon time, time has an infallible effect; you will find yourself at length exactly in your former state. After a long interval, to have lost, or to have never possessed, are much the same thing. Your grief will be transformed into a tender remembrance, which some new engagement will perhaps one day efface. You are disobliged with my conjecture; but ten years hence it will appear to you more probable, and displease you less.

But behold another spectacle that attracts my pity. 'Tis no longer a husband weeping over his consort's tomb; 'tis old Zozimus expiring. His ghastly and shriveled face, his livid complexion, his heavy eyes, already ensure the hopes of his greedy heirs. He is given over by his physician; for what can a physician do with a worn-out carcass, whose springs are all out of order? Close to his bed's head stands a priest, who endeavours at least to save his soul. *Alas, says Zozimus in a mournful tone, are there no hopes of escaping this danger? Polychronus is five years older than I; and yet he is just recovered from a like disorder. No, I shall not tip off this bout, I find myself well, my heart has still some strength left.*

And yet they tell him gently, that he is nearer his dissolution than he imagines: at this he is vexed, and believes not a word they say. They insist upon the fatal truth; his disorder soon after increases; and he begins to have less confidence of his recovery. He is thrown into agitation with the fright; he cries, weeps, and despairs; he calls his crucifix to his assistance; his patron he calls, and his angel guardian. Every thing is deaf to his voice. What must he do in this extremity? He wrangles with death, and struggles against it as well as he can. Since die he must, he will not be charged, at least, with having died by his own consent.

Alas!

Alas! Zozimus, what have you done upon earth, during the space of near a century you have been its inhabitant? You were here only to learn to die, and all you have done is to imbibe a relish for life! What advantage would it be to you to go back, only to have a few years more of sufferings and sorrows, and those perhaps of an acuter kind, at the expiration of the reprieve? Death is a debt we all must pay; 'tis upon that condition you were born. Instead of sighing at the approach of that fatal term, give thanks to God, that since the rupture of a fibre, a filament a hundred times more minute than the finest hair, was sufficient to lay you in the grave, yet he has been pleased to let you live to this day.

A zealous Christian would rather lose his life, than let himself be circumcised; a Jew, sincere in his belief, would rather be burnt than baptized: This is because both Christian and Jew are each of them persuaded, that this constancy is a conscientious obligation. And yet one of them, at least, is in an error; and, indeed, neither of them have evidence on their side. But you, whom he has visited with a mortal malady, are sure of his will: 'tis a demonstrable truth, that he is willing you should be sick, since sick you are, and he is omnipotent. You would condemn a person that would adopt the dogmas of Confucius or Mahomet; and yet you do worse your self, by repining against the fever that consumes you.

What would you do, had you nothing to hope for after death? You expect to be happy in the other life, and yet you complain of the event that conducts you to it. *'Tis not, I hear you say, the loss of life that alarms me, but the uncertainty of my future condition. Who can tell whether he is deserving of love or hatred? There are so many frightful stories of the other World, as are enough to terrify even the most intrepid.*

Come, rely for your future happiness on God. He has been represented, perhaps, as a hard and unjust master, who demands what he has not lent, and is willing to gather what he has not sown. Too often, indeed, he is painted under these odious colours. Will you give heed rather to these blasphemous portraits, drawn by dark and melancholy enthusiasts, than to the repeated testimonies you have received of his goodness? God is a tender parent, fond of his children, prodigal of his favours to those who obey him, indulgent and flexible to such as have offended him.

II. *Of Punishments.*

Other evils there are, which in some measure may be called natural, because in consequence of a constant order of nature, they infallibly arise from irregularity of manners: such is the ignominy proceeding from mean actions; the indigence produced by prodigality; the loss of vigor and health owing to intemperance.

Oenophilus at the age of forty already experiences the feebleness of old age: His body staggers, his hands tremble, his head shakes, he stammers; he is parched and consumed by a fire concealed in his bowels. But 'tis he himself that first kindled, and fomented this fire, by his immoderate use of wine and strong liquors.

Limarcus is tormented with cruel fits of the gout, a distemper for which he is indebted to the skill of his cook, the sumptuousness of his table, and to other excesses perhaps, which equally enervate the body.

In what a wretched condition do I behold Afotus! A naked and narrow garret is his whole apartment, and of this a tatter'd couch takes up very near two thirds. Cold, nakedness, and shame, oblige him to lye a-bed very late in the day. Upon the approach
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of night; a lamp adapted to his gloomy situation, a true sepulchral lamp, adds more to the horror of the place, than it diffuses light. By the feeble glimmering of this funeral link, he eats a piece of mouldy crust, to which his whole repast is reduced; nor is he even sure that he shall not want this pitiful meal to-morrow. What is now become of his great estate, of his immense revenues, which seemed sufficient to maintain a whole province? You may as well ask, what becomes of water in a sieve; or of wax in a furnace. Banqueting, gaming, mistresses, extortion of usurers, and his stewards, these are the bottomless pits into which he has immersed his opulence. But of all his former friends, has he not one left, that will lend him a helping hand in his present distress? How has he not one left? I should have asked, had he ever a one in his life? For if he had, he would have them still. Let people say what they please, adversity does not frighten away one's friends, it only disperses those who pretended to be such; and if it be of any service, as no question it is, surely this is one of its greatest advantages; for 'tis a gainful point to get rid of false friends. If Afotus is to be pitied, 'tis for never having had any true ones.

Philocertes is stigmatized as a cheat; Aphistas for perjury; Phryne for impudicity. Every vice draws after it some kind of punishment. The tyrant who strikes you with terror, trembles every moment for himself. A parent, who permits licentiousness to reign in his house, will soon see his children punish him cruelly for it, by the infamy and affronts to which their disorders will expose him. The coquettish humour of a mother will be transfused into the blood of her daughters; and their scandalous adventures will cover her with ignominy. In vain does the artful hypocrite endeavour to conceal the horror of his secret vices from the public; 'tis enough that he knows them himself, to feel the punishment: his re-

morſes will be his executioners. Or if the Divine lenity lets ſome criminals enjoy upon earth a deceitful impunity, 'tis becauſe death cannot ſcreen them from his juſtice. Sooner or later he will have his right.

God, without doubt, chaſtiſes like a father, and his chaſtiſements, in all probability, are only the means of reforming us: this I even venture to ſay in reſpect to future puniſhments, unleſs they be eternal, which reaſon tells me they are not. I cannot believe that, like a vindictive mortal, he pours his wrath even on his guilty creatures, merely for the barbarous pleaſure of ſeeing them ſuffer. If he puniſhes them, 'tis to reclaim them from vice, by the experience of the evils that neceſſarily attend it: but conceive I cannot, that a juſt and good God is capable of puniſhing thro' a ſpirit of vengeance, and much leſs that his vengeance is eternal. If we ſuppoſe a revengeful God, we muſt allow of revenge in man, ſince man is God's image. Be that as it will, certain it is at leaſt with reſpect to the chaſtiſements of this life, that they are only paternal corrections, inflicted with no other view but to bring us back into the paths of virtue; which is enough for my preſent purpoſe.

If oppreſſed by a lethargic ſleep, there were no other means to bring you to life, than by ſtimulating your drowſy ſenſes, by the pricking of a lance; could you juſtly complain of the ſurgeon that pricked you? Now this is exactly what God does, by chaſtiſing our vices and indiscretions. The ſores that follow our crimes, are nothing in compariſon to thoſe which they are capable of curing. But that they may be able to produce their effect, 'tis not enough that God chaſtiſes like a father; we muſt receive his ſalutary corrections, like docil and ſubmiſſive children.

III. *Of Persecutions.*

The lovers of virtue are not jealous rivals, that aim at one another's destruction : nothing on the contrary charms them more, than to see the number of those who love it, increase. 'Tis only from virtue's adversaries, crosses and oppositions are to be feared ; and from those indeed we ought to reckon them inevitable.

According to the idea people commonly form of happiness, virtue, far from being always happy, is scarce ever so. Riches, honours, and eminent employments fall rarely to her share. She is a poor orphan, portionless, unknown, and abandoned. Some lovers, from time to time, take a liking to her ; but most of them, upon finding her destitute of the blessings of fortune, grow quickly indifferent. Another obstacle there is which cools their passion : the avenues of the palace she inhabits, are hedged with thorns and brambles, and guarded by evil genius's, who keep off those that approach it ; some by menaces, others by promises ; the former by open force, the latter by subtle snares.

But there is one circumstance which ought to flatter her lovers, and render them perseverant ; 'tis that they are sure of conquest, if their love be sincere. To love her, is possessing her ; from those only she slips away, who betray her by inconstancy or weakness : now no one betrays the person he loves. Whosoever grows unfaithful to her, must do it out of greediness for some pretended good of which she had bereft or disappointed him ; such as indolence, ease, pomp, the favour of the great. Now to prefer any of the advantages that may be enjoyed here below, were they even mitres tiaras, scepters and crowns ; to prefer them, I say, or even

to compare them to virtue, is not only not loving, but even not so much as knowing her. To put wind, smoke, tinsel, in the same rank with virtue, how injurious a parallel ! To give them the preference, how monstrous a profanation !

The wicked whose number renders them the predominant part of this world, have never openly proscribed virtue, or opposed her under her real name : in order to have a right to persecute her, they have given her odious appellations ; they pretend not to know her, and canonise vice adorned with her livery. Rectitude and plain dealing, they call imbecillity ; forgiving of injuries, cowardice ; prudent circumspection, pedantic gravity ; contempt of money, folly ; generosity, weakness. Ambition on the contrary is transformed in their mouths, into a noble emulation ; craft and tricking, are called industry and address ; bigotted hypocrisy assumes the name of piety ; duplicity, that of fine policy ; disguise, shuffling, and dissimulation, are masterpieces of prudence ; transport of passion is vivacity ; pride, sublimity of sentiments ; thirst of revenge, an indispensable point of honour ; ferocity, bravery. Their encomiums are real insults ; endeavour therefore to render yourself unworthy of them : their favours are poisonous ; take heed not to merit them, they cannot be obtained but at the expence of virtue.

When we meditate an enterprize, from which we may abstain, 'tis allowable, and even necessary, to weigh and compare all its inconveniencies : but no inconveniencies must we know when the point relates to the fulfilling our duty. A soldier is commanded to mount the breach : 'tis not then a time to examine the risk he runs ; let him march up without deliberating, were he sure to encounter death ; for such are his orders. In the same manner let us march under the standard of virtue, without inquiring into the

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the danger : be it what it will, if an evil, 'tis a ne-
cessary one, from which nothing but infidelity can
deliver us.

Your reputation is aspersed by base calumnies :
rejoice therefore, that you cannot be injured, but by
false imputations. You are wrongfully accused in
court, and unjustly condemned ; your accusers and
judges have been swayed by passions ; a very hard
case that innocence should thus suffer. But would
you rather be guilty ? Would the greatest of all mis-
fortunes that can befall a virtuous man, be to you
a consolation ? And would it be a means to assuage
your pain, to mingle it with remorse ?

The opulence of a knave, the posts he is raised to,
and the homages paid him, excite your jealousy,
and fill you with vexation and chagrin. What, say
you, is it for such men as those that riches, employ-
ments, and dignities are reserved ! Cease your unjust
murmurs : were those goods you regret, real goods,
they would be taken away from the wicked who en-
joy them, and given to you. What would you
say of a great warrior, of a Vendome, or a prince
Maurice, who after having saved his country, should
complain that his services were ill requited, because
a few comfits or plumbs were distributed in his pre-
sence to children, without giving him a share. Now
your complaint is not better founded. Has God
nothing else to reward you, but perishable riches,
and vain empty honors ?

IV. *Of Contradictions.*

Nature has sown as great a variety in tastes and
characters, as she has painted diversity on human
countenances ; and as it would be unreasonable to
expect in every face a resemblance of our own ; no
less unreasonable would it be, to pretend that every
man's

man's humour should conform and comply with ours. Each person thinks and acts according to the age or climate in which he lives, according to his years, sex, particular instinct, and education; seldom does he dream of examining whether he has thought, and acted well or ill. 'Tis not to be conceived how few there are, that study themselves, and endeavour at their own improvement. We excuse every thing in ourselves, but let nothing escape without censure in others: fain would we reform all mankind; and yet we except ourselves alone from the reformation.

Begin with rendering your humour pliant, and you will meet with fewer contrarieties. Rosina owns she is hasty; the public, less considerate in their expressions, call her vivacity, rage, fury, phrenzy. Never has she in the least reflected, that the universe was not made merely to please her: what she wishes, she thinks her due; and considers every thing that contradicts her, as outrage and affront. If an infant cries, Rosina instantly flies out: *What a plague there is with that brat; quick, away with it.* A servant breaks a glass; *Such a stupid, clumsy fellow! get out of my sight; here, take your wages.* If by chance she happens to be alone, and is tired with solitude; immediately she thus in a disconsolate tone addresses her absent friends: *Where is now the ungrateful Doris? What is become of the careless Agatha? Where is the false Euphorbus diverting himself? What is the perfidious Sylvander a-doing? O such indifferent friends! Thus in the greatest dejection of spirits to abandon me! No, I will never see them more.* Capricious, fickle Rosina, never pleased to-day with what she liked yesterday, all she constantly wills, is that you should guess her meaning. In vain you attempt it, hardly ever you hit it just; and even when you know what she wants, seldom can you succeed in doing it to her mind. You have generally mistaken something, you have been either too quick or too slow, or you have
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done it awkwardly. Carefs her, and you are too free ; respect her, you scorn her ; see her but seldom, she complains bitterly ; visit her daily, you fatigue and importune her : and when you have disoblighd her, you hear of it immediately ; a torrent of invectives, reproaches, and shrill screams, denounce immediately her spite and passion. Let her vent her rage ; to endeavour to appease her, is irritating her still more. When her passion has subdued, there will be less risk perhaps in giving her a gentle reproof ; but you will not be a bit the nearer. *In the main I was wrong, she will tell you ; but why will you not let me have my way ? I own I am a little hasty, but there is no great harm in that, people must take me as I am.*

Were all men to be equally attached to virtue, still they would differ in a great many points. The substance of the principles of morality and sentiments would be in every body the same ; and yet they would not, nor is there any reason they should, copy one another in things indifferent with regard to manners. God has given us his law for the rule of our conduct, not our equals for models. One may very well be as virtuous as another, tho' not resemble him in character. Let us suppose a society entirely composed of men ; still we should find something there to exercise our patience. The quick and penetrating wit will with difficulty bear the slow and heavy genius ; the pleasant and facetious man will not sympathize with those of a melancholy disposition. Suppose one sedate, the other lively ; one a babler, the other of few words : how many subjects of rupture do you see here for impatient tempers ! But in my supposition, they are all virtuous men, and consequently all deserving of respect. First seek for this essential quality, in those with whom you chuse to be connected ; 'tis a quality precious, rare, and excellent enough, to efface or covey some slight defects. Every
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thing should be overlooked in a person you know possessed of manners and probity; you should carefully watch him; for you would lose a treasure, were he ever to escape. Nothing bears a greater resemblance to God than a just and virtuous man; it would be therefore insulting God, to affront his image.

Timon is cold and reserved: mirth and jocund smiles, never un wrinkle his plaited forehead; assemblies are a strange country to him, where he shews a dull gloomy countenance, a melancholy and disconcerted air. When reasons of decorum oblige him to go there, he is there once too often, they would be very glad not to have been troubled with his company. But Timon on the other hand, has an upright heart, a good share of understanding, and a generous soul. If you have need of his assistance, that's enough; 'tis with him a title sufficient to have deserved it. He is grave and serious; but he is neither suspicious nor censorious. He abstains from licit pleasures; tho' he does not condemn them. He says little, but is veridical; his mouth is an unspotted organ, never sullied with lies nor equivocal terms. Do not be afraid to treat with him, you will have no occasion for witnesses or bonds, to ensure the execution of his engagements. Where could you find better security than Timon himself?

Those who give most frequent occasions of uneasiness to hasty persons, are children, domestics, and low people. Not that these are in themselves of a viler species than the rest of mankind, nor that their hearts are more corrupted; but only, as they have never learnt by what we call the ways of the fashionable world, to disguise themselves under deceitful appearances, their defects being more visible, must consequently be more offensive.

Damaris, as well as most mothers, has idle, wanton, and heedless children. In vain does she exhaust
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her breath in lectures and reprimands; they either do not listen to her, or they forget what she has said to them, the very moment she closes her mouth. At length she gives way to her impatience; she cries, exclaims, thunders, menaces, and repeats a volley of blows. Suspending her maternal tenderness, she makes room for transport and passion. Which are you or your children, Damaris, most to blame? childish levity draws them away; choler transports you. Does prudence belong more to their age, than moderation to yours? *They should at least*, you will say, *obey me*. And you should obey reason, which forbids these ill-placed violences. To chastise thro' passion, is less a chastisement, than revenge.

What demon is it that possesses Aphronia? I hear her continually railing and abusing her servants. Is it because they have all conspired to raise her bile? No, they are poor innocent victims to her capricious fury. Let Aphronia abate a little of her fire, immediately all their crimes disappear, they only seem culpable, because she is in a passion. Her impatient temper magnifies every object that strikes her fancy, and transforms in her eyes the slightest defects into crimes. Our domestics are men, therefore they cannot be exempt from faults; which should be a reason for us, to use them with lenity.

You despise the common people; right, if your contempt falls only upon their rusticity, ignorance, and mean way of thinking; to judge of them by this hideous outside, they are only a mean swarm of insects that move and flutter without knowledge and design; a body without eyes, that walks without seeing where it goes; or which at the most is guided merely by the allurements of sordid gain, and scarce ever knows its real interest: an enemy to wisdom and moderation; turbulent, seditious; brutishly fierce when humoured, a very coward when opposed; vain, inconstant, and superstitious; a lover of novelty, a
prey

prey to prevention; arrogating a right of judging those who instruct and govern them, and judging always wrong.

But out of this ignoble class, extract some docile persons, who are of an age as yet susceptible of lessons and instructions: you will find them like unpolished diamonds, which put into the hands of a skilful master, will surprize you with their dazzling splendor; wisdom and virtue, the fruits of education, will distinguish them from the mob; among whom riches and honours alone will not hinder others from being confounded. Most of the great folks are no more than a mob.

Scorn, as much as you will, the populace in general; but view in each of those that compose it, the common link of humanity; love them upon that account, and bear with their failings. Be indulgent especially to those whom misfortunes humble; your supercilious severity and pride would only render the sense of their miseries still more afflicting. As we excuse in a sick person, his capriciousness and humours; so we ought to over-look in the wretched, the irregularities of which their misery is the cause.

You yourself are not perfect; treat therefore your fellow creatures, as 'tis your interest they should treat you. Were you even free from all defects; still you would not have acquired thereby a right to insult those who are not; you would have only reason to pity them the more. 'Tho' Adonis was the handsomest of men, yet this would have been no excuse to him, for insulting Therfites.

A R T I C L E II.

Of Courage.

Courage I call, the vigour necessary for the soul, to perform virtuous actions, which by reason of the obstacles

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stacles that are to be surmounted, would be impracticable to pusillanimous spirits. Now these obstacles arise either from our own hearts, or from extrinsecal objects. Hence two sorts of courage: one which fortifying us inwardly, enables us to overcome ourselves, and we shall call it greatness of soul; the other which acting outwardly overturns the barriers opposed to our designs, and we shall distinguish it by the name of heroism.

I. *Of Greatness of Soul.*

By greatness of soul, I mean that noble sentiment, which pointing out the true beauty, with eagerness impels us to it. But where shall we find this true beauty? where its sources? where, but in virtue and talents; every thing else in my opinion is only parade, shew, and tinsel. Now virtue arises from a contempt of perishable goods, and talents from emulation. The human heart is naturally virtuous and great; strip it of all those mean affections it contracts, when enticed by the allurements of sense; it will then resume of itself it's original nobility.

1. Greatness of soul does not consist in neglecting our private interests, but in directing our desires to real and solid goods. The honest man has as strong a desire of felicity as the knave; but he is better acquainted with the means of procuring it, and chearfully puts them in practice. He is convinced that nothing but virtue is capable of making us happy; and that if other advantages contribute thereto in some measure, 'tis only inasmuch as virtue bears them company. If without injuring the purity of his manners, he is capable of enjoying an easy tranquil life, a life free from disquiet and pain, and seasoned with innocent pleasures, doubtless he will prefer it to a life embittered with crosses, disasters, and vexations, or poisoned with sufferings,

ferings, infamy, and regret. But give him his choice, either of a virtuous action, that would ruin his fortune, and expose his life to danger; or of a lucrative action, that would stain his virtue; let the emolument that may thence arise be ever so great or immense, he will not hesitate a moment, his choice is made; virtue in his eyes is of a much superior value to repose, pleasure, or life.

Sophronius and Pulcheria seemed to be made for each other; the conformity of their taste, genius, and character, might have established between them an indissoluble union; but Pulcheria has already disposed of her person. And yet Sophronius loves her; if he continues to see her, his love without doubt will increase, together with his weakness. In order to prevent his fall, there is a sure method left, a hard expedient indeed, but the only one; this is to desist seeing Pulcheria. Sophronius resolves to do it; a resolution which saves his virtue. Love is an enemy that can be vanquished only by flight.

An innocent man is accused before Eacus: the plaintiff is a person in power, who dictates to Eacus the decision he expects from his complaisance; the sentence he is to pronounce must determine either his ruin or preferment. But to an upright judge, what is fortune or preferment, in competition with justice?

Callisthenes is trustee, for a large estate, which an uncle to whom he thought himself heir, charged him to deliver up to one whom he owned for his son, tho' not acknowledged as such by the law. Callisthenes has promised, but without witnesses, or writings, whatever his uncle required of him. And now disappointed of an estate which he had swallowed up in hopes, he groans under the pressure of necessitous circumstances.

"What great harm would there be, you will say, were he to appropriate the estate, or convert a part of it at least to his own profit? who would know it?" God, I answer, who knows every thing, and

Callisthenes,

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Callisthenes, who could not be ignorant of it. What? to get rid of poverty, by committing perfidy! This is not a delivery, but ruin.

Let us suppose a person chained to a stake by those zealots, who put people to death under pretence of religion; his life is as yet in his own power, the barbarians consent to untie him, if he will consent to prevaricate and betray his sentiments. What a strange kind of clemency! The condition they insist upon for his delivery, is a much greater mischief than the injury they were going to do him.

2. The activity of our mind, the structure, vigour, and mobility of our organs, but more than all that, our incessant want, give us to understand, that the hand which formed us, formed us for an active life; now the end for which the Creator has designed us, is always the best we can possibly tend to.

'Tis a mean sentiment, invented merely by effeminacy, to consider the necessity of labour, as a punishment. So far is this from being true, that were God to forbid all labour, we should be utterly undone. Inaction is a kind of lethargy, alike pernicious to body and soul.

Of this we have a strong proof in Rhathimus. Rhathimus is displeased with occupation, and fatigued with exercise; 'tis even a pain to him to exist; annihilation would be his supreme felicity. As he fancies that God cannot better recompense those he loves, this is the paradise he expects; and even in this life, he anticipates his happiness, by constantly lying a-bed very late in the day. Dreadful is the moment he awakes; he keeps it at as great a distance as he can; and forced at length to part with his beloved bed, he shews for a long time by his frow and plaited forehead, that he is up sorely against his will. He makes a matter of twenty intervals in dressing, and at length hangs down his hands, unable to go thro' the fatigue. Let us see how he begins

begins the day ? *Give me*, says he, *something to eat*. Not that he is hungry, nor perhaps a glutton ; but because an idle man fills up thereby some vacant hours, without any pain to his supineness ; during twelve hours he is to be up, often will he have recourse to this same expedient. The intervals between those little capricious meals, are taken up with trifling diversions that quickly succeed one another, because none of them amuse him. Of all people a lazy man is the least sensible of pleasure : he is a lethargic soul whom nothing stimulates, nothing awakes. Tired with his own burden, he would be glad, but is incapable, to shun himself ; the eternal weariness he drags every where about with him, assumes a thousand different forms, for his own and other people's punishment. Sometimes 'tis a faintness ; he feels himself dull and heavy, incapable of moving the tip of his finger : sometimes 'tis an ailment, some complaint or another which he knows not how to define : at other times 'tis a chagrin, without being able to tell what it is that puts him out of temper ; thus he has constantly an uneven, morose, and suspicious humour. To hear him speak, he is never well served ; people have no regard for him, no body pities him when he is in pain, his acquaintances are hard-hearted, glad they would be to see him dead. This indeed would be wishing him well ; his gloomy imagination, his indolence, and laziness, will quickly render his imaginary evils real. To-morrow, if not to-day, he will be ill-complexioned, hypocondriac, consumptive, and weak. Can life be a happiness to one that preserves it at so dear a rate ?

Supineness and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions, than were ever destroyed by excessive labours : moderate exercise, far from prejudicing, strengthens and consolidates the body.

As

As we are members of a society whose assistance we stand in need of; in order to merit this assistance, we ought to serve our fellow-members, and serve them with zeal. To fulfil a duty coldly, is not fulfilling it; things done with reluctance, are always ill done. There are a thousand employments, which all concur to the common good. 'Tis your business to chuse among those that are within your reach; consult your capacity, and determine upon that state that pleases you best. Once your choice is fixt, make it a point of honour to excel in the profession to which you have given the preference.

Emulation seems bordering upon envy and ambition; and yet it partakes of neither. Far from grieving at another person's merit, it is encouraged thereby to push on with greater haste to perfection. 'Tis honour and the sense of duty that excites emulation; not the thirst of grandeur, or the sting of envy.

Phlistenes hates those that prosper, who shine, or make a figure in the world. All the advantages of which he sees others possessed, he thinks ill-placed; 'tis to him they were due; unluckily the public does not know his merit. Thus 'tis envy that devours Phlistenes.

Philotimus dazzled by the glittering splendor of dignities, makes them the only object of his desires and cares; being more solicitous to obtain than deserve them. The honours he has attained, become insipid to him, as soon as he has enjoyed them; or to express myself more properly, he has no enjoyment in them; his heart, dissatisfied with possession, fixes on those he has not as yet obtained. 'Tis ambition that consumes Philotimus.

But as for Eudoxus, plain it is that a noble emulation is the only motive by which he is excited. Eloquence is his favourite art, an art he would never have chosen if he had been ambitious; where Eudoxus lives, the talent of speech is very little respected.

spected. Were he even to be endowed with a justness of understanding, with a profound study of manners, laws, and customs; in a word, were he to have ever so many other concomitant talents; very little would it avail, unless his pockets were well lined with money. In Eudoxus's country every thing is venal; whatever is capable of encouraging private abilities is set up to public sale. They sell the very right of disposing of the property and lives of their fellow citizens; the right of exposing one's own life at the head of a regiment; the right of managing the revenues of the state and the incomes of private people, of presiding in tribunals, of digesting or executing judicial decisions; they sell even empty titles, coats of arms, and other frivolous distinctions of nobility. Since therefore this odious venality, which 'tis in vain to attempt to justify, takes away from merit all hopes of recompence, emulation has very seldom an opportunity of shewing itself: however when it happens to appear, it shines in all its purity. Eudoxus by applying himself to the eloquence of the bar, will not be suspected of aspiring to the first employments of the state; since sure he is, that as he has not a capacity of purchasing them, they are out of his reach. His only object is to excel in the art to which he has confined himself, to rescue truth from the dismal chaos in which the querks and fetches of lawyers have involved it, to set it before the judges in clear and intelligible terms, and to force them by dint of evidence to do justice to injured right. Let another pursue the same glorious path, Eudoxus is not offended; what is it to him, provided good be done, who does it? An innocent person had like to have been ruined, Callidemus saved him; an orphan was very near being oppressed, Euphrades defended him: that does not signify, since he could have done no more himself, he is equally pleased with their success. Were people

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people to have no other aim in the exercise of their talents, but honour and the public good; they would be inaccessible to the attacks of mean ignoble jealousy.

II. Of Heroism.

Greatness of soul is comprized in heroism; for no one can be a hero with a low groveling heart. But heroism differs from greatness of soul, inasmuch as it supposes signal virtues, that excite astonishment and admiration. Tho' it be necessary to make generous efforts and to struggle with nature, in order to overcome our vicious inclinations; and to succeed in these efforts, be, if you please, a greatness of soul; yet this is not always what we distinguish by the name of heroism. A hero, in the sense in which custom has determined this term, is a person resolute in difficulties, intrepid in perils, and brave in combat.

1. Resolution and obstinacy resemble one another in some respects; but the two following portraits will enable you easily to distinguish them.

If Thymocrates embraces an opinion; whosoever has the misfortune to live under him, will be likewise forced to adopt it. To tell him he is mistaken, is audaciousness and presumption; to prove it to him is an unpardonable insult. He has made a capricious regulation, which he looks upon as a master-piece of prudence and politics; by humble petitions he is informed of the inconveniencies that render the execution impracticable; but petitions, counsels, advice, are all lost. Thymocrates never knew how to think or reflect; his will is the only faculty he employs. To moderate or recal his orders, would have been the most prudent way, but not the most despotic. "Is
" an intendant of a province, a magistrate of my
" rank, to receive law from the populace? *My ordinance is a novelty*: well; let them conform to it,
F " and

“ and in ten years it will not be new. *It is censured*
 “ *by the public, and its inconveniences exposed.* What
 “ care I for the criticism of fellows made to obey
 “ me? They say, *'tis risking my authority, to com-*
 “ *mand impossibilities.* I shall soon know how to
 “ maintain it, by punishing such as presume to com-
 “ plain. Shall I go back after having advanced so
 “ far? My orders are given; just or not, they must
 “ be obeyed. *The country, if I persist, is ready to*
 “ *revolt; let them revolt, we shall soon know how*
 “ *to reduce them.*” Such is the portrait of obstina-
 cy; let us now view that of resolution.

Choregus has served his country, as a soldier, and statesman: the public good was the only object he had always in view; whatever might thereto contribute, never appear'd to him a matter of indifference. If he formed a design that visibly tended to this end; he was sure of the execution, provided he had only to surmount the criticism, snares, and opposition of wrong-headed people. He might be deterred by the inconveniences, but not by the difficulties of a project. Beloved by his prince, far from stooping to low flattery in order to please him, he has had courage enough to represent the truth to him without veil or disguise. Often did his free remonstrances expose him to the danger of losing his post; but he always considered the welfare of the state, as preferable to his private advantage. He thought it more honourable to serve his prince, than to possess his favour, and was less attentive to avoid, than not to deserve his displeasure. *I have ventured, says he, my life in battle, for my own and my master's glory; and shall I be afraid to hazard my fortune?*

Happy the monarch whom propitious heaven has blessed with such a minister! Such a minister, my reader will doubtless suppose an imaginary being; and I shall not pretend to affirm his real existence. As rare as we find the Alexanders and Cæsars, yet dis-
 interested

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interested ministers are still more rare; ministers I mean, whose only aim is the welfare of the state, and their sovereign's honour.

Obstinacy is a blind infatuation for an useless or unjust subject; it generally proceeds from a silly or knavish, or a both silly and knavish spirit; such as that of a person who thinks he has sullied his glory, by going back, when he has been told he has missed his way. Resolution, on the contrary, is the settled determination of a man of sense, who persists in a design he knows to be just and useful, notwithstanding the opposition he meets, or the difficulties with which he must struggle. 'Tis honour, 'tis virtue, 'tis the love of the public good, that inspire resolution. I say, *the love of the public good*, because whoever persists in an enterprize, merely thro' a view of private advantage, is a mercenary soul, whose constancy proceeds rather from a mean than heroic principle. For honour and virtue we cannot do too much; but 'tis too much to sacrifice health, repose, a mistress, or friend, for the sake of private interest.

2. Intrepidity is a kind of resolution, but a resolution tried by the presence of danger, pain, and sufferings; a resolution that forms the characteristic of a hero. We should distinguish it from brutality, which may produce very near the same effects, but does not proceed from the same principle.

Penisander is afraid of nothing: gulfs, precipices, swords, fire, thunder, are impotent barriers against his venturous attempts. Doubtless he thinks himself intrepid, and assumes the hero; yet he is a profligate wretch, blinded by a brutal rage: he rather shakes off the thoughts of danger than despises it; were he to reflect, it would soon overpower him. A villain faces danger only through ignorance, or because he expects to get over it. Be not mistaken; a worthless fellow is always a coward at the bottom of his heart, that has nothing to defend him but passion and rage.

'Tis in Craterus we must look for intrepidity. Before he sets out, he examines whether the affair he has undertaken, be possible, and worthy of a man of honour. Danger then has no terrors for him; he sees it with a serene front, and braves it without discomposure. If he succumbs, 'tis strength and not courage was wanting; and whatever may be the event, having fought to the very last, he comes off with glory.

Between the intrepid, and furious man, there is often no other visible difference, but the motive by which they are excited. One for frivolous pretences, for chimerical honours, for mere trifles, which a simple desire would too dearly purchase, sacrifices his amusements, tranquillity, and life. The other on the contrary is sensible of the value of his existence, of the charms of pleasure, and sweets of repose; and yet all these will he renounce, to brave dangers, pains, and even death itself, if justice and honour command him; but upon no other account. Virtue is dearer to him than life, pleasures, repose; and 'tis the only advantage he prefers to those blessings.

2. But let us go in search of heroism, on the bloody theatres where 'tis placed by the vulgar; let us trace it in camps, armies, and on the walls of fortified towns; for the common run of men acknowledge no other heroes, but warriors. Let us see, whether triumphant conquerors, weighed in the balance of reason and equity, are worthy of the great titles that are lavished upon them.

Valour is, without doubt, an inestimable virtue; since of all others it requires the greatest sacrifices. Polemistes in the center of abundance, surrounded with pleasant smiles, evermore his faithful attendants, hears the shrill sound of the warlike trumpet, and instantly starts up, and flies to battle. Love, feasts, spectacles, dances, pleasures of every kind, to him you were no more than trifling amusements; you diverted him
in

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in his leisure hours but you did not possess his heart; since he left you, he has lived in his element.— But is it him I see? Dust, sweat, blood, wounds, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, have disfigured his features; I distinguish him only by the vigour of his arms and the greatness of his exploits. Every thing gives way to his conquering sword; even death resigns to him her rights and her man-slaying power. The enemy's battalions are but a feeble barrier; like ears of corn he mows them down.

If 'tis honour, duty, and the love of justice, that have armed Polemistes, I grant he is a hero: but if so much blood is spilt only to glut his avarice and ambition; he is certainly an odious monster. I am not ignorant, that those monsters, when under subordination, may be useful to their country; as she has need of their arm, the motive by which they are animated, is to her indifferent. *Military spirit*, says a modern writer *, *is necessary for the defence of the state; it should be carefully kept up, but just as we keep a mastiff, to watch the house, that is by chaining him, and letting him loose but very seldom, lest he should devour his master.*

Considering the injustice and depravity of man, war is necessary; but yet 'tis an evil, which all the good that may arise from it, can never compensate. 'Tis the offspring of ferocity, that produces nothing but villainy, cruelty, and murder. It breaks the hearts of mothers, wives, and mistresses; it depopulates provinces, razes towns to the ground, and lays the country waste. But what is worse; it corrupts people's manners, extinguishes the taste of polite arts; and establishes rusticity, ignorance, and barbarousness, on

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* *M. de L'Ecluse, Not. 5. on the 19th Book of de Sully's Memoirs.*

the ruins of social virtues, sciences, and letters. Then it is that inhumanity glories under the beautiful name of bravery: and no other virtue is known but the thirst of hostile blood.

Greece never boasted of so many heroes, as during her infancy, when she was peopled as yet only with robbers and assassins. In a more enlightened age, heroes are not so numerous. People of sense look twice, before they will grant this title: they strip Alexander of it, and refuse it to the northern conqueror. No prince can pretend to it, that claims it by no other title than that of victories and triumphs. Even Henry the great would have been unworthy of it, if satisfied with owing his crown to his sword, he had not rendered himself the father and defender of his subjects.

But the vulgar will be always vulgar: and as they have no other idea of real grandeur, they often dub one for a hero, who reduced to his just value is the shame and reproach of mankind. Theriodes is a fierce and savage fellow, void of taste, abilities and manners, who has done himself justice, by engaging in military life, the only expedient left. As unfit as he is for any other state, so proper is he for this, if it requires only to be violent, fierce, inhuman, and cruel. He does not want to be excited to massacre; he is born with a sanguinary disposition, and no longer looks upon men as his own species, when he is payed for killing them. The apprehension of a similar fate does not damp his rage; his thoughts he never pushes beyond the present instant, and minds not in the least whether there be any difference between living and having lived. He is an armed automaton; a military machine, placed on the field of battle, that rises at the beat of drum, and sound of trumpet; the thundering of the artillery sets him completely in motion; then it is that he

lays

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lays about him to the right and left; his whole vivacity and action being comprized in his arm. And yet with the vulgar this is a valiant man, a hero, especially if he has a distinguished rank in the army; for the title of hero implies, in common acceptance, some eminent post: a military man cannot obtain it if he be only a corporal or serjeant; he must at least be a Field-marshal, a Prince, or a Generalissimo.

However, let us not dispute about terms; let us leave the warriors of the first rank in possession of heroism, since a custom more antient than ourselves, has given it exclusively to military valour: but let us not call by the name of valour, what is not really so. To sacrifice one's life without fear or hesitation, passes with some people for the sublimest and most generous effort of valour, and yet to make this sacrifice for a trifling subject, is mere temerity; for an unjust one, is the highest pitch of villainy.

Contempt of life is not in itself a merit; on the contrary the general rule is to provide for our own preservation. The only case in which 'tis allowed to dispense with this law, is when our duty engages us in some virtuous act, which cannot be executed without the risk or loss of life. 'Tis a glorious thing to lay down our lives in the defence of our country, our honour, or conscience; but 'tis infamous for a person to die a victim of his passions, of his ambitious designs, of his sordid avarice, or vindictive fury.

'Tis false that an action is glorious in proportion to its difficulty, if at the same time it be neither useful nor virtuous. Difficulty adds no value to it, but inasmuch as it expresses in the person that does it, a constant attachment to his duty.

Let no one imagine that by declaiming against false valour, I shall enervate the warlike disposition of our troops. The officer is excited by the alluring

hopes of recompence, which has a much greater influence on his mind, than can be ever apprehended from my barren maxims. As for the common soldiers, they are in no manner of danger of yielding to my impressions; their ferocity will save them. Besides our brave Pandours will hardly peruse my my work.

But what is it I have said? let them read it; the military service will profit by it; their bravery will increase in proportion as it grows pure. Every disposition of soul, regulated by right reason, acquires thereby strength and stability. Know the danger, before you expose yourself to it; by not being surprized, you will become more intrepid. Preserve your life for the moment in which it will be more necessary to expose or lose it; (it deserves at least not to be wantonly lavished) thus will you be of greater service to the public. Of all means, the properest, for redoubling your intrepidity, is to be a man of honour: as your conscience then will give you a sweet security with respect to future life, you will be better disposed to make, if necessity requires it, a sacrifice of this. *In time of battle, says Xenophon, * those who fear most the Gods, are those who have the least fear of men.* In order not to apprehend death, a person must have the greatest sanctity of manners, or he must be a profligate wretch whose conscience is grown quite callous by the habit of crime. You have here two ways of not being afraid of danger: chuse which you will.

Which will ye chuse, ye furious duellists, who glory in deciding your private quarrels, sword in hand? You give yourselves very little trouble about the dreadful effects of the Divine Justice; ye that are not
afraid

* *Cyropædia, Book 3.*

afraid least death should surprize you in the midst of your crime. Is that life, you are going to sacrifice, your own property? Did you give it to yourselves, that you dare thus dispose of it? Is that blood your own, you are going to spill; which ought not to flow but for the welfare of the state? Faithless depositaries, who convert to your own use, or rather to your ruin, that which God and your country have a right to demand.

But where am I wandering? To alledge to these mad extravagant wretches, arguments drawn from natural equity, is speaking an unknown language to them: they see no justice but at the point of their sword. Let us draw nearer to them, and place ourselves within their reach. Let us undeceive them, if possible, with respect to a false point of honour, with which they are infatuated: how many murders should we thereby prevent! For it must be allowed, that oftentimes they are not so much transported by hatred, as by a foolish notion of bravery. Soon would their passionate desire of revenge be abated, could we convince them, that to be revenged is cowardice. Now this we can easily do, unless they are so obstinate as not to submit to evidence.

Cowardice is an inexcusable weakness, which makes us violate some of our duties: now the passion of revenge bears these two characters.

1. It makes us violate one of our most important duties, by exciting us to murder creatures of our own species, whom the law of nature commands us to love as ourselves. —What a difference there is betwixt loving one's brother, and plunging a poniard into his bosom!

2. I may venture to affirm that revenge is a weakness. What other appellation can we give to the transports of a mutinous heart, which suffers its tranquillity to be disturbed by resenting an affront, which

in itself is oftentimes far from being insupportable? Is it courage to give way to impatience? To know how to suffer, this is the real courage; a courage that consists rather in pardoning than resenting an injury. In order to pardon we must subdue the transports of choler; to be revenged, we have only to give way to them. Your enemy has attempted your life; and his is now in your power; let him live; this is what natural equity directs you. By this generous proceeding, you will either extinguish his hatred, or you will throw the whole blame upon his side; whereas you partake of it, if you think of getting your revenge. His attempt has not invested you with a right of committing murder.

What if the treatment of which you complain, were only a scornful smile, a satyrical joke, a smart raillery, a blow of a cane, or a box in the ear? What, would you for such slight offences, by your own private authority, either cut the offender's throat, or expiate by your blood the pretended affront!

"On! 'tis not so much the affront itself, you will say, that provokes me, as the infamy from thence redounding. A blow of a cane, a box in the ear! What a terrible dishonour!"

Base and pitiful prejudice! Shall I never be able to extirpate it out of the hearts of my countrymen and fellow-citizens? What, does the insolence of a presumptuous fellow, humble and disgrace you? Does another man's crime diminish your honour? Has it stript you of your virtue? Or is there any honour that is not founded on this basis? Strange and deplorable contrast! We have imbibed from father to son a thousand such preventions; we feel all their absurdity; and yet we dare not openly abjure them.

"I acknowledge, says Philaethes, the justness of your maxims; in the main I join issue with you:

"But I am undone for ever, if I listen to your counsels

"and

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“and those of my conscience; I shall then be no longer able to appear with honour, and honour is dearer to me than life.”

Are we to be thus eternally plagued with false notions of honour? Can honour be ever opposite to right reason? Instructed by reason, you agree that revenge is a weakness, a real cowardice, and yet you obstinately persist in desiring to be revenged, for the sake of honour! Venture to oppose the public error. If you are afraid lest they should doubt of your courage; go, and signalize it by useful and lawful exploits.

If example be of any weight with you, judge of the odiousness of those single combats, by the behaviour of all civilized nations. If you except that country, which pretends most of all others to politeness, in what other place will you find sticklers for this furious passion in which you vainly glory? Surely those illustrious Greeks, those judicious Romans, who in their turns gave laws to the universe, were judges of valour: did they make a sport of the murder of their countrymen? The sword, the bow, the shield, were useless instruments with them in time of peace. But if you want more modern and nearer models; you may find them in those stout islanders, our perpetual rivals for bravery, sentiments, wit, sciences, and arts. Notwithstanding that ferocity of manners with which we are pleased to charge them, you cannot reproach them with that savage custom we have here condemned.

As long as only your priests exclaim aloud from their pulpits against this excess, you let them moralize, without taking any notice of their lectures. You have heard them treat as criminal abuses, so many actions which to you seem innocent, and some of which are perhaps so in reality; that you suspect them, when they condemn this very custom. But, I who require nothing of you but what God certainly commands,

commands, and who debar you of nothing but what he certainly forbids; may I expect you will believe me? These are not counsels, suggested by effeminacy or cowardice; they proceed from lenity and humanity, names in which I glory. Perhaps our scornful *petit-maitres* will not relish my morality; but what relish can such as they have for solid good sense?

C H A P. III.

Of JUSTICE.

JUSTICE in general is a virtue which makes us render to God, to ourselves, and to other men, whatever is due to each: it comprizes all our duties; wherefore to be just in this sense, and to be virtuous are synonymous terms. But here we shall consider justice only as a sentiment of equity, by which we act with rectitude, and give every one their due.

Tho' one would imagine that Justice thus defined, might be ranked among the social virtues, of which we shall treat in the third part of this work; yet this is, methinks, a more proper place for it. Social virtues are founded on different sorts of ties, which unite men to one another, such as love, subordination, humanity, gratitude. Justice on the contrary stands in no need of those ties, which far from rendering it more active, oftentimes only clog, stagger, or corrupt it. 'Tis not out of friendship, or out of compassion and good nature, that we ought to be just; 'tis because we are created after God's image, who is just himself, and is willing we should be also just.

Civilians distinguish two sorts of justice, whose distinction we shall here adopt; they call one *commutative*, viz. that which establishes rectitude in the mutual commerce of mankind; and the other *distributive*, namely that

that which determines human differences according to the rules of equity. The former belongs to private people; the latter to magistrates and sovereigns.

ARTICLE I.

Of Commutative Justice.

Rectitude, which is the basis of commutative justice, has two parts; sincerity in words, and plain dealing in actions. Sincerity produces mutual confidence, a thing so necessary among members of the same society: Plain dealing preserves and maintains it.

I. *Of Sincerity.*

Were our souls pure spirits, disengaged from the fetters of the body, we could then read one another's minds; our thoughts would be visible, we might communicate them without the help of speech; and there would be no occasion to make of sincerity a precept. In order to supply, as much as is wanting, this commerce of thought, whose liberty is restrained by our bodies, nature has given us the talent of pronouncing articulate sounds. The tongue is an interpreter, by means of which our souls converse with one another: it becomes guilty by not performing it's office faithfully; and resembles a deceitful interpreter, who betrayed his trust.

Far from us all those refinements of duplicity, equivocation, subterfuges, and mental reservations; contrivances more proper to multiply than to avoid lies. 'Tis always a lie when we voluntarily make another person believe for truth what we know to be false; and to believe as false what we know to be true.

Abraham lied, when by an ill-judged prudence, he made his wife pass for his sister, with Abimelech and Pharaoh. Whether she was related to him, or not, that's

that's nothing to the purpose: to say she was his sister, was giving them room to believe she was not his wife; and this is indeed what Abraham wanted them to believe. He was afraid, say they, lest one or other of those princes, should put him to death, in order to enjoy the fair Sarah without controul or rival. What! had the father of true believers so little faith, so little confidence in God, as not to think him capable of preserving his life, unless he concurred thereto by a lie? And what kind of lie! A lie that delivered up his wife to the arms of the first possessor. I know not with what eye the Spanish husbands view this finesse of Abraham; I fancy it will find a greater number of apologists in France.

The law of nature, which requires that truth should prevail in all our conversations, has not even excepted those cases wherein our sincerity might cost us our lives. To lie, is offending virtue, consequently it is injurious to honour: now every one allows, that honour is preferable to life; the same must be therefore granted in respect to sincerity.

Let no one think this opinion extravagant. Were it even my single sentiment, still I would not renounce it: but 'tis more generally received than people perhaps imagine. 'Tis almost an universal custom in all courts, to make the person accused protest, before he is interrogated, that he will answer according to truth; and this even in capital crimes. They do him therefore the honour to suppose, that tho' guilty of the fact with which he is charged, yet he will be honest enough, to depose against himself, at the risk of losing ignominiously his life. Now could any such supposition be made, were it granted that the law of nature dispensed with sincerity in cases relating to life and death?

True it is that a kind of solemnity is generally added to the affirmation of the prisoner, by obliging him to accompany it with an oath: but this is not the circumstance

circumstance I most commend. Of what use is that oath? A villain finds no more difficulty in perjury than in lying; and the honest veridical man, after the most frightful imprecations, cannot tell a thing with greater truth, than if he had made only a simple affirmation. Truth is not susceptible of more or less.

'Tis idly insulting mankind, to oblige them to take an oath: 'tis supposing them capable of lying, and superstitious enough at the same time, to make a difference between a lye, and perjury. I own indeed, that 'tis only doing justice to some people, to suppose this capacity.

Epiorcus is sued for the payment of a sum of money. There is no contract in writing produced against him; 'twas only a verbal engagement. Upon appearing before the court, he shuffles at first: the plaintiff presses him; he invents a tale, and dresses it out with the minutest circumstances; and at length he concludes with denying point-blank the debt. Let us wish Epiorcus joy: he is acquitted at a very cheap rate; he was not obliged to swear; he has only lied in presence of the Judges, and of the whole court. *I am very well off, says he to his friends, as he goes out of court; had they tendered me an oath, I should have lost my cause, for I would not have forsworn myself.*

But let nothing be concluded from this example, in favour of the received custom of insisting frequently upon the parties oaths in courts of justice. For who can be answerable, in effect, that Epiorcus would rather have retracted his lie, than confirm it with a false oath? But were he even honest enough to do such a thing, which is not at all probable, it would be a single instance, from which no consequence could be drawn; an instance that does not hinder us from establishing as a maxim generally true, that whosoever does not scruple to lie, would not scruple to be guilty of perjury.

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The best way to obviate perjury, is to require no oaths. I should not even chuse, except in case of necessity, to interrogate a person, whom I suspected capable of lying, had he an interest in doing it; for this would be leading him into the temptation.

Most men's morals, in respect to sincerity, are not very rigid. 'Tis usual to make no scruple to deny the truth thro' a motive of interest, or in order to exculpate one's self, or to excuse another person. These are called *officious lies*; people are apt to tell them, either that they may be at peace, or to oblige a person, or to prevent some accident. Miserable pretexts, which this single sentence will reduce to dust: *'Tis never allowable to do an evil that good may come of it.* A good intention serves to justify indifferent actions; but does not authorize those that are absolutely bad.

'Tis also customary to set light by jocular lies, invented stories, and fictitious news. "These are innocent jokes that hurt no body:" What a strange apology! Is an action innocent, because it does not include two crimes.

As for calumny, I may well presume it will find no apologist: 'Tis an odious lie that every one condemns and detests! Were it only out of fear of being one day or other its object. But it often happens that the person who condemns it, is not clear from it himself: he has related facts unfaithfully, he has magnified, altered or changed them; and this perhaps undesignedly, merely out of a habit of embellishing or swelling his narrative.

The surest and only way not to calumniate, is never to back-bite.

Convey yourself in spirit to some imaginary world, where you will suppose that words are constantly the faithful image of the sentiments and thought; where the friend that will offer you his services, is really filled with benevolence; where no endeavour

is used to abuse your credulity, by feeding your mind with fables; where every discourse, narration, and promise is dictated by truth; where the inhabitants consequently live without suspicion and mistrust, safe from impostures, cheats, artifices, stratagems, treasons, perfidy, and calumnious accusation: how delightful would the intercourse of those people be, who inhabited that happy globe!

If you have any desire that the spot you inhabit should enjoy the like felicity; strive to contribute thereto on your part, and begin with being upright, sincere and veridical yourself.

II. *Of Plain Dealing.*

'Tis of no use to define plain dealing: even those who are least provided with it, know what it is; and well pleased they would be that every body else were plain dealers, in order to dupe them with greater ease; for people are not knaves for nothing, there is always some view of interest in deceiving and cheating.

How came those deceitful ministers of mute and lifeless idols, to forge so many mysteries, oracles, and prodigies, to multiply sacrifices, to invent lustral water, consecrated cakes and bread? 'Twas because by these devices they augmented their revenues. The doctrine that brought them the most money, they were sure to preach up, as the most sacred and orthodox.

How comes it, that the lawyers have drowned right reason and equity in a deluge of proceedings, formalities, and refined chicanery? 'Twas to take an advantage of the litigiousness of their fellow-citizens, and to enrich themselves with their spoils.

How comes it that the wheedling Astorgus walks with his eyes fix'd on the ground, his head humbly inclined,

inclined, with an old scurvy hat, and mean apparel? Why that soft tone, those sweet mellifluous words? Why that pretended zeal for the interest of heaven! those hypocritical lamentations for the blindness of sinners? 'Tis in order to raise contributions on the poor silly women whom he deceives with his grimaces.

In order to terminate a long law-suit, fruitful of turns and incidents, you are willing to compound matters with the litigious Eristes, even to your own disadvantage. But useless is your sacrifice: under the specious pretext of coming to an agreement, Eristes has laid hold of this opportunity, to gain ground upon you. You have voluntarily given up one part of your rights, in order to secure the other: and yet this will not screen you from being divested of the whole. Assisted by a tricking scrivener, he has foisted equivocal and captious terms into the deed, of which he will avail himself to your disadvantage; and you are so unfortunate as to have set your hand unknowingly to your own destruction.

I step to a part of the town, inhabited by drapers. Methinks I have been transported by some enchantment to a distant country, to see extravagant and whimsical customs. In other places tradesmen have, for the disposal of their goods, a low part of the house, to which they give the name of shop. These have one likewise: but 'tis empty and without any other furniture but the draper's wife and his daughters, who stately decked, negligently seated, and always idle, seem to be stationed there to serve for a sign-post. I go in, with an intent of buying. They conduct me to a distant hall, inaccessible to broad day light, and where the sun never penetrates but a-slant, and by a narrow cleft. They shew me some cloths, which they open and unroll; illusory complaisance that only helps to deceive me! The contrivance of false light will hide the blemishes and defects of the commodity.

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Begin with throwing open those old window-shutters that darken my sight, and if you have a mind I should see, do not let me see only by halves.

In all professions, there are customary frauds; which seem to create no uneasiness of conscience, because they are universally practised. Thus you may see a tradesman, who without any manner of scruple will follow the custom of darkening his warehouse, tho' perhaps he would discharge with fidelity the guardianship of his nephew.

Thus there are instances of captains, that have a great number of fagots at a muster, whose pay they pocket; while at the same time they would be ashamed of any other kind of robbery.

Thus a soldier robs his landlord, thinking every thing he lays hold of a fair prize, as long as he wears a uniform; tho' perhaps you might safely trust your strong box to him under any other dress.

Thus a monk, who perhaps in other respects is an honest man, exhibits to the public veneration, shrines, bones, agnus Dei's, and scapulars, which within himself he rates according to their just value: but all the rest of the cloth do the same; he would think himself a false brother, were he not their accomplice.

Thus the gentlemen of the law sell their attendance so very dear. The most disinterested amongst them seem to require only payment for the work they have done: but do any of them charge their clients with no more than necessary work? 'Tis now a common custom to overload the parties with a heap of paltry writings, two thirds of which are of no other use, but to swell the lawyer's fee. Very easy about this article, *is it not right*, say they, *we should live on other men's follies?* live; with all my heart; but do not behave like pirates towards those who give you bread.

I shall say nothing of open plunder and rapine: every one knows 'tis an inexcusable crime to deprive
another

another man of his property by main force; or at least, there are few but great conquerors that do not know it. Besides I do not intend to set up for a convert-monger of robbers; halters, gibbets, wheels, these are the proper lessons for them, the only lessons capable of stopping their hands, and indeed the only ones to which the greatest part of mankind are indebted for their pretended probity.

The most common manner of robbing, and that which people are least ashamed of, is borrowing and not paying: 'Tis a trite proverb, that no body is a knave for debt. And yet 'tis robbery not only to take other people's goods; but likewise to retain them wrongfully.

Let us however distinguish between different sorts of debts. Some are innocent, and others criminal. The first are those contracted thro' necessity, and which necessity hinders one from discharging. There is likewise a kind of middle species, which are innocent with respect to the time present, the debtor being under an absolute impossibility of paying; but criminal, if we ascend to their origin: such are those which proceed from unjust usurpations. Criminal in fine are those which we permit to run on, tho' we are able to discharge them; from whatsoever cause they arise.

Nicander, ruined by fire, was set up again by the benevolent contributions of his friends: his affairs began to take a favourable turn, when other misfortunes, law-suits, sickness, ship-wrecks, and bankruptcies, plunged him into a deeper abyss of misfortunes. Instead of discharging his old debts, he is forced more than ever, to add new ones to them; and very lucky if he can get any one to trust him. Let us pity Nicander, but not blame him: were he to involve every one that has assisted him, in his ruin, still he would be blameless, if his misfortunes

tunes are not owing to his own fault, and he seriously endeavours to retrieve his losses.

A person that runs only the risk of impoverishing himself, or of being less opulent, by neglecting his fortune, may neglect it if he has a mind: but 'tis criminal in a man that owes money, to pretend to act the magnanimous part, by affecting a contempt for money. He is answerable to his creditors for all the profits he might have honestly made by his industry. Now were we to judge on this footing, we should not find so many excusable debtors as people imagine.

Lysippus, formerly a public officer, and state-depositary of the fortunes of a great number of private people, has dilapidated the sums entrusted to his care, together with his own patrimony. He accuses himself at the feet of the altar, with sobs and groans, and proposes to expiate his extravagance, by prayer, macerations, and fasting. Lysippus, say they, is converted, he has quitted the world, and spends his time in continual prayer. What sort of a conversion is this? Not so much praying, Lysippus; the best way to expiate thy faults, is to repair them. Make a proper use of thy talents, apply thyself to some useful occupation; spare neither care, nor pains; allow thyself no respite till thy creditors are indemnified. Prostrate thyself afterwards before the throne of the almighty; then may'st thou expect to find mercy.

Actual indigence does not excuse a person from discharging his debts, if he contracts or continues them by his own fault, thro' indolence, laziness, and superfluous expences.

A debtor has nothing he can really call his own, but the overplus of his debts: whatever he spends beyond that, is taken from his creditors. Humanity permits him to live, but no further; and even this

is on condition of endeavouring sincerely to pay every body their own.

Admire the tranquillity of Misochrestes. With how much ease he disengages himself from a multitude of creditors, who disturbed him by their importunate clamours! Often has he already avoided them by making his servants deny him: what must he do to-day, what stratagem must he invent to escape them? They have waited on him before his usual hour of rising. He is determined he will not stir out; and they are as obstinately bent to wait his coming. He orders his servant to tell them he is indisposed, and can speak to no one, but his indisposition does not soften them in the least; if he defers opening the door, they are ready to burst it. Upon this he informs them he is willing to surrender, but first comes out to parley.

“How now, gentlemen, says he, can’t a person
“be sick in his own house? Give me leave to tell
“you, that you do not behave like people that
“understand the world.

“What’s the matter with you, Mr. Rhedon?
“You made a chaise, I fancy, about three years
“ago; have not I paid you twenty pistoles on account?
“Indeed you are vastly to be pitied! Go,
“go, do not be afraid, no body loses any thing
“by me. See, there is a man that has been my
“baker these six years: he knows how to behave
“to persons of my distinction; his remedy is patience;
“he shall not be a bit the worse for it.
“Adieu, Mr. Rhedon, adieu, I have something to
“say to these gentlemen; you will call again.

“Oh, as for you, my dear friend Artopolus, I
“really consider you: you act very right. How
“do you contrive to make such good bread as you
“send me, ’tis really exquisite; there can be no
“fault found with such bread.—Let us see what
“is it I owe you?—Two thousand three hun-

“dred

“dred and forty-six livres, four sous, and nine farthings.—So much money I owe you.—

“But this not a sum to make me uneasy. Two thousand three hundred and odd livres — we shall be able to pay you. Well, Mr. Artopolus, the first money I lay fingers on shall be yours; you shall not be at the trouble of coming for it: this is but reasonable, 'tis you that keep me alive.

“So, here comes my wine-merchant: I have longed this great while, my friend, to give it to you. You know full well, Mr. Tavern, you take a pleasure in poisoning me with your wine. What the devil is it you put into it? I cannot toss off three bottles but it gives me the head-ach. And 'tis money, forsooth, you want. Go about your business, go, if you had a mind to be paid, you would never serve people in that manner. You shall have no money, 'till every body else refuses it, to teach you to sell good wine.

“Now for you, Monsieur Guillaumet, I am quite ashamed to have been so long without paying you. I am sensible of all the reproaches you are going to make me. You have furnished me and my whole family with cloaths these five years: I have not as yet paid you a farthing; I promised to pay you towards the end of last year, but I disappointed you. Is not that all you have to say to me? you know me very well, Monsieur Guillaumet; do you imagine I could have been so hard-hearted as to let you be all this time out of your money, after having been so good as to make so many disbursements on my account; if my tenants did but pay me? I must be a great villain, if I could behave after that manner. But they will pay me some time or other, and then you shall have your money. Your servant. Give me leave to speak to that woman.

“Good

“ Good morrow, Mrs. Pernelle, I suppose you
 “ are come to demand your money for those thirty
 “ pieces of holland, I had of you ? I cannot pay
 “ you so soon. You see what a number of people
 “ I have promised to. But you are able to wait
 “ awhile: you are well to pass !” “ No, Sir,
 “ you are mistaken, my circumstances are very in-
 “ different.” “ Oh ! so much the worse, my girl :
 “ when people’s backs are not strong enough, to
 “ give credit, they should never pretend to sell.

“ As for you, my good friends, continues Miso-
 chrestes, addressing himself to those creditors who
 had not as yet received audience, “ I fancy, I don’t
 “ owe you a great matter. You see I am endea-
 “ vouring to bring things to bear : let me breathe
 “ a little ; however till I am able to pay you, I’ll
 “ strive to adjust our accounts.”

As soon as Misochrestes had finished those words
 he flew away from them like lightning ; leaving his
 creditors so astonished with his audacious tone, that
 he is got quite out of their hearing, before they are
 ready to make him the least reply.

ARTICLE II.

Of Distributive Justice.

WERE all men honest in their dealings, there
 would be no occasion for distributive justice : ’tis
 a necessary barrier against their iniquitous proceedings.
 Most people have confounded the useful with the
 agreeable : whatever flatters their senses, their de-
 sires, and passions, has immediately with them an
 appearance of utility. It would be useful indeed, were
 the senses, desire, and passions, to be always regu-
 lated by equity : but if they are not, that which
 flatters

flatters them, may be unjust. Now 'tis with me a principle, that *whatsoever is unjust cannot be useful*: and behold on what proof I found this maxim.

Nothing is useful but what tends to make us happy: supreme utility, is supreme happiness, and 'tis to this happiness that whatever merits the name of useful, refers as to its ultimate end. Now injustice, far from tending thereto, estranges us from it: for whatever is unjust, is contrary to the divine will. But 'tis impossible for us to be happy while we resist this will: since its object is nothing but our felicity. God is not a tyrant, proud of despotic power, that imposes laws on us, only to exercise our obedience, and to make us feel the weight of his yoke. All his precepts are lessons, that teach us only to be happy. But he is willing we should be just. Therefore, for those who are unjust there is no true happiness. Therefore, an action contrary to justice, being contrary to the will of God, opposes also our felicity: and consequently, far from being useful to us, can only lead us to misery and ruin.

But gross and carnal men, who amusing themselves with the present, see only with a corporeal eye, and estimate the merit of actions, in proportion to the profit from thence arising; those men, I say, have settled a distinction between justice and utility. Every day they ballance the useful with the honest; and the latter is always sacrificed to the former, when the pretended utility seems to merit some consideration. Now some consideration it always seems to merit, in proportion to the vehemence of their desires: wherefore they have no regard for justice, any farther than as they reckon to gain by it, or at least not to lose; being always ready to turn back, in order to prefer the useful, if equity exposes them to danger, or may be attended with damage or loss.

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Hence,

Hence those disputes about interest, which avidity of gain, and insincerity, produce and propagate among fellow-citizens : hence all those crimes that have overwhelm'd the world. The preference given to the useful before the honest, is the source of unjust proceedings, and the origin of crimes.

Necessary therefore it was, in order to prevent the horrible confusion, into which all societies might have been thrown by this mistake concerning utility, to ascend to the innate laws of justice, and with scales in hand, to terminate all contests, and punish iniquitous attempts.

As it is not sufficient for a legislator, to be wise and judicious, unless he has authority sufficient to put his laws in execution ; for this reason the legislative power was conferred upon such men, as had already some established pre-eminence over the rest : distributive justice was therefore made an appurtenance to sovereignty.

That this justice might not be arbitrary, they published solemn ordinances, to regulate ordinary differences in society ; and repressed the audacity of villains, by intimidating them with the fear of punishment or ignominy. If any unforeseen cases happened, they deduced the decision of them from that same natural equity, which had dictated to them those general laws. In those cases they did justice themselves in person, and decided the point immediately.

Overloaded, in process of time, which a greater number of affairs, by the increase of their dominions, or withheld from the civil administration by the command of armies, they committed the exercise thereof to the care of subordinate judges, whom for that effect they invested with part of their authority. Those judges nominated by the sovereign, were called magistrates ; and 'tis these magistrates that at present

present administer justice. Let us see how they actually acquit themselves of this trust, and in what manner they ought to acquit themselves.

Justice ought to be rendered *gratuitously, readily, and without partiality.*

1. No one will pretend to deny here, any more than in other countries, that justice ought to be gratuitous: this has been always a received maxim, but unluckily it is reduced to simple theory. On this point, as well as on an infinite number of others, means have been found to elude the austerity of this doctrine.

The first thing they did, was to deprive private people of the faculty, which by the law of nature belongs to them, of pleading their own cause. If this strange regulation be founded on just motives, I protest I have not penetration enough to distinguish them; but I know enough to perceive their inconveniencies.

What occasion have I for a mercenary substitute, whom I am obliged to pay, for defending my interest, which I might defend better myself? He will lay my cause, you say, before the judges with greater perspicuity, and without ill-humour or passion. But if I am capable of making him understand my affair, surely I have the same capacity in respect to my judges. Who can answer that he has comprehended my case thoroughly, that he has taken its entire sense, that he has given himself the trouble of reading those writings I put into his hands? Who can assure me, that he will take all the necessary pains with it, that he will set it in its clearest light, that he will not forget any of my reasons, and that he will represent them in their full force? How can I tell, but he will even be softened by my adversary, and by making a weak defence, facilitate the other's triumph? There are none of these prevarications but are sometimes committed; consequently I have reason

to dread them. Let me defend my own cause ; and you will save me from all those risks.

But suppose, for argument sake, that I have found out an intelligent and honest lawyer. Of what signification are all those talents to me ? One defect cancels them all : he is interested. Stript of my estate, by potent usurpers, in vain does justice offer me her assistance, if there is no access to her but by dint of money.

And were I even to get over this first difficulty, still at every step the same obstacle retards me. The palace of Themis is a destructive custom-house, where a hundred greedy extortioners come one after another, to devour the substance of the unfortunate client. The judge himself, at their head, authorizes their pillage, and contributes to consume it. Delicate nevertheless on the article of plunder, he would blush to profane his hand, by accepting of presents : and yet the barbarian insists upon your paying him ; and justice he will do you none, till you have even anticipated the payment.

In vain would it be to object that these exorbitant charges, are the just punishment of the unfair wrangler, who at the upshot, is the only person that suffers.

I answer in the first place, that I do not relish the equity of those pecuniary punishments, the whole benefit of which is reaped by those who impose them. Interested justice I always suspect. Why should my judge get such extravagant fees, in consequence of Harpastus's entering an unjust action against me ? 'Tis I that ought to be indemnified and not the judge, who has sustained no damage ; and who ought to acquit or condemn without being bribed by a salary.

Again ; 'tis not always true that one of the two parties at law is necessarily a knave ; the question that divides them, may be problematical ; and in that case,
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the party worsted deserves rather compassion, than punishment.

But let us suppose, if you will, that the person on whom the costs fall, ought in justice to bear them, for having entered into a litigation on groundless pretences: his adversary however, who comes off triumphant, pays very dear for his victory. He has been plucked by a thousand secret extortions which he cannot divulge; and even in respect to the settled costs, 'tis he only that must pay them, if the person on whom they fall, happens to be insolvent.

Another case I must add, in which the costs fall upon the party that ought to be exempt: 'tis when a judgment, contrary to equity, is passed, thro' the ignorance or prevarication of the judges: for those haughty arbiters of our estates and fortunes, have not received of heaven, an infallible understanding or conscience.

2. Give me disinterested judges, for they will have a more distinct view of things, and decide with more prudence: but I am not yet satisfied, unless they are expeditious. 'Tis being unjust, to defer justice that may be determined without delay. Time is precious to those whose interests are in danger.

'Tis the folly of those in public offices, to make people supplicate as a favour, what even the duty of their station requires them to perform. We must purchase of them by humble petitions, what we have a right to demand. Rather sell me justice by gold-weight, and let me have it immediately: rate it at ever so high a price, I must be a gainer.

The president Cenocephalus thinks it becomes his dignity, to be followed by a crowd of petitioners, even to the feet of his tribunal. The trouble and uneasiness he sees painted on their countenances, flatter his very soul, and he says to himself with an air of vanity and complaisance, *'tis on me the fate of those people depends.* He will be sure not to make a quick

dispatch of their affairs, lest his court should become thereby less numerous.

I cannot conceive how people first presumed to solicit a judge for the decision of a cause; nor how the judges could accustom themselves to put up patiently with so great an affront. Let us see what is implied by soliciting a judge? 'Tis telling him in other terms: *I am convinced you would neglect my affair, did I not press you. I know you love ease and pleasure; so that very likely you might prefer them to the care of discharging your office: but I entreat you to do your duty, at least for my sake. Examine my cause by yourself; and do not depend upon your clerk's information; when you are thorough master of it, let equity dictate your judgment. Should the fair Hortensia come to solicit you against me; let your eyes be shut to her charms. Princes and lords will plead in her favour: But remember that these recommendations add no justice to her cause. They will attempt to dazzle you with promises, and perhaps by presents; but be proof against bribery and corruption. In short do me the favour to behave like an honest man.*

How much more injurious would the solicitations be, of a person that engages in an unjust cause! To solicit his judge to determine the suit in his favour, is telling him, that he takes him either for a knave or a fool.

I question whether it be not also insulting him, to thank him after having carried your cause; methinks this renders him liable to be suspected of some condescendence; otherwise, what occasion is there to thank him? If he has pronounced his decree pursuant to exact equity, you are under no more obligation, strictly speaking, of returning him thanks, than to a tenant that pays you a quarter's rent when it comes due: both have done what they could not avoid, without prevarication and injustice. As much
esteem

esteem as you please; this, indeed, an uncorrupt judge deserves; but no thanks, no acknowledgments.

On the contrary, with all the integrity imaginable, he may still merit reproach, if he lets the parties linger a long time in expectation of a decree, which he could have immediately pronounced. A magistrate is accountable for every moment that an affair lies undecided in his hands. Is it not plague enough, that a person has been obliged to bear the slowness of all the subaltern offices, but the very distributors of justice must add to these delays, by continually putting off the cause.

At length, after several years of expectation, and uncertainty, you have obtained a decree: but this is nothing as yet; your adversary, to elude its effect, is going to remove the cause by successive appeals from court to court. Nor must you pretend to think your right secure, because it is incontestable. The rituals of Themis subject her clients to so many trifling formalities, on which their success is made to depend, that they find it extremely difficult to reach, without stumbling, as far as her tribunal. In effect, we daily behold in her venerable sanctuary, the substance of things swallowed up by forms, and the most undoubted right solemnly proscribed by the omission of a word, a letter, or the most insignificant trifle.

But supposing you have been so lucky as to escape all those rocks; still you may be shipwrecked even as you enter the harbour, thro' the iniquity or incapacity of the judges.

Of all professions, that of a magistrate is, methinks, the most important to society. But I question whether there be any one calling, for which less proofs of abilities are required. Every one is qualified for this station, that has taken his degrees in civil-law, and is able to pay the fees attending his commission.

I will not pretend to determine whether young Adrastus be an able judge or not ; he never reports a cause, he only gives his opinion, and that perhaps in too positive a manner : but I can tell you what are his manners, pleasures, and diversions. He is waggish, lively, amorous, thoughtless, and idle. He has conceived from his very infancy an antipathy, which he still preserves, to books ; but especially to common-law-books, ordinances, and complements of decrees. He is somewhat less prejudiced against pamphlets, having read *Acajou*, *Grigri*, *the Sopha*, and *the Etrennes de la S. Jean*. He loves good cheer, and long suppers, gaming, dancing, hunting, arms, and horses. All pleasures are agreeable to him, provided they be of a tumultuous nature. Was I not therefore in the right to acquaint you before hand, that Adrastus is a magistrate ? otherwise by the portrait drawn, you would have taken him for a young officer or a page.

Close to him sits the gouty Menalippus, an old judge in whom a long habit, acquired by sixty years practice, supplies the stead of capacity. As soon as a counsellor appears before him, he knows every word he has to say ; wherefore he nods as long as the pleading lasts ; and passes judgment afterwards with as much confidence as if he had been ever so attentive. His age and infirmities secure him from being seduced by any fair sollicitress ; so that on this side he is incorruptible. Could any allurements ensnare him, it would be the dazzling splendor of gold : but 'tis not a trifle that could do the business ; it would raise the indignation of his virtue, that any one should presume to tempt him with a present not worth his acceptance. You need not apprehend that he will swerve from his duty, out of tenderness or compassion ; or that the remorse, grief, or despair of the criminal will make him in the least relent. You may be sure he will never lose the opportunity of pronouncing sentence upon a capital crime ; 'tis an act of authority, of which he is jealous.

Long

Long has he been insensible to prayers and tears, long an intrepid spectator of torture and executions: such is his delight in blood, that he would sooner send a hundred innocent persons to the *Greve**, than save one criminal.

Suppose you were to place twenty such persons on a bench as Adraftus and Menalippus; do you imagine that the justice of your cause would be any security to its favourable issue? And yet 'tis a rare thing to see our benches filled with a better set of magistrates, than those now described. For one judge worthy of the post he occupies, there are thirty who ought to have no other employment in court, but that of a crier.

'Tis customary in our courts of justice, to determine litigated points, by a plurality of voices. This is doing too great an honour, methinks, to our magistrates: 'tis supposing that the majority are sufficiently stocked with rectitude and discernment. I question whether it would not be a better way to pass sentence by the smallest number. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that out of twenty five counsellors there are five wise ones, than to presume there are twenty? Prudence is not so vulgar a qualification.

Notwithstanding the paradoxical air, this idea seems to carry with it at first sight; yet the Jewish legislator adopted it long before me: He advises them not to pass their judgment, according to the opinion of the greater number †. I should be better pleased with the suffrage of a single judge, that supported his opinion with proofs, than with that of fifty others who voted only by instinct.

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* *A square at Paris, where criminals are generally executed.*

† *Non in judicio plurimorum acquiesces sententia.*
Exod. xxiii. 2.

The most delicate, and consequently the most dangerous temptation to a judge, is an ill-placed generosity, or a desire of obliging his friends at the expence of justice. We have seen instances of magistrates, who were proof against promises and seducing offers, yet could not withstand the repeated entreaties and solicitations of a friend they loved. They thought they found an excuse in the very motives that staggered them. They would not have forgiven themselves, had they been prevailed upon by the mean inducement of gain, or any other interest: but surely tenderness, love, friendship, gratitude, are noble sentiments! Yes, very noble sentiments indeed, when they sympathize with virtue, but base and criminal when they oppose it.

Custom and even obligation require a judge to excuse himself from taking cognizance of an affair, when one of the interested parties happens to be related to him: but there are several other connexions in society, that have no less influence on the heart than proximity of blood; and therefore ought to be mistrusted. It may seem very hard to you to condemn a friend: well; do not pretend to judge him.

There are none but God, and sovereign powers as his vicegerents, that have a power on earth to shew indulgence in their judgments, and to favour those they love. Besides, neither the sovereigns, nor God himself, can do it to the prejudice of one of the parties. But a simple magistrate has never any right to do it: he has no other authority but what he derives from the law, whereof he is only the depositary and organ; if he deviates from it upon any account whatever, he has exceeded his power, and must be reckoned a prevaricator.

But if the law has made no express declaration concerning the subject on which the parties are divided; is he then allowed to give an interpretation in favour
of

II. Chap. 4. Of TEMPERANCE. 131

of his friend? not at all; his friend should by no means be considered in this interpretation. The inductions drawn from the law, constitute part of the law itself, and deserve the very same respect.

C H A P. IV.

Of TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE, in a vague and general sense, is a sage moderation, which restrains our desires, sentiments, and passions within just bounds. But we shall consider it here in a more limited signification, as a virtue that bridles our corporeal appetites, and confining them to a medium equally distant from two opposite excesses, renders them by this means not only innocent, but also commendable and useful. The principal vices, repressed by temperance, are incontinency and gluttony: If there be any more, they all flow from one of these two sources; consequently it's two branches are chastity and sobriety.

A R T I C L E I.

Of Chastity.

We ought not to confound, as is frequently done, continence with chastity. The abuse of terms draws after it a confusion of ideas. As one person may be chaste without tying himself down to continence; so another may impose continence on himself as a law, and yet not be chaste. The thought alone is enough to fully chastity; but is not sufficient to make a breach of continency. Every one without exception of time, age, sex, or quality, is obliged to be chaste; but no one is obliged to be continent.

Continence

Continence consists in abstaining from the pleasures of love; chastity in not enjoying those pleasures, but as far as, and in the manner, the law of nature permits. Continence, tho' voluntary, is of no value in itself; and can acquire none but inasmuch as it contributes to the practice of virtue, or to the execution of some generous design: except in these cases, it frequently merits more censure than praise.

Whosoever is so formed as to be able to propagate his species, has a right, and ought to do it. This is nature's voice; a voice that merits much more regard, than the human institutions that seem to contradict it. I know of no reason that obliges any man to perpetual continency; the most we can allow is, that some reasons may render it necessary for a time.

Every man has a right, by the law of nature, to dispose of his own property. And yet 'tis doing no injustice to a minor, to a prodigal person, or to a madman, to deprive them of the exercise of this right, which they would infallibly abuse. In like manner tho' the commerce of one sex with the other is lawful for mankind, yet some circumstances may occur, in which it would be more advantageous to them to be deprived of this commerce for the sake of a greater good.

'Tis just, for example, that a child who is not yet arrived to the years of discretion, should not be at liberty to tie himself in the indissoluble bands of wedlock, without the consent of his parents. On the contrary, it would be a most shocking inhumanity to abandon him to the inconsiderateness and temerity, so ordinary in that age, when he is to determine by marriage, the happiness or misery of his whole life. His natural guardians may, without encroaching on his rights, hinder him from engaging in this state, or annul his engagement, if they think it unworthy of him, or made at least with precipitation. Now continence is a duty in respect to him, until

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he is married. 'Tis to be understood however, that parents on their side ought to provide for the settlement of their children, or at least to give their consent when they find a proper match.

As the adventure of Proxenes and Cloris his daughter, has made some noise in the world, it will be no slander to relate it. Cloris, under the tuition of an avaritious father, with patience waited for her guardian's resigning her mother's fortune into her hands; when the amiable Chariton, by his tender assiduous care, gained the pupil's heart. His fortune and rank were such, as Proxenes had no occasion to be ashamed of him for a son-in-law. The proposal was made to him; and Proxenes refused it. He did not declare the motive of his refusal, but it was easily conjectured. The invincible repugnance he had to settling accounts, decided the point in the negative. He desired Chariton to desist from making any farther addresses to his daughter. This prohibition, according to custom, contributed only to inflame the passion of the young lovers; wherefore they both agreed to take the method which to them appeared most effectual, to extort the father's consent. They were mistaken: this agreeable expedient, which so many young lovers have effectually tried, did not succeed with Proxenes. Tho' he was sensible that the ignominy of his daughter must fall upon himself, he broke out notwithstanding into furious transports; and not satisfied with reproaches, he consigned her himself to the infamous horror of those lugubrious retreats, that are consecrated to repentance and tears.

To which of the three actors of this scandalous scene shall we impute the blame? To all three, without doubt. A severe and unjust father, a lover that seduces his mistress, and a daughter that contemns paternal authority, are three culpable persons.

" But does the law of nature, *you will ask me*, that
" law whose excellency is so much cried up, require
" for

“ for the union of two lovers, all that vain apparatus of disagreeable ceremonies, to which they are usually subjected ?”

Not at all ; it requires only the free consent of both parties ; their union then is authorized by heaven, if nothing else opposes it. But the simplicity of this good natural law, has not deprived our legislators of the power of regulating by positive laws the solemnities of marriages. These positive laws are respectable and obligatory, when they do not contradict the law of nature, but serve only to illustrate it by way of gloss and interpretation. They oblige indeed no further than as civil laws ; yet the civil laws extend their force to all the members of the state.

Necessary it was for the good order of society, that marriage should be an engagement for life ; and nature itself seems to have made it a precept. The continual obligation it imposes on married people of loving one another, indicates its intention in respect to the continuance of that tie : 'tis not natural to quit a spouse we love. And of this we have a new proof in the services which nature requires we should render to our children. To these the assistance of father and mother is equally necessary ; an assistance which would certainly be wanting, were marriage no more than a transitory engagement. 'Tis from conjugal love, in which self-love has also a share, that paternal, or maternal tenderness derives its force. Now those positive laws which determine the solemnities of marriage, have seconded by this means the intent of the law of nature in respect to its perpetuity : by rendering it more authentic, they have rendered it more difficult at the same time to dissolve. A secret and stolen engagement might be easily broken ; but when it is contracted in the presence of credible witnesses, cemented by paternal authority, established by the laws of the state, and consecrated by religion ;

how

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how great an accession of force does not this produce?

Far be it from me however to censure those nations among whom divorce is permitted, or to accuse them of violating by this permission the law of nature. 'Tis not violating a law, to restrain it by reasonable modifications: even justice itself by excessive rigour becomes unjust. Dispensations and exceptions, if they be not too frequent, far from subverting a law, contribute rather to strengthen it: it would be endeavouring to abolish it, to extend it to cases in which it is impracticable. Now it may possibly happen, and often indeed it does happen, that an incompatibility of tempers produces an impossibility of harmony between married people. In that case, even the most scrupulous nations, permit a kind of rupture, which they call separation of the body; it does not break, say they, the bond of marriage, it only bereaves the married couple of all the sweets of a conjugal life. But this is the very inconveniency with which it is reproached. If Pamphilus is gruff, clownish, fierce, and passionate, is this a reason that the disconsolate Sophonisba, separated from so worthless a husband, should bear the whole pain, which he alone deserves to suffer? Is she unworthy of any one else, because he is undeserving of her? To oblige her to pine away in a state of uncomfortable celibacy, a state infinitely more disagreeable than the most helpless widowhood, is compelling her to desire the death of the author of her pain, whom she had already got rid of by means of a divorce.

The members of the human body are designed to be united to it as long as it lives. And yet this union, tho' naturally indissoluble, does not hinder us from cutting off gangrened or mortified members. So without making of marriage a transitory essay, those who have been unequally joined, ought to be disengaged methinks in cases of extremity, from the fatal knot by which they are tied.

This

This absolute indissolubility of wedlock, which in some parts of the world has been made a point of conscience, secures only its duration : but far from engaging married folks to perform their reciprocal duties, it contributes perhaps more than any other cause to their infidelity. Displeased with one another, and seeing the evil past all remedy, they think only how to palliate it ; and to soften their sufferings, they strive to ease themselves, one in the arms of a mistress, the other in those of her gallant. 'Tis to this same cause without doubt, we must attribute that clandestine commerce, called concubinage. People are afraid to bind themselves with knots that can never be untied.

Ten years have Hermogenes and Junia, who are their own masters, lived together as man and wife, without being confined by any other bonds than those of constant love. As they are alarmed with the possibility of a rupture, they are always upon their guard ; he is afraid of displeasing Junia, she of offending Hermogenes ; and from this apprehension, tempered by the sweet assurance of being loved, a mutual regard and complaisance arises, the perpetual aliment of the tender flame with which they burn. Free to part when they please, they become thereby more united. Nothing that is voluntary is painful ; but pleasure itself is troublesome when it becomes a duty.

“ If this be the case, *you will say*, how comes it
“ that concubinage is generally qualified as a crime ?
“ 'Tis a lasting union between two faithful lovers,
“ that have only one heart, one will, one soul.
“ Does the instinct of pure nature require any more ?
“ What is there more deserving of preference in the
“ heavy yoke of matrimony ? Its indissolubility ? Is
“ not an union founded on tenderness, purer, holier,
“ and more valuable, than that which is established
“ merely by necessity ? ”

I grant

Chap. 4. *Of TEMPERANCE.* 137

I grant you the whole: the connexion between Hermogenes and Junia is approved by nature; especially if you suppose they never intend to break it. The marriages of our forefathers, whom it does not become us to criticise, had no greater solemnity. The two lovers consented to take one another as man and wife; they acted as such; and such they were from that time in effect.

But in our days the civil power in almost all nations, has out of political considerations annexed a note of infamy to those marriages, which stains the married pair, and reflects disgrace on the children. Now if you join esteem to love, how could you propose to the beauty that inspires you, an union that dishonours her? How, if you have any regard for yourself in your posterity, could you consent to give such children to your country as she despises and disowns; the sad outcast of society, whom an unjust prevention will render eternally answerable for the pretended sin of their father?

But how much more criminal are those inconstant voluptuaries, who love only for the sake of enjoyment, and no longer than they have enjoyed; who like to beasts, after they have satisfied their brutal passion, take no further notice of the object that concurred to their pleasure, or of the fruit that from thence proceeds? Nature itself, as indulgent as it is, condemns their guilty fires. In the union it forms, it proposes the procreation of children: on the contrary, this is what they are most afraid of.

And yet how inexcusable soever this shameful licentiousness may be, still it is only a venial mistake, if compared with adultery, the most frightful of all crimes, in point of chastity. *The most frightful* I say; for even incest itself, the only one that may seem to dispute the precedence, is nothing to compare to it.

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To make an attempt upon the pudicity of a sister, a mother, or daughter; or to yield to the lascivious solicitations of a son, father, or brother; these are the only real incests; nature knows no other; the carnal commerce between more distant relations, is incestuous only by name. But I do not pretend to compare those real incests with adultery; their examples are too infrequent, and their idea too shocking, to merit any consideration here: I speak only of those which have been created by men, who have restrained according to their pleasure for the sake of alliance or kindred, the liberty of marriage. Now is there any proportion between factitious crimes, whose origin is entirely owing to arbitrary regulations; and those formal contraventions of the pure instinct of nature, which are included in adultery? To the excess of incontinency and lubricity, which it implies in common with other vices contrary to chastity, it adds injustice, perjury, and perfidy,

Adultery is either simple or double. The first is, when one of the two parties that commit it, is not engaged in wedlock. The second is, when they are both engaged, for then each of the delinquents, besides the crime he commits on his own part, defiles himself with a second, by partaking of the iniquity of his accomplice.

Were Palladius and Thais free of all engagements, still the familiarities they allow themselves, would not be innocent; out of the matrimonial state they are never permitted. But Thais, wife to Euryalus, is still much more guilty; because she adds to impudicity, perjury and injustice: Perjury, inasmuch as she violates the faith she gave to her spouse; injustice, by giving him, or at least by exposing herself to give him supposititious heirs, who are to have their share notwithstanding in his succession, to the prejudice of his own children, or the collateral branches. Now, in every circumstance that aggravates the action of Thais,

Palla-

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Palladius has a share; and tho' free from the Hymeneal ties, yet, like her, he is guilty of adultery, injustice and perfidy; for concurring to a crime is really committing it.

Let us change sides; supposing Thais single, and Palladius engaged; still the guilt is the same. Palladius on one side is in the same situation as Thais, when we supposed her unfaithful to Euryalus; for conjugal fidelity is a duty in respect to him, as it was to her: and if the woman, that violates this duty, is liable to give false heirs to her husband; the husband, that betrays his faith, is liable to deprive his wife of legitimate heirs. Thais on her side, being Palladius's accomplice, is every bit as guilty as he. And they both incur a greater degree of guilt, if their adultery be double.

Every thing else equal, of two faults the greatest is that which injures a person; and if they are both prejudicial, the most enormous is that which does the greatest injury, or hurts the greatest number. Now, pursuant to this maxim, double adultery is more criminal than simple; and simple implies a greater guilt than any other illicit commerce.

The last, and not the least complaint I have against adultery, is that it disturbs the peace of married people; so that if love united their hearts, adultery, by extinguishing this love, divides them. 'Tis necessary to love, in order to be sensible of this cruel pain. I dare affirm, from the happy experience I have made myself, that there is no sweeter enjoyment in life, at least to a sensible heart, than to love and meet with a return. Fortune, honour, riches, sports, all are trifles in comparison to this inestimable happiness; an happiness of which we are bereft by adultery.

For want of listening to the internal voice of nature, that rises against an adulterous commerce, it is commonly taken for an excusable gallantry; upon the credit

credit of immoral people, who, far from blushing, glory in their impiety. But pirates and robbers glory also in their plunder; and a grenadier boasts of the rapes he has committed in a city taken by storm. When the question is to decide the enormity of a crime, is it from the criminal you are to take the decision?

ARTICLE II.

Of Sobriety.

In order to inspire the Lacedemonian youth with a taste of sobriety, it was customary to set slaves before them, who had been fuddled on purpose; and this spectacle, which exhibited to them a faithful picture of the shameful brutality with which drunkenness is attended, generally made a strong impression on their minds. 'Tis not our case to be reduced to such shifts for making an experiment: we have no occasion to make our servants drunk in order to give our children lessons of intemperance. Numbers of our fellow-citizens of all ranks and conditions, act daily and spontaneously before our eyes, the character of these Spartan slaves. Nay some perhaps, who in the morning preach against intemperance, are themselves a proof in the evening, of the excess which thence arises? Were nothing more requisite to teach temperance, than not to practise it, we should be in no danger of wanting masters.

One master, indeed, we have now less, *viz.* a certain lord, more famous for his gluttony, than for his titles of nobility, which were of modern date. Wine, that treacherous liquor, the sole delight of his heart, proved his poison. But dead as he is, he still preaches sobriety; his memory alone informs those who know in what manner he lived, into how contemptible a situation a great man may fall, whose emulation, nothing but the whimsical honor of toping is capable to excite. But we have apostles enow of this kind still living, not to be disconsolate for the loss of one out of a thousand.

Have

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Have we not still before our eyes the senator Eupotimus, that organized cask, whose sole occupation, on earth, is to drink, sleep and judge? See how he stumbles when he ascends the tribunal; hear him snore when he has sat down; follow him, when in the middle of the cause, whose detail he thinks too tedious, he runs from the bench to the *buvette**, to wait till the council have done pleading; meet with him by the way as they are carrying him home drunk towards midnight, without motion, sense or pulse, livid, bruised and bloody with the number of falls. Can there be a stronger example to make you detest intemperance, and despise the intemperant.

Behold the illustrious Diogenetes, a prelate so eminently distinguished by his rank and birth, enervated, and quite reduced to a skeleton; scarce able, so great is his weakness, to delineate with two fingers in the air, those sacred hieroglyphics, which the devout people call benedictions. His legs ready to bend under him, his arms that dangle inactive as an useless weight down his sides, are sufficient to instruct you of the terrible effects of debauch. Do you mean, that 'tis not the intemperance of his table only that has plunged him into this deplorable state? I agree with you; and hence we are furnished with another lesson.

From my dwelling so long on the prejudice which intemperance causes to health, let no one infer, that I consider the law which prescribes sobriety, as a simple law of regimen, indifferent in respect to manners. Nothing, commanded by the laws of nature, can be indifferent in this respect: and that this is an express law of nature, I shall endeavour to demonstrate. Nature has determined the quantity of aliments we are to take, by the degree of heat and capacity of our stomachs; and their quality, not only by the agreeable or

* The *buvette* is a sort of tavern in the palace or courts of justice at Paris.

disagreeable sensation they excite in the palate, but moreover by the good or bad effects they may produce with respect to health.

Health is that constitution of the body, wherein the breath of life, by which it is animated, acts with most energy. To prejudice ones health is diminishing life: a man lives less, when he is less in health; and dies when his health is utterly destroyed. The same law, which forbids us to make an attempt upon our life, forbids us also to do any voluntary prejudice to our health. Let this, if you will, be called a law of regimen; what signifies it how it be called, if we agree that this regimen is indispensable?

From this principle it follows, that in whatsoever manner we ruin our health, if it be our own voluntary deed, 'tis always an infraction of the law of nature, which requires us to preserve it. Sobriety, as well as every other virtue, is a medium between two opposite extremes. To destroy ones constitution, by long and extravagant abstinence, is as culpable an excess, as shortening ones days by debauch and intemperance. Is a person that takes slow poison less a self-murderer, than a resolute fellow that stabs himself? The latter we condemn without the least hesitation: why then should we shew indulgence to the former?

Should any one notwithstanding pretend to question whether suicide be contrary to the law of nature; there would be no great difficulty, methinks, to prove it. This law, as elsewhere I have observed, does not command us to treat our neighbours better than ourselves; now 'tis generally agreed that we are not allowed to put our neighbours to death, at least by private authority; therefore by a much stronger reason we are forbid to make away with ourselves.

“ But were life, *you will say*, rather a burden,
 “ than advantage to us; why might not we then
 “ put a stop to its course; since even natural instinct
 “ prompts us to make ourselves happy?”

Why?

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Why ? Because as we belong to God, of whom we have received our being, we ought **not** to dispose of ourselves without his consent. Besides, we are too slenderly acquainted with the nature of real advantages, especially when some violent passion blinds us, to be able to judge with certainty, even under the most melancholy circumstances, that life is rather a burden than advantage. Certain it is, on the contrary, that even under those circumstances it is useful to us, if not for the time present, at least for futurity. For, that we now live, is doubtless, because it so pleases God : now God desires nothing in regard to us, but what is proper to render us happy ; for no other object had he in creating us. 'Tis therefore neglecting, and even rejecting, the felicity he prepares for us, to lay violent hands upon ourselves.

But suppose that life were a burden, to us, we should still have no more right, on that account, to put an end to it ; than we have a right to take away the lives of those who have prejudiced our interests. Our life is no more our own, than that of another person's.

Some men famous in history, directed by this maxim, (a maxim always false, unless it be modified) that an action is great and generous, in proportion as it requires greater efforts ; imagined that by destroying themselves they should merit the encomiums of posterity ; and in fact, by this means, they have found some foolish admirers in subsequent ages. But, to plunge a poniard into a parent's bosom, would, doubtless, cost the murdering parricide, most terrible conflicts, and violent efforts, before he could silence the voice of nature. Now, would these conflicts and efforts ever render this horrid crime a meritorious action ? To struggle against our sentiments is a virtue, only when these sentiments are vicious.

'Tis courage, to receive death with intrepidity ; but to seek it, is cowardice. People put an end to their lives only to free themselves of a pain, which they
consider

consider as unsupportable. They seek for death because they are weary of misery. The violence of the remedy on which the suffering man resolves, proves rather the excess of his impatience, than the greatness of his courage.

Adopt these sage maxims, founded on right reason and humanity: and never will the most frightful calamities be able to make you lay violent hands on yourself. In vain does the Persian Usbek*, make to his friend Ibben, an apology of suicide. Look upon his captious sophisms, as frivolous palliatives of the blindest fury; and persuaded that to deprive yourself of life is a crime, you will make it a duty to preserve it. Now, nothing contributes so greatly to the preservation of life, as sobriety.

There are two kinds of sobriety; one consists in the moderate use of aliments; which is that we have been now speaking of: the other in disinterestedness and the good use of riches. The latter is to the soul, what the former is to the body: health depends on this; on that, virtue.

Among the different classes of rich people, the most reasonable are those who from father to son have lived at their ease, and scarce know whether there be any such thing, as a person reduced to necessity. They are, indeed, most commonly insensible of other people's misery; otherwise they would merit no reproach, for 'tis no crime to be rich.

Those whom riches spoil the most, are your Cræsus's of modern date, who seem to carry written on their foreheads the specific sum of the vast treasure they possess. The fierceness of their looks, their arrogance, and superciliousness, increases every day, in proportion as their coffer fills. Some consolation indeed it should be to an honest man, who is daily exposed to their insults, to see these immense fortunes moulder away with as much rapidity, as they were gathered.

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* *Persian letters, letter lxxiv.*

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MANNERS.

PART III.

Of SOCIAL VIRTUES.



O you love God, was said in the first part of this work : if so, you will be obedient to his laws : do you love yourself, was said in the second part, I mean with a rational love, then you will be happy: do you love your fellow creatures, I say now in the third part, you will not fail in your duties towards them. *He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law*, says the Apostle Paul to his profelytes. Love alone can make us faithful in all our duties : 'tis the foundation of every union in life, and the only tie that connects them. Without love the society of mankind, would be nothing but feint and dissimulation ; no longer would there be any true amity, but only meer shadows

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of

of it; nothing but spectres of virtue; deceitful appearances of friendship, fondness and generosity; appearances a thousand times more dangerous than declared hatred and malice. We have shewn in the first part the characteristics, and effect of the love man owes to God; in the second, we have characterised the love he should have for himself; let us now describe the effects of that affection, which men ought to have for one another.

Every union or bond amongst men, in proportion as it is more or less strait, is the effect of a greater or less benevolence of soul. *Love*, we call that affection, which unites two lovers together, as likewise husband and wife, parents and children, &c. *Friendship* is that affection which arises from our own choice, and takes not its original from the attraction of either sex, nor is dependent on blood. In fine we give the name of *Humanity*, to that motion of the soul, with which the mere quality of human nature inspires us towards our own species. We are allowed to make a difference betwixt these affections. Love is in its own nature more lively and eager than friendship; and we may justly do more for chosen friends, than for the generality of mankind. However, these three affections do not differ, but in the greater or lesser degree of vivacity. They are subordinate to one another; but they have this in common, that they all incline us to wish well to those that are dear to us, and to procure them all the good in our power.

C H A P. I.

Of Love.

TH O' the word Love signifies every affection in general, which has its principle in Nature, and draws the heart, as it were, in spite of itself, towards the beloved object; such as the tenderness of Lovers, and married people, as also filial love, and still more so paternal; yet custom has particularly appropriated it to signify that strong sympathy of soul, which is betwixt persons of different sexes. It is of this love, we shall speak in the first place, being what has naturally over the heart of man the greatest empire. The three others will likewise make the subject of so many distinct articles.

A R T I C L E I.

Of Love properly so called.

Calista is young, beautiful, witty, and prudent. Agathocles is not much older, a well made young fellow, brave, and of a noble, generous conduct. Fortune led him to Calista's house: here his first looks indifferently wandering over a numerous circle, soon distinguished her from the crowd, and fixed upon her alone. But recovering from the short extasy, occasioned by the first sight, he blamed himself for it as an uncivil behaviour which he endeavoured to correct, by turning his eyes to other objects. Vain endeavours! already capti-

vated by a secret, but powerful attraction, they returned again to Calista; and he blushed as well as she. A sweet emotion, to that time unknown to his soul, troubled his heart, and gave a kind of confusion to his eyes: they became on a sudden more timid, and at the same time more curious. He was pleased with looking at Calista; which he did with a trembling fear: and Calista on her side, internally satisfied with this flattering preference, cast her eyes on him only by stealth. Both were under an apprehension, but Calista more so than Agathocles, of catching one another's looks; and yet caught they were each moment.

The hour of separation came, which to them appeared too sudden: melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Their imagination notwithstanding did not permit them to be entirely absent from one another: as the image of Calista was already deeply engraved in the soul of Agathocles; and his features were as deeply impressed on the mind of Calista, both of them appeared less gay than ordinary during the rest of the day. A lively sentiment, which they did not well comprehend themselves, seized their souls, and suffered them not to give themselves up to dissipation.

Two days passed without a possibility of their seeing one another again, and this interval had been filled up either by useful occupations, or amusing diversions; both of them notwithstanding experienced a weariness and dissatisfaction, for which they could no way account. The moment which brought them together again, explained it to them. The perfect contentment they felt in each others company, disclosed the real source of their melancholy.

Agathocles took more courage that day: he addressed himself to Calista in a most obliging manner,
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and had the happiness to converse with her for the first time. As yet he had seen only her external charms ; but now he saw the beauty of her soul, the integrity of her heart, the nobleness of her sentiments, the delicacy of her wit ; and what charmed him the most, he thought he perceived she did not judge him unworthy of her esteem. From that time he made her frequent visits, each of which discovered to him some new perfections in the fair Calista. This is the nature of true merit, it gains by being exposed to the eyes of an understanding person. A man of spirit dislikes a coquette, or a silly hair-brained woman : if he falls in love with a woman of merit, time far from weakening will only strengthen and augment his passion.

The inclination for Calista that settled in the breast of Agathocles, was now no longer a dubious sentiment ; it plainly appeared to be love, and a love of the most tender nature. This he knew full well, but Calista did not as yet know it, or at least had not learnt it from his own mouth. Love is timorous and respectful. A bold presumptuous lover is not the real friend of the lady he caresses : he seeks nothing but his own pleasure. Agathocles at last resolved to open his heart to Calista. He did not address her in those affected terms which are read only in romances :
“ Amiable Calista, said he to her, the sentiment
“ that binds me to your person, is not meer esteem :
“ ’tis a love of the most lively and passionate nature.
“ I feel I cannot live without you : can you with-
“ out violence to your inclinations, consent to make
“ me happy ? I may love you without offence ; ’tis
“ a tribute due to you : but am I allowed to flatter
“ myself with the hopes of a little of your generosity
“ in return ?”

A coquette wou’d have affected a resentment, or scorn. Calista listened to her lover without interrupt-

ing him, answered him with civility, and gave him leave to hope. She did not put his constancy to a tedious trial: his happiness was no longer delayed than was necessary to prepare the ceremony. The clauses of the contract were easily regulated betwixt the parties; interest was out of the question: the chief thing was the mutual exchange of hearts; an article that had been already fulfilled.

What will be the fate of this new married couple? the happiest, I may venture to predict, that can attend mortals upon earth. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart: and there are none, as I have observed before, that affect it so delightfully as loving, and being loved. 'Tis not to this tender union we are to apply this expression of Democritus, *the pleasure of love is but a short epilepsy*. He meant without doubt that meer carnal pleasure, which has so little in it of the nature of love, that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love intensely without ever enjoying it. They will be constant in their love, I dare also predict; and I know the reason. It is not the dazzling charms of beauty, that have determined their inclinations: they were both lovers of virtue. They loved one another because they were amiable and virtuous: they will therefore continue to love, as long as they live; and their happy union is even a pledge of their perseverance; for nothing so much secures our steps in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes a favourite pattern to direct us.

If any thing is capable to trouble their happiness, 'tis disasters and misfortunes, against which their love cannot secure them: but supposing such a reverse of fortune their fate in this regard will be common with that of the rest of mankind. Those who deny themselves the pleasures of love, are not exempt from the like casualties; and they are secluded from
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these pleasures at least ; pleasures, which constitute no small part of the happiness of life.

Besides, even love itself will greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. For love has this peculiar property,—to alleviate the misfortunes of two fond hearts, and to give a greater sensibility to their pleasures. By this communication of pain, they seem to divide its weight : and on the contrary, by participation their satisfaction is doubled. Just as a Squadron of horse is with greater difficulty pierced in proportion to the closeness of their ranks : so lovers resist the attacks of adversity with so much the more success, as they are more closely united.

To you, ye sensual lovers of carnal pleasures, this history of the chaste delights of love, is an incomprehensible riddle, a foolish paradox. The God of love, that God, whose standard you pretend to follow, is unknown to you : you are prophane wretches in his eyes, who deserve not to be initiated in his mysteries. What have you done for so generous a master ? By what exploits have you deserved his favour ? you have ridiculously affected violent gestures, and theatrical attitudes ; you have taken up exactly the rising modes ; you have concerted at your glassies complaisant smiles, lively glances, and passionate looks. You have exhausted all the delicacy of your taste, all the activity of your imagination, to fit out in an artful manner the frivolous apparatus of your vain conceited attire. Foolishly elate with these pitiful advantages, you have displayed in assemblies your silly triumphant airs. Thus upon the planting of your batteries, there was no beauty, but you thought must lay down its arms, and surrender at discretion. You have spared on these occasions, neither flattery, lyes, offers, promises, hypocrisy, nor the basest dissimulation.

Some few, it is true, have fallen into your snare,

and become the trophies of your odious vanity. The fall of one was long before preluded to by the licentiousness of her manners, and the lubricity of her constitution; another has been dazzled, by the glitter of gold, and precious stones; the innocent Agnes has been trapped by her simplicity; and the young *Hebe* by an indiscreet curiosity. But confess the truth; ye monsters of insincerity, do not you blush at your own conquests? That they have not been able to make you happy, appears by your multiply'd infidelities, your perfidious inconstancy, your villainous perjuries, and your visible uneasiness and regret. Your love is turned into hatred, you blaspheme unjustly what you adored; there are no women safe from your outrageous declamations; you revile and abuse an amiable sex, made by heaven itself, to complete our happiness. But how is it possible for you to conceive an esteem for the sex, when you judge of them, by a contemptible pattern?

None can partake of the most valuable pleasures of love, but in proportion as they love with purity and delicacy, an object worthy of their affection. Without these circumstances your love will infallibly be unhappy, either by the inconstancy of the object beloved, or by your own: and then you will perceive, that what bore the appearance of love, was not really so; for true love is constant, and eternal: it was only a conformity of taste for sensual pleasure.

Love being the tie of two hearts, which sympathise with one another, it is in the qualifications of the heart, we must seek for the origin of this sympathy: now the first qualification, that which presides over all the rest, is the love of virtue. What a fatal present to a lover full of honour and virtue, is a worthless heart that knows not those maxims! Can he accept it without exposing his innocence? In so strict an union as that
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of lovers, or married people, sentiments must communicate themselves without their perceiving it : and as experience sadly teaches us, the bad are communicated with greater ease than the good. The maladies of the soul, are more contagious, than those of the body. Its stains adhere to all objects that approach too near.

To the danger of this fatal snare let us join the interest of your love. By what rare qualities wou'd you ever hope to fix a heart, that finds no charms in virtue ? Wou'd you wink at her treachery, and become an accomplice to her baseness ? This wou'd be only sacrificing your honour, without gaining any thing on the side of love : even she herself that seduced you, would despise you ; now what we despise we cannot love. If you should continue resolute in virtue : you would only fright her, and make her fly. Should you shew her a weak compliance in all things, she would abuse it, and not return you thanks ; nay it would be a motive for her one day to reproach you, and to throw upon you the whole blame of her own ill behaviour.

What medium is then to be taken in this regard ? Avoid this perplexing situation : be virtuous yourself, and love no one that is not so.

What views can *Belisa* have in shewing such favours to the young *Lindorus* ? No other without doubt, but of being a Minerva to this fair *Telemachus*. She wou'd act aukardly with him, the part of *Circe* : he is a youth that has scarce escaped from the ferula, and has not yet shook off the dust of a college. *Belisa* on the contrary is of a mature age. She has seen the beginning of the current century, and ought to be now cured of the love of trifles, or the amusements of an amorous intrigue. Better than forty years experience, and some mortifying anecdotes, the ideas of which are not blotted out of her memory,

ought to guard her against the levity and indiscretion, which she has but too often experienced in young people. She has a friendship for *Lindorus's* mother : *Lindorus* is therefore a pupil she designs to form to virtue : yet calumniating tongues say, she has a particular interest in the success of her lessons. 'Tis generally in the arms of such old women, that young men first lose their innocence. The natural timidity of this age, would sufficiently guard it, if those dangerous seducers did not take the pains of staggering its modesty, by licentious expressions, and completing its overthrow, by indecent advances. Let us keep close to the mistress and her scholar. But what ? does she design to justify these suspicions ? why is she always with him *tete a tete* ; why those grimaces, and bolting the room ? is there no other seat in the room for *Belisa*, but a Sopha ? no other attitude, but a lolling posture ? no other dress, but a coquettish dishabille ? does spotless amity spread such a glow in the cheeks ? has it such an enflamed eye ? does it give and repeat lascivious kisses ? But let us draw a veil over the rest of the picture : I want to inspire virtue, and perhaps I shall alarm modesty.

Encolpus emulates *Belisa*, tending to the same end, tho' by quite different ways. His long cloak, the venerable character, with which he is vested, the many wrinkles on his forehead, his bigotted and hypocritical deportment, inspire an unboundless confidence. Young beauties go to his knees to blush for their weaknesses ; to acquaint him with the 'empire, which the violence of their temperament has over them ; to disclose their secret inclinations, to grieve because of the ascendant of their concupiscence ; and to apply to him for a remedy. *Heloisa* has confessed to him, the invincible inclination she has to tenderness, and the mistakes that passion has made her commit. Before he proceeds to a cure, he probes the depth of
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the disorder; he questions, examines, and turns on every side his patient. Lest she should have omitted some aggravating circumstances, he discourges with her of a thousand obscene things, far more capable of sullyng her imagination, than strengthening her chastity. The more veridical and sincere she is, the sooner this impostor will deceive and triumph over her. He already knows the weak places of the fortress; it is by them he begins his attack. In vain the young, but bold and enterprizing Almanzor had struggled against a remainder of modesty, which preserved this young beauty from shipwreck: her hypocritical director will more successfully delude her. Being arrived to the brink of the precipice, her fear will hurry her into it; and what a young agreeable lover could not obtain by careffes, a gray haired director will obtain by his sacrilegious arts.

Will you call the fiery passion of Belisa, and the criminal flames of Encolpus, love? is it to love a mistress or a lover, thus to rob them of peace and innocence, the two most precious gifts of heaven; to sully their souls, by a stain of the deepest dye? can one poignard another out of love, or poison a person out of friendship?

Erastes has more just intentions: he is sincerely in love with *Isabella*; you may easily perceive it, by the advantageous picture he draws of her. One stroke only seems wanting to compleat this portrait; he says nothing of the character of her mind and manners. But these are not the objects which move him, she has beauty that ravishes him, and a thousand graces and smiles in her countenance. This is enough for him; he imagines no greater happiness, than that of enjoying her. Irradiated by her bright eyes, he is lost in extasy: when absent from her, he languishes and wastes with desire. Would you imagine that this ardour and uneasiness is far from being love? Era-

tes himself is deceived ; he believes himself the most amorous of mankind. But I see the source of his error ; 'tis that he mistakes for love, the desire of enjoyment.

Would you sound your affections with sincerity, and discover which of these two passions is the source of your attachment : examine the eyes of the fair one, who holds you in chains. If her presence intimidates your senses, and keeps them within a respectful submission, you love her. True love even interdicts to the imagination any gross sensual ideas, with which the delicacy of the object beloved might be offended, were it possible for her to know them. Love is chaste even in dreams. But if the charms which please you, make more impression upon your senses, than upon your mind, it is not love you feel, but a sensual appetite.

If a person has a real affection for another, love will never make him commit such faults, as injure conscience or honour. Whoever is capable of loving, is virtuous ; and I would even venture to affirm, that whoever is virtuous, is susceptible of love. For all virtues go hand in hand ; and tenderness of heart is one. As it would be a defect in the conformation of the body, to have it unfit for generation ; so it is not a less defect in the soul to be incapable of love.

I fear no prejudice to manners from love : it only tends to improve them. 'Tis love particularly that renders the heart less savage, the disposition more social, and the humour more complaisant. Loving we become accustomed to bend our will to the inclinations of the beloved object : we gain by this means the beneficial habit of commanding our desires, of mastering and repressing their sudden motions, of conforming our taste and inclinations to places, times,
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and persons. But manners are not so secure, when we are molested by carnal fallies, which gross men confound with love.

ARTICLE II.

Of Conjugal Love.

The Characteristics of conjugal love are not so equivocal. A lover may be such a dupe to himself, as to fancy he loves without really loving: but a married man truly knows, whether he loves or not. He has enjoyed; now enjoyment is the touchstone of love: it gives new force to true love; but extinguishes a frivolous passion.

Experience being made, if we find we were mistaken, I know no remedy but patience. If it be possible, let friendship supply the place of love. But I dare not flatter you, that this resource is left. Friendship betwixt two married persons is the result or fruit of long continued love, whose violent transports have been cooled by time and repeated enjoyment. Married people, generally speaking, either love or hate one another; or at the most, some few of a better cast of temper will confine themselves to indifference.

See Alcippus and Celimene, who have been joined in wedlock's bands but these six months: tho' their apartments are distant from each other, yet their visits are frequent: On these occasions they tenderly embrace each other; the fact is indisputable, for it has frequently happened before credible witnesses. You will not see between them those childish caresses, those wanton airs and smiles, which are usual betwixt new married people; but civility, tender cares, attention to one another's will, and
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especially an exact decorum. They made no contract to live together in this manner; a happy sympathy first inspired them with the idea.

One is much more surprized at that coolness which subsists betwixt *Lyfander* and *Daphne*; after so many apparent testimonies of the strongest passion. Never did love appear more ardent: a thousand obstacles opposed it; their courage surmounted all. Locks, bolts, walls, held the fair one imprisoned; three or four prudes with a whining canting tone, exhorted her to continency, by proposing themselves for an example, and inviting her to sigh like them after no other object but the spouse of the Canticles. A ladder freed her from a cloister, and sermons. *Lyfander*, whom his father at that very time endeavoured to disinherit; preferring the interest of his heart to that of his fortune, the possession of *Daphne* to the tenderness of blood, flew with her to the foot of the altar to swear an eternal love and fidelity. The sun is not yet revolved his annual course, and *Lyfander* is already unfaithful. *Daphne* sighs, weeps and complains; but she has comforters, who will perhaps one day assist her to be fully revenged of the perfidious *Lyfander*. What can be the cause of so sudden a change? the same which cooled the affections of *Alcippus* and *Celimene*. *Lyfander* and *Daphne* mistook for love the powerful stings of their voluptuous temperament: they are now undeceived; and as they are both naturally impatient and precipitate, their regret is as sharp as their passion seemed to be lively.

It would be entering upon too large a field, to think of tracing here all those different portraits with which the marriage state would furnish us, if its secrets, which lie concealed in mysterious darkness, were suddenly unveiled. What variety of humours, caprices, whims, extravagancies, should we find in so many married people, who far from
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having been deceived with the false glare of love, never in the least imagined this quality ought to have had any weight in their engagements.

The belles and the coquettes have in every age caused so many foolish passions, and such troubles, divisions, and wars; that superficial minds, without sparing genuine love, a love grounded upon esteem, have rashly condemned this noble passion, as an unpardonable folly. Base-minded interest taking advantage of this extravagant error, encouraged it as much as possible, in favour of its partisans, and at length established it as a standard doctrine. Thus it was decreed that no one ought to marry a woman with a fortune inferior to his own: And they have added the equality of title and condition to that of fortune. Love by this means was banished from marriage, and confined to romances. And if any one either thro' weakness or taste happened to be touched with this flame, he was obliged, at least for fear of scandal, to hide it as much as possible; to shew only cold civilities in public to his spouse; and when in company with other women, to caress them all in preference to her; under penalty of incurring the censures and reproaches of the *beau-monde*. And since the party of unequal matches, as by far the most numerous, is that which gives the law; this regulation agreeable to their system, has been religiously observed; and things are at this day on that very footing, save only married folks who hating one another sincerely, contrive to do something worse in private.

I have nothing to prescribe to this last class of married people, about the hymeneal duties: they are deficient in the most essential part, because they want love; how then should they comply with the other duties?

A marriage entered into without mutual tenderness is a kind of rape. A woman (and the same

same must be applied to our sex) by the laws of natural instinct, belongs only to him who is possessed of her heart. We should not receive the gifts of Hymen, but from the hands of love: to acquire them otherways is usurpation.

Shall I counsel those bold ravishers to repair at least their past injustice, by exciting themselves to love; and to perform after their engagement what ought to have been done before? Alas! the sentiments of the heart can no more receive counsel, than hear command. Married persons who hate or do not love one another, are incorrigible finners; wherefore I shall not address my discourses to them, upon the topic of conjugal love.

But will they be better addressed to those happy souls, who, sensible of the power of love from the first moment, have received from the knowledge which their intimate union has given them, new motives of strengthening their affection? Methinks they need no precepts to make them persevere; such a well-grounded tenderness promises perpetuity. And yet the human heart is so changeable, that it cannot flatter itself without temerity to burn always with equal ardour. Love is a fire, it may therefore be extinguished by water, or for want of necessary nourishment.

Euristhenes loved his wife; and love made him the happiest of men. He knew the value of his own felicity; and declared it one day to a certain old Druid, the depositary of his most intimate secrets, who, having been weaned from those pleasing sensations which he heard recited, took into in his head, under pretence of the glory of God, to disengage him from those carnal ties, which bound him, he said, to the world.

“ My brother, said the bigot, I grieve to see
 “ you so blind. You sigh, but it is after ano-
 “ ther

“ther object than the Lord ! Know you not it has
 “been written, he that hates not for God, his father
 “and mother, his wife, his brothers, is not worthy
 “of the kingdom of heaven. Before the fall of the
 “first man, your affection would perhaps have been
 “innocent : but sinful man ought to taste no bread
 “but what is steeped in tears. Your wife is the
 “daughter of Eve, that cruel mother who has ruin-
 “ed us all : and do you love her ! Fear the lot of
 “your first progenitor ; it was love that was his
 “undoing. You think yourself obliged to her
 “for her tenderness and complaisance ; for this
 “very reason you ought to fear her ; because it is
 “by this artifice she gains you, and ravishes from
 “God a heart made for him alone. Think well of
 “it : hell is open under your feet.”

This word *hell* made the simple Euristhenes trem-
 ble : his troubled imagination saw no longer any
 thing but dæmons, fire, sulphur, and burning fur-
 naces. A fanatic zeal took possession of his soul :
 he looked upon his spouse as an enemy to his happi-
 ness ; took her caresses for so many snares, and her
 kind conversations for delusions. If any remainder
 of affection pleads for her in his heart, he fasts, prays,
 and macerates himself, in order to stifle it.

As for Methysus, 'tis not by fasting that he has
 found means to shake off the conjugal affection.
 Three parts in four of his life have passed with the
 glass in his hand, in those licentious recesses, where
 in full liberty reigns intemperance and gluttony ;
 where in rivers of fumous Burgundy, men swallow at
 one draught their health, honour, and substance.
 Here all delicate sentiments are treated as visionary
 ideas ; tenderness as insipidity ; complaisance as fla-
 very ; and mutual regards as meanness. Methysus
 at length learned the language of his ignoble haunts.
 At first he spoke their jargon only by way of amuse-
 ment, without debasing his heart ; but now he is
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more advanced, and has imbibed their very spirit, having lost all relish for rational pleasures. He is insensible as marble to the fair sex ; and especially for modest, reserved and prudent women : unluckily for him, his own wife is of this number.

Polydorus held out a matter of twenty years ; his tendernefs at the expiration of this term, had suffered no other alteration but what naturally arises from a long series of time, and a peaceable situation of heart, without any thing further to wish. If you will, 'tis no longer love ; but 'tis so tender a friendship, that it could not be so great, without excess, between two persons of the same sex. But as the desires in this state are as it were dormant, there is one dangerous rock to be avoided ; and I would counsel every one who enjoys this perilous calm, to watch over their eyes and heart, for fear a new object teaching them again to love, may lead them by degrees to the blackest perfidy. Polydorus is thus become culpable: he trusted thro' a long habit he was secure of not loving any one but his spouse ; and it was this very confidence that exposed him to betray her. When love is once satisfied, it does not increase by age. That sweet tranquility he enjoyed under Hymen's empire, made him believe his passions were quite subdued ; and thus exposing himself to the danger, without any apprehensions, he perceived not the precipice till he fell into it.

Vices in character, caprices in humour, opposite sentiments of judgment, may likewise disturb the most settled love. An avaritious, niggardly, mean spirited husband, takes a distaste for a wife, who thinking more nobly than himself, believes it reasonable to regulate expences by their joint income. A spendthrift, on the contrary, despises a wife who is an economist.

Callias, as handsome as Narcissus, and as proud of his beauty, shews by his behaviour, his discourse, and

and his whole deportment, that he thinks Elvira beholden to him, since he has vouchsafed to make her the partner of his bed.

Phorbas has read in some Turkish memoirs, perhaps an exaggerated account of the despotic power the descendants of Mahomet exercise in their seraglio. He therefore keeps a morose state at home like a sultan. In his very soul he loves Artamene; but he does not think it becomes his dignity to acknowledge it; and rather chuses to receive her submission than caresses.

The devout Theotimus, sensible of the calamities of the church, and weeping over it's decline, visits all those *that think right*, and exhorts them to support a remnant of faith which begins to stagger. All pastors have betrayed the *good cause*; truth will soon have no more defenders. He believes himself a new Atlas, formed to prevent the fall of the heavens, ready to tumble over our heads. What a sweet consolation would it be to him, if his spouse but assisted him to bear so weighty a burden. But she, faithless creature, is not moved with his pious groans. She follows blindly the large way in which she is conducted by loose directors; and thinks her salvation safe by simply following the laws of Rome, and the counsels of her curate. Theotimus thus has done his best to communicate to her his superior light; but unable to prevail over her, he bursts into a passion; then they fall to abuses and anathema's, and at length they cordially hate each other.

But who is that fanatic person I behold, so swelled and inflamed with choler? what sudden agitation has thus discomposed his countenance? why those savage looks, that broken voice, those threatening gestures. Ah! who is it he menaces? a tender spouse, the faithful Artemisia, who loves him, and whom he reciprocally loves; at least there was all the reason in the world to think so till this very moment. Is it possible to pass thus in an instant from
love

love to hatred, from esteem to contempt, from tenderness to outrage? yes, when a person is jealous; and that is the malady of Argantes. Like a miser, who the more he heaps his treasure, the more he fears to lose it: friends, relations, domestics, old men, children, all disturb him, all excite his suspicions; every thing seems capable of seducing his spouse. This of all miseries is what he most dreads, and what he thinks most imminent. Thus his fears disturbing his reason, he takes his distrusts for pre-fages, and his visions for reality. What has just now excited his anger is, that he has overheard her speaking to some one in a familiar tone. He drew near them gently with design to surprize them; but he has only half succeeded. He sees none but her in a chamber, where he heard two voices: however he has found a pair of man's gloves, the sight of which turns his brain; he takes them and tears them in pieces. Fain would she speak, but he prevents her explanation by a torrent of invectives. Then follows a volley of threats, and the effects would perhaps have immediately succeeded, had not an unexpected witness intervened, whose presence disconcerts and condemns him: it is Artemisia's father, who from a contiguous closet, where he had concealed himself in order to surprize his son in law, issues forth to demand his gloves and justify Artemisia.

Hideous jealousy, thou bane of matrimonial happiness, would it not be better thou shouldst quite extinguish love, than turn it thus into fury?

Yet there is a kind of jealousy that inseparably attends a lively and delicate love; it excludes not esteem, nor is it injurious. We fear losing the affection of what we love, because we know the value of it; we fear displeasing the beloved object, without suspecting her of inconstancy; we fear her indifference, but we are sure of her fidelity. This tender concern is an efficacious spur that enlivens love, and makes it more
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vigilant and active: without this assistance it would grow languid, by reason of its too great security.

But there is a phenomenon which is not easy to comprehend, and yet very often happens; this is, that people are jealous without loving.

Dorimene married Clito, rather out of complaisance than affection; and yet she is in a rage, if he so much as smiles on an amiable woman. An obliging word, a civil gesture, a polite and affable reception, used to any but herself, is a crime which she never pardons. If he is absent, "he is unfaithful: long has she perceived herself neglected; however she thought she merited a greater regard." What? is Dorimene fallen in love with her husband since she married? this would be a real miracle; now I very much doubt whether any are ever wrought, especially of that sort. Hymen never inspires indifferent hearts with love. He tries its purity, but he never produces, and very seldom increases it. He is as it were the crucible, but not its cradle. From whence therefore can Dorimene's transports arise, not from love, but from a sentiment that partly resembles it.

The tenderness of men generally speaking, must have some particular motive. To warm their hearts, there must be some inflaming object. But as for women, tenderness from their very birth is interwoven with their nature; it is an appendix of their constitution. They love even before they know what love is. Love to us is a pleasure; to them 'tis their principal business. But if this innate tenderness meets with a proper object, if you stir its fire by the fuel of sensual pleasures: like to the rays of the sun, which united in a convex glass, become more ardent, it gathers its scattered flames, and concentrating them in a point, derives from thence a greater force and activity. 'Tis also said that their tenderness has a privilege which ours has not, of encreasing by
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enjoyment, and that women never experience that lassitude and satiety, which press upon our hearts, when our desires are satisfied.

In general, women love more than we. Nature, in every thing wise, has imparted to them an almost inexhaustible store of love and tenderness, with a particular bent to pleasure, that they might be less afraid of the consequences of marriage; in order to charm their pains, and recompence their sufferings, by the soft allurements of pleasure. This is what in most of them supplies the place of deliberate love. We love by choice; but as for them we often see them extravagantly fond of husbands they have taken almost blindfold.

This sentiment which is so like love, that one seldom imagines any difference, is apt sometimes to inspire transports of jealousy; and 'tis from this source that all Dorimene's extravagance proceeds.

But why should Amintas be jealous? what title has he to the heart of Emilia? he hates and contemns her. Why then does he trouble himself about her love or indifference? Ah! it is no longer love he requires of her; but as he thinks his honour interested in the conduct of his spouse, he is willing she should be faithful to him; but judging of her by himself, he cannot expect it. Ridiculous behaviour, opposite to all sense and reason! shall Amintas be offended if Emilia betrays her conjugal faith; and shall he, who boasts of having profaned it a hundred times, triumph in his perfidy without the least diminution of honour? Since when has honour contracted this alliance with vice and the foulest crimes? Is it then a prey to the strongest, like gold and sceptres?

Love, and especially that of the conjugal kind, is fed with love. With respect to a lover that sounds another's heart, even hope alone is able to nourish his flame: but when he has made a conquest of this heart,

heart, then he has a right to expect a return and constancy. The sacred knot of matrimony authorises this still more, and forms betwixt the happy pair, a religious duty of the natural obligation of loving, tho' with this clause, that love be reciprocal; for even religion itself commands nothing impossible.

Amongst all nations on the earth it is so general a maxim that mutual love ought to be the bond of marriage, that there are few who do not permit a divorce, when an incompatibility of temper raises an invincible obstacle to love.

To live happy under Hymen's empire, never engage yourself without loving and being loved. Let this love be solid, grounding it on virtue. If it has no other object but beauty and blooming youth, frail as those fading blessings, it will vanish with them; but if it fixes on the beauty of the mind and heart, it is proof against time.

To have a right to another person's love endeavour to merit it. Be at the end of ten years as attentive to please, and as cautious to avoid giving offence, as if you had begun only to-day to make your addresses. It is as glorious to preserve a heart, as to conquer one. Let married people rival one another in love, honour and obliging deferences, and I will answer for the pleasure and perpetuity of their union. It will certainly be subject to alteration, if any one of these three qualities be wanting; but if the first, then will it be utterly annihilated.

ARTICLE III.

Of Paternal Love.

Did not reason, or rather its abuse, in man, deprave sometimes his instinct, we should have nothing to say on this chapter: brutes have no need of our treatises of morality, to learn to love their little

little ones, to feed and bring them up. This is because they are guided by instinct; now instinct, when it is not distorted by the sophisms of a captious reason, always answers the end of nature, does its duty, and never stumbles. Were we to suppose man in this respect like other creatures, as soon as the child sees the light, the mother would nourish it with her milk; would watch its wants; preserve it from all accidents, and think no infants in her life better employed than those she spent in these important duties. The father on his side would contribute to form and educate his child: he would study his taste, humour, and inclinations; in order to make him employ his talents to an advantage, dispose him betimes to serve his fellow citizens in that state for which he shewed the greatest capacity. Nay, he himself would cultivate this young plant, and look upon it as a criminal indifference to abandon his own son to the discretion of an ignorant, or perhaps a vicious governor.

But the power of custom, in spite of nature and instinct, disposes otherwise. The child is scarcely born, but he is separated from his mother: she is either too weak or delicate; or she is of too elevated a rank to give suck to her own child. In vain has nature diverted the course of that liquor, which nourished it in the womb, to convey to the breasts of its cruel step-mother, two milky streams designed for its nourishment. Nature must not be listened to, her gifts will be rejected and despised; the very person whom she has thus enriched, were even death to attend such an unnatural deed, will dry up the springs of this life-giving nectar. The child is entrusted to an alien and mercenary parent, who will measure her care by the gain she expects.

As for the father he is too busy to form his own offspring; his affairs permit it not; and this is a care that little concerns him. So many persons offer themselves to supply his place, and are content with

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so moderate a salary, that he would think himself a bad oeconomist if he did not accept their services : out of his whole estate, they will receive no more at the most, than one or two days income.

Several before me have insisted upon these two natural duties : that of the mother, to nurse her child ; and that of the father, to undertake his education : but hitherto they have all insisted in vain. What will my additional suffrage avail ? nothing, without doubt : but at least I shall have given in my opinion ; I shall have openly protested against an abuse I heartily condemn.

“ What ? to suckle a child, ’cries *Celia*, a fine
“ employment indeed, an agreeable amusement.
“ I love to pass the night in easy sleep, or to have
“ it interrupted by nothing but pleasure. In day-
“ time I receive and return visits : I display a new-
“ fashioned gown at the mall, at the opera, or
“ the play-house : I game, I dance, or tattle.
“ All my time is agreeably filled up. Ah ! do
“ not you perceive, *adds she*, that I must renounce
“ all this, were I to subject myself to the vile
“ drudgery of nursing.”

I see clearly, fairest *Celia*, in the detail of your favourite amusements, the motives that give you a disrelish for this duty : but in that charming snowy bosom, which you display with complaisance before my eyes, much better do I see the true reasons that oblige you to it.

Where is the mother, that would consent to receive of another, a child she knows is not her own ? yet this new born babe, whom she exiles far from her presence, can hardly be said to be truly hers ; when after several years, the continual loss of the first substance, which to a living body happens every instant, shall have been repaired by a foreign milk, which has metamorphosed and transformed it into a new creature. No, it will no
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longer be the child of *Celia*, but Marian's, who by suckling it so long, has been delivered of it in some measure a second time. I know not whether it can gain by this exchange; but I know what it may have lost. The milk it has sucked, was not made for its organs; therefore who knows but this must have been a less beneficial nutriment, than its own maternal milk? who knows but its constitution originally robust and sound, has been thereby altered? who knows but this metamorphosis may have influenced its heart? As the soul and body are so dependent on each other, who knows but he will become one day for this very reason, a coward, a cheat, a villain, a murderer? The most delicious fruit in a proper congenial soil, never fails to degenerate, when it happens to be transplanted. 'Tis the same in regard of animals: Those dogs so much cried up at London, for their courage and fidelity; as soon as they cross the sea, degenerate into stupid animals, without instinct, strength, or utility.

'Tis time now to change the scene: let us penetrate into the heart of a father; or rather let us judge of him by his conduct. Trimalcio is the president of a court of justice; his slow and measured steps, his severe and scornful countenance, his unalterable gravity, and more than all this the enormous size of his peruke, and the number of cringing slaves behind him, declare in the most distinct terms the quality of the personage. One would be inclined to think that the revenue of a judge has the supernatural virtue, of impressing on the possessor the air and majesty of a hero. All the wit of *Moliere*, all the buffoonery of *Scarron*, would not be able to unwrinkle his countenance. However now comes the critical moment to lay aside a part of that gloomy magisterial air, with which his brow is contracted. His son is brought from nurse. "Sir, cries a silly governante at a distance,

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“ see sir, we have brought you pretty little master.” He rises and advances a few steps, and moves for the first time to meet a human creature. He takes him in his arms; imagines he sees his own features; and descends even to embrace him. The child returns with interests his kisses, and licks the name of father; a name that sounds agreeably in the ears of *Trimalcio*. The more this title is uncertain, the more we are fond of hearing it. The child thus extravagantly caress’d, answers with wanton tricks. Thus he grows bold and unruly; and that majestic perwig, which a quarter of an hour before kept the whole court in awe, is now by our little master pulled, ruffled, and unpowdered without mercy.

Trimalcio loves his son; one sees it, you say, by the reception he gives him: Do you judge of it by such frivolous signs? I shall see it much better by the care he will take, to form his judgment, to adorn his mind, and to inspire him with virtue. But at the first sight of his son he has exhausted all his tenderness: think not he will go further. Would you have a president puzzle his brain with accident and syntax for the sake of his son? No, no, fear it not; his governor is already pitched upon. ’Tis not a *Seneca*, or *Burrhus*; nor a person modelled after those illustrious masters, who formed the infancy of our princes towards the close of the last century: but he is an easy complying person, who contents himself with thirty pistoles a year for his salary; who will take care not to fatigue his pupil, but will condescend to his caprice: these are the clauses of the agreement. “ Gently Doctor, “ gently, says *Trimalcio* committing his son to the “ sage’s care. I would not have my boy ruin his “ health: I consent he should know a little Latin, “ but no Greek; Greek is destruction to the fight. “ I do not design him for the church: I intend he

shall be a president like myself: and had I thoughts of making him a bishop, believe me, doctor, your bishops are no conjurors.

Monfieur l'Abbé forms his plan accordingly. 'Tis lucky for him that he is to direct his pupil under the inspection of a simpleton; and that he has nothing more to do but to make the son rival the father. How easy soever this task may be; still it was as far as the preceptor's ability reached.

Trimalcio has many partizans: I hear them, methinks, murmur against me. A person in a public post, say they, would have enough to do, were he to teach his children. But is this a solid reason for excusing himself from it? A rich financier, would doubtless, have a great deal to restore, were he to refund all that he has unjustly usurped: must he for that reason keep it?

I would have a father be his son's preceptor. I would likewise have him call in to his assistance in this important function, persons of known capacity and distinguish'd virtue: this is reasonable; he will succeed the better in his design. But let him always be chief master, inspector, and superintendant; and let his pensioned teachers be no more than assistants, and seconds.

Bubalcus, you'll say, is a father: now every body knows he is withal an idiot, who in quality of an animal, has contributed to the production of a creature of his own species: but is incapable of any more. He knows nothing, has a sense of nothing, thinks of nothing. What share can this fellow have in the education of his son? The best thing such a person can do is, not to meddle with it.

I agree with you: and if any of my readers can alledge a like excuse, he has a right to a dispensation, and I do not refuse it. But I do not exempt him on this account from seeking out the best masters to supply his defect; from engaging them to perform their

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their duty by the expectation of a genteel reward; and from informing himself with care, concerning the progress their pupil makes. If he pushes his insensibility so far, as to no way interest himself about this, he must be a kind of monster; whose deformity of soul can be no just excuse for such unnatural treatment of his own blood.

Aristides deserves more indulgence: he is absent for the good of the state, without a fixed abode, or permanent habitation. A good citizen ought always to be ready to sacrifice for the sake of his country, his dearest interests, his estate, health, and repose: *Aristides* does it. It requires of him likewise, by entirely employing his time, that he should deprive himself of the sweet pleasure of forming his children with his own hands; from this also he has weaned himself. I cannot blame, but pity him. I know the tenderness of his soul. He would make no difficulty to abandon for the public good, his house to the discretion of a servant, his estate to the mercy of a steward, and even his life itself to the hazard of arms: but it is not without a sensible regret, that he sees himself a father without performing paternal duty.

When a father is capable of instructing his children himself, he is the best master they can have; now *Aristides* is thoroughly capable: and the choice he has made of substitutes, to whom he has committed this important office, sufficiently prove him a judge. Why should it happen a thousand times, to the prejudice of the public good, that abilities should come to one man's share, and the power of exercising them to another's?

Parents are not quit towards their children, for having given them birth; as long as they stand in need of their assistance, they have a right to demand it. They are young plants that ought to be nursed with care, till they have taken thorough root. But

nature has distinguished the duties of a father, from those of a mother. To the mother she seems particularly to have assigned the care of the body, and the preservation of the animal substance. The province of the father is more noble: the care of the thinking part falls to his share. But both too frequently perform their respective duties very ill.

The mother carried the child in her womb; this she could not avoid: she was delivered at the end of nine months; another pain entailed upon the sex. The obligation of suckling it is also indispensable: but it is possible for her to transgress it, and accordingly she takes care to transgress it.

The father on his side corresponds no better with the intent of nature. He takes up the office of the mother, employs himself entirely about the bodily advantages of his children, their health, their ease, carriage, table, and pleasures. The culture of the soul, the most important object of all, is what they both neglect.

It was upon this plan of education *Lycidas* was educated. He dances well, rides the great horse, and fences tolerably. In every thing else he is ignorant and vain, qualities almost inseparable. He has a low sordid heart; but expresses himself with haughtiness. He is stuffed with prejudices, is impious, and superstitious, without rule, or bridle: his present whim is what determines his morals, and his taste in almost every thing is depraved.

"Who is it he takes after, says Dorimont, his father, who has had leisure for fifty years, since his majority, to forget his youthful quarrels. Surely not after me. I was young: every one must be so some time or other: but I was not frantic. Ah! the youth in my time were better behaved." If you speak truth, *Dorimont*, it was because their fathers were
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not their corrupters ; it was because they had a greater love for their children.

“ But if I have any reproach, says Dorimont, to make to myself, in regard of Lycidas, ’tis that I have loved him too well ; it is this love, carried too far, that shut my eyes to his faults and defects : ’tis this love, that made me indulgent, when I ought to have been resolute : which withheld my arm when I had lifted it up to punish him.”

What a strange idea you formed of paternal love ; if you are thus truly persuaded that it made you fail in the most essential duty of a good parent ?

Julia sees Araminta. Immediately an uneasy joy sparkles in her eyes : she runs to meet her ; accosts her in a hurry, caresses her, and asks her several questions. Whence comes this fit of tenderness ? She hates Araminta and every amiable woman. Listen to her ? “ Ah my dear ! where had you this gown ? who is your mantua-maker ? what is her name ? Let me see her ; let me embrace her, she is an incomparable creature. What a rich stuff ! what charming flowers ! what regularity of design ! what proportion of colours ! what variety of shades ! ah ! *Araminta* ! I am in love with your gown. Oh ! how it fits you ! it is beyond expression.”

Dorimont, you think *Julia* extravagant. Turn your eyes from *Julia*, and reflect on yourself. You love your son, you say ; but what is your son ? he is a composition like you, of soul and body : he is an image, an emanation, a ray of the divinity covered with a terrestrial veil, which serves to make him visible and palpable. Now, which is it you love best of these two different substances in *Lycidas* ? Is it his soul ? that spiritual substance, whose origin is so noble ? But, to love that, do you perceive in it some traces of its ancient nobility ? has it not

shamefully degenerated? Where is its love for virtue, its taste of truth? if it still shines with all the lustre of its original grandeur, 'tis by those features it ought to be distinguished. But these are all effaced; it is so altered, you cannot perceive its existence but by the tenement of clay that conceals it: you see organs, lineaments, proportioned limbs, just as in other bodies, where we know a soul resides; you have no other proof.

But deformed as it is, perhaps you still love it: I should more easily believe you, if you consulted its good with greater zeal; if you had done your best to restore it to its original brightness, innocence and virtue. But so far from that, 'twas you that was the occasion of his losing them. You was afraid lest his body should be emaciated, lest he should fall into a consumption or asthma, if you restrained the caprices of his soul, if you curbed his anger, moderated his desires, or watched over his conduct. Would you refuse to dress a wounded person, for fear of spoiling his cloaths? And you are afraid the body should suffer, when the first and most essential thing we are to think of is the soul. The body is no more than the soul's garment.

Once more, what is it you love in your son? You love what is not himself. This organized matter with which he is cloathed, is only a machine, made on purpose for his use, without which he can exist, and which without the soul, is but a little dust: this is not your son, 'tis but the shell that covers him.

Let us now return to *Julia*. Is it so ridiculous in her to be passionately fond of *Araminta's* gown? or if such a childish love be whimsical and foolish, is yours more reasonable?

Kings are justly compared to fathers of families: This comparison is grounded on the very nature and origin of royalty.

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The first of kings succeeds in war adorned.

Says a poet * of our age. But 'tis proper to observe that this is put into the mouth of a tyrant, of an usurper, a murderer of his natural king: for it was not worthy to be spoken by a just prince. Any other but a Polyphontes would have said :

The first of monarchs o'er his children reign'd.

A father was naturally the head of his family: his family by multiplication became a people; and by consequence the father of a family became a king. The eldest son without doubt thought he had a right to inherit his father's authority, and thus the sceptre continued in the same house, till a *successful warrior*, or rebellious subject, became the stock of a new royal line.

As a king may be compared to a father, we may reciprocally compare a father to a king; and thus determine the duties of a monarch by those of the head of a family; and the obligations of a father, by those of a sovereign.

To *love, govern, recompence, and punish*, are methinks all the duties both of a father and king.

A father who *loves not* his children is a monster; and a king who loves not his subjects, is a tyrant. Both father and king, are living images of God, whose empire is founded on love. Nature has provided parents for the conveniency of children; and policy has chosen kings for the happiness of the people. Thus, as man in his infancy is ignorant of his true interests, and cannot provide for his subsistence or health; so the people who are rash, blind, and tur-

* Voltaire in his *Merope*. Trag.

bulent, form while they are without a head, nothing but vain rash projects, have only confused views, and know not what they ought to wish, love, or fear; and whatever measures they take, they are generally, such as turn to their ruin. Hence, there is an absolute necessity for a head both in a family and state, as in a vault, there is a necessity for a principal stone which is to determine the center, and consolidate the whole. But if this head is unconcerned for the members, which cannot happen but by an excessive self love, he will refer every thing to himself; their advantage will be always sacrificed to his; he will encrease his opulency by their labour, and sweat; to secure his despotism, he will keep them in slavery; they will be no more in his eyes, than meer instruments formed to make him happy. On the contrary, when benevolence and love, regulate the will of the chief, and dictate his orders, there arises then betwixt him and his subjects, a free and voluntary circulation, which communicates equally to them all, health, vigour and a sound constitution; all then concur with mutual zeal to the public good. The head hereby finds a solid advantage. For to treat with mildness his family or people, is providing for his own interest. Tho' the head be the principal seat of life and sentiment, yet it is always disadvantageously placed on a meagre carcass.

There is the same parity betwixt the government of a state, and that of a family. The master who governs either, has two duties to fulfill: the one to make good manners, virtue and piety flourish; the other, to avert troubles, disaster, and indigence. It is the love of order that ought to direct him; and not that passion of domineering, which delights in tiring the patience even of the most docil subjects. A child or subject are too short sighted to look after themselves; but they can see well enough the faults of those who govern them ill.

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The power of recompencing and punishing are the finews of government ; God himself commands nothing without terrifying us by his menaces, and inviting us by promises. Every legislator ought to do the same : but he would be severe and unjust, were he to do nothing but threaten rebels, without encouraging at the same time, his submissive subjects by proper rewards. The Roman laws, conformable in this respect to those of all other nations, forbid under severe penalties, the committing any murder by private authority, but decreed a *civic* crown for him, who had saved the life, of one, or more citizens.

The two first movers of the human heart, are hope and fear. Fathers and kings, you have in your hands, all that is necessary to excite these two passions. But remember that exact justice is as careful to recompence, as it is attentive to punish. God has made you his substitutes and representatives on earth : but it is not merely to thunder ; 'tis likewise to pour down rains, and refreshing dews.

ARTICLE IV.

Of filial Love.

Fathers and mothers, whose sentiments correspond with nature's views, are tender and beneficent superiors, to whom by consequence their children owe an obedience, founded upon respectful love. Their submission is not like that of a slave to an imperious master. It is as indispensable : but it ought to be voluntary and come from the heart. A child of a generous disposition is docile, because he loves his father, and is by him beloved.

In the first ages of the world, as there were no fathers who abused their authority, and it was never suspected that any would, their authority

was not bounded. A father had in his family all the rights of a sovereign. What risk was there in resigning children to the discretion of a judge, whose severity was tempered by paternal tenderness? but sometimes the world produces monsters; there have been instances of fathers without love, and by a necessary consequence, void of pity; there have been even instances of relentless parents, that have imbrued their barbarous hands with their own children's blood. For this reason their power is now restrained: they are permitted to be accusers, but they are divested of the office of judges and executioners. Nature has forbid them to treat their offspring with passion, violence, or too great severity: but the civil power goes not so far; it extends not its authority to the internal regulation of families.

Wicked fathers, free in this point from the restraint of laws, erected themselves into tyrants over their children, ruled them with a rod of iron, and made life so insupportable that they taught their children to hate them. 'This race of monsters is not extinct: our age swarms with them. 'Tis not to children of such fathers that I preach filial love. I shall confine myself, in regard of them, to the terms of the law, which Moses formerly imposed on the descendants of Jacob. *Honour*, says the law, *your father and mother*; it does not say, *love them*. He spoke to hard hearted men, void of tender sentiments, and incapable of inspiring them. He did not even in his famous tables pretend to give them a precept to love God. For how could he have done it? he had painted the deity so terrible, cruel, and jealous, that a people imbued with his doctrine, could not help dreading him, and were no other way able to revere him, but as at Rome they respected the *Fever*, a malignant deity, whom it was dangerous to put out of humour.

Sostrates

Sostrates married Sophronia : she was beautiful, young, and rich ; but it was the last point that touched the heart of Sostrates. Tho' a woman centered in her person all the graces, and perfections, which nature has poured upon this enchanting sex : yet he would not be moved with them ; he believes himself composed of finer mould ; his vanity has made him insensible of love. The children he has had by Sophronia, were the fruit of indifferency, and never excited in him the least motion of tenderness. They only flattered his taste for despotism : he considered them as subjects over whom he might domineer as absolute master ; and from the moment he became a father, he thought he commenced sovereign. Odious and tyrannical sovereignty, whose whole severity his children felt, without reaping any advantage ! With what barbarity the brute from day to day, increased the weight of their yoke ! How many caprices, counter-orders, unjust, extravagant commands, were they forced to submit to without complaint ! Remonstrances provoked him : and how reasonable soever they were in their nature, yet without hearing them through, he condemned them as criminal insurrections. But not content with these inhumanities, this imaginary monarch, by a thousand vain projects, by his luxury, his pleasures, and above all, by his indolence, had soon exhausted his moderate finances : his estate was mortgaged ; and Sophronia's jewels, her dowry, all was swallowed up by Sostrates. But his proud soul, which poverty itself cou'd not humble, did not abate its haughtiness : nay, it became more savage, when chagrin and spite had embittered his natural ferocity. His children were left unprovided ; without education, money, or friends. (for how could such a fellow as Sostrates have any ?) In vain did these children make some generous struggles, to get rid of the horrors of indigence : whatever might turn to their advantage,

Sostrates,

Sostrates took care to disappoint. Jealous of his own blood, he would have been driven to despair, had he seen any of his children more successful than himself.

Wretched offspring of such an unnatural father! what sentiments ought you to have for him? I have told you already: the Jewish legislator has laid them down for you: *honour your father*: there is no case in life, that can excuse you from this duty. Be subject to him because he is your father, though you are sure to forego your interest; but never at the expence of your virtue. Do him all the good offices you possibly can; you owe this to your bitterest enemy. Now your father has at least the precedence over all those that hate you, by being the nearest related to you. His hard-heartedness is no excuse for yours. As for filial love, I find it is weak in your heart, nor do I reproach you: but there is a kind of love which you owe to all men. This love, your father as a man, has a common right to with others: and all things else being equal, you ought to give him the preference.

But as for filial love, a much more tender and affectionate tie, it is not of so general an obligation, as to render it indispensable. 'Tis impossible to love, unless it be in the manner we are obliged to love our very enemies, a father who has never given us any other proof, but of his hatred: all the distinction due to him is, to treat him as a respectable enemy.

If children do not shew an ardent zeal for those, to whom they are indebted for life; if they consult not their desires; if they adopt not their sentiments, it is not a reason to condemn them without hearing. See first how they behave towards others. Do they walk in the paths of honour and virtue? if so, their coldness has without doubt some lawful reason: we may presume that if they testify not an eager love for their parent, it is without doubt because his crimes,

crimes, his cruelty, hard heartedness, and baseness, have stifled it in their breasts. Examine likewise the manners of the father: if they are disorderly, his children's apology is made.

On the contrary, if a father, besides an irreproachable life and paternal bowels of tenderness, lavishes on his children useless marks of cordial love; and his ungrateful progeny make him no return; their crime is manifest. Suppose he has faults in his humour, in his mind, and character: these are vain pretences for ingratitude. Fall at his feet, ye obdurate and insensible wretches, embrace tenderly his knees; he is virtuous, he loves you: if with these titles you refuse him your love; can you tax him with injustice, should he convert his love into hatred?

But in those perverse families, where all follow with a kind of emulation, the frightful standard of vice; where a father sets the example, and the children improve upon their model; we ought not to be surprized if the trunk and branches are divided in interest, and each has its own private views: union, love, and concord, are gifts of heaven, reserved for virtuous societies.

Virtue is one, simple, and immutable, the same as truth: this is the reason that it produces amongst those who practise it, an unalterable harmony; whereas amongst the vicious, union can no longer subsist than their interests sympathise. For desiring every thing which flatters their passions, and having no object to fix their cupidity; sailing as it were without a compass; jealous, covetous, and insatiable: how is it possible that they should long reconcile their jarring interests?

Virtue, when care is taken, is more easily transmitted from father to son, than the goods of fortune. These are subject to such revolutions as human prudence cannot foresee or prevent. But the impressions of honour, virtue, and wisdom, engraved
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in the hearts of youth, take so deep a root, that they are fixed and bear fruit in spite of calamity: their effects are stable and permanent; or if some moments of delusion eclipse or tarnish them, they soon pierce the cloud, and shine out again of themselves. If parents were careful to enrich their children with this inestimable inheritance, filial love would be much more common. A virtuous son would never fail to love a good father: when he became a father in his turn; the same charm influencing his children would secure their tenderness. Filial love, and the love of virtue, would mutually assist each other: the child to please his father would apply himself to virtue, and thro' a love thereof, would have a tender affection for his parent.

“Periander is astonished that not one of his three children, either loves or pretends to love him.” I have not says he, “neglected any thing for their good: twenty long years have I sweated and watched for them, exhausting my health, and abridging my days to make theirs happy. I have planted, they will gather. I have borne the labour, they will reap the benefit. I came into the world poor, and by my industry procured riches for them. For whom then do these ungrateful wretches reserve their love? what more would they have had me done? have I forgot any thing which might contribute to their happiness?”

You have forgot nothing but to teach them how to behave, but to inspire them with virtue: if they are too sparing, if they push their oeconomy so far as fordidness, be astonished; you have provided them with wealth. But be not surpris'd to find in their hearts no love of virtue; you never set them the pattern; but lest they should be scoundrels only by halves, you have immerst them in opulence. Blind father! you were ignorant, that to entrust riches to mean and corrupt hearts, was to put swords
into

into the hands of madmen. What bank can now stem the impetuous torrent of their passions? honour being a sentiment unknown to them, nothing can preserve them from the most shameful excesses, except the impotency of committing them: but your paternal care has provided against that; you have removed out of their way all obstacle to vice; by loading them with riches. Admirable fruit of your boasted sweat and labour! it would have cost you less, to inspire them with virtue; and doubtless you would have done it, had you known its real value. But gold seemed to you the only secret of attaining happiness; and gold you have procured them. They esteem it no less than you; and if they regard you not, at least they will imitate your example.

Age produces a change in the duties of a son, towards his father. During his infancy he owes him an unlimited submission: incapable of reasoning, he has nothing to examine. In the subsequent stage he begins to distinguish objects, and his reason unfolds itself by degrees. Respectful remonstrances ought not then to be forbidden him; but if his representations are disregarded, nothing then remains but humble obedience. When he is become in his turn a man, he does not cease for that to be a son: but he is a competent judge of his own actions. He still owes to his father respect and deference; but no longer a blind obedience. The law hath even settled this point; the son being arrived to that age, which is called majority, passes under another government; his country takes cognizance of his manners and conduct; he begins to be a member among his fellow-citizens; and in a monarchical government, 'tis the king that becomes his father.

But under this absolute father, three ages are not distinguished. The children he governs, are perpetually under his tutelage. They are divided into two different classes, the people and magistrates.

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Those of the first class are always reputed infants; formed only to obey, their advice is never taken; and if they presumed to give it, they would be treated as criminals. Magistrates, by whom I mean all those to whom the prince gives any share in the government, are only as it were certain young men, with whom he vouchsafes some times to consult. Their suffrages are numbered; but the king takes what notice of them he pleases; 'tis he that gives the law, the rest must all obey and be silent.

We often love our fathers only by instinct, or duty (tho' I question whether duty be capable of engendring love): but a king whom his subjects love, has much more reason to be flattered with their affection; for they never love him, but out of knowledge and choice. It is rather friendship than filial love; or to express myself better, 'tis a mixture of both. It partakes of filial love, inasmuch as it is respectful: it partakes of friendship, as it is free, reflexive, and disinterested; qualities that united, characterise friendship, as we shall see in the following chapter.

CHAP. II.

Of Friendship.

I HAVE established as a maxim in the preceeding chapter, that there can be no stable love, that has not virtue for its basis. Let us say the same of friendship. It is not a mere similitude of character and manners that cements friendship: there must be also purity and rectitude.

We must carefully distinguish friends from boon companions: a conformity of taste for pleasures, and for every thing that is not virtue, constitutes those

societies

societies of good fellowship; but never creates true friends. The companion, in whom you find so much cordiality, while he has the glass in hand, entrusted with a secret on which depends your honour, will take this occasion to shew his wit at your expence; and by this means you will soon be rallied, exposed, and derided. Trust him with your interests; he will betray them to promote his own. You will complain after this of having been betrayed by a friend: but you are mistaken, he was only a man that eat, drank and played with you for his own amusement.

Confound not relations with friends. The former are related to you by necessary ties which command not the affections of the heart: but friends are united by voluntary bonds, which are formed by mutual sympathy. It is a free reflexive choice that conciliates friends: but fate or nature, gives us relations.

Gratitude itself is not as yet friendship. We have an affection for a benefactor, only for his generosity; we love to shew him, we are sensible of it: and we desire ardently to have an opportunity of proving it by real services. But it may happen at the same time, that we relish not his humour, character or conduct.

Friendship is a source of kind offices: it brings them forth without pain, and is pleased in lavishing them: but kind offices alone are not productive of friendship; they only sometimes occasion it. They agreeably bespeak our benevolence; we are inclinable to love the person from whom they come; and love soon follows, when after having studied his character, we find nothing incompatible in it with our own. But we should have loved him without an obligation, if any other occasion had brought us thoroughly acquainted with his merit.

Gratitude is a duty: the ancient Persians even made a formal law of it; and decreed penalties against
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the ungrateful. On the contrary 'tis essential to friendship to act without necessity.

Friendship is a disinterested affection, founded solely on esteem. The sentiment it has the greatest affinity with, is love it: will no way differ from this last, if we exclude the desire of enjoyment, and suppose it independent of the sex of the person beloved. If platonic love be not a mere chimæra, (a question I will not pretend to resolve) it is nothing but refined friendship, to which the difference of sex in the two friends neither adds nor diminishes any thing.

As man has two parts, a soul, and body, friendship has two likewise, comparable to them; the sentiment, and external signs, by which it is demonstrated.

In regard to the strength of this sentiment, I have no precepts to give. It would be as ridiculous to pretend to teach men how to love, as how to breathe: both are equally natural; and it must be the degree of their sensibility, that will regulate the strength of their friendship. But what we may teach them, and what the greatest part are ignorant of, is, that we serve our friends very ill, by prostituting for their sake our honour and conscience. We cannot too much esteem them; 'tis never by excess we can trespass in friendship; but by a mistaken affection.

Has that officious nobleman, who is said to make so noble a use of his favour and credit, done the real part of a friend to young Calais, in procuring him that eminent post, of which his incapacity soon after deprived him? By desiring to serve him at the expence of his prince, and country, he has only drawn upon him, a more humbling disgrace.

Shall *Arideus*, recovered at last from that shameful libertinism, in which *Lyfias* had plunged him, think himself obliged to *Lyfias* for his poisoning counsels, and base complaisance? To procure for another illicit pleasures,

pleasures, is to play the part of a suborner, rather than a friend.

The first rule in friendship is not to love without examination : a second no less important, is never to chuse our friends, but among honest men.

The most lasting plants are not those that shoot up the soonest. Friendship in like manner, is firm and durable, only when it is formed by degrees. To love rashly, is to expose ourselves to a sudden rupture.

The most ordinary victims of deceitful friendship, are those who least deserve it. It is rare to see a person distrustful, that has an honest heart ; and still more rare for those that are not distrustful, not to be deceived. Some men are of so social and generous a nature, that there is no one but might gain them for friends : but they run a greater risk than others in forming friendships. There is so great an advantage in gaining their benevolence, that they never can be sure, it is courted without a view of interest ; now interested friends are never true ones.

'Tis to those sincere upright hearts, I address particularly my counsels concerning friendship ; for little do I care whether deceivers be deceived. It is them I advise to make a trial before they love. Being lovers, of virtue, they ought to have none for friends, but such as are virtuous men : it is in this the trial ought chiefly to consist.

At the first glance, or interview, one may know, whether a man be active or heavy, gay, or serious, clownish, or polite, talkative or silent, witty, or stupid. Almost all this is seen in his eyes, his attitude, gesture, and discourse : but we cannot discover so soon, whether he has probity, and virtue. It requires more experience to be sure of this last point : and till we have as great a certainty as possible, we ought not to lavish, upon dubious appearances, the precious title of friend. If at last we are thoroughly convinced he deserves it ; no more reserve them, we must then
open

open a communication of sentiments, affections, pleasures, and interests. Friendship is a spiritual marriage, which establishes betwixt two souls, a general commerce, and unlimited correspondence.

The appendages of friendship are confidence, and benevolence. Both our purse and heart ought to be open to a friend : there is no case wherein they should be shut to him, but those which entitle us to regard him no longer as a friend. We run no risk by intrusting our secrets or money, to a friend we have deliberately chosen : we may be sure he will make a discreet use of both.

I. Confidence produces two effects : one, is a perfect security, in regard to the prudence, integrity, constancy, and affection of the person beloved : it banishes all injurious suspicions.

The other effect, which results from this same security, is a communication betwixt two friends of the most intimate sentiments, thoughts, and projects ; in a word, of every thing that any way interests either of them ; which oftentimes extends even to minute matters, because the smallest trifles become interesting between friends.

We must keep nothing concealed from a friend, but another friend's secret. What we cannot entrust to any other person without indiscretion, we may and ought to deposit in the bosom of a friend. He has a right to read your heart. To reveal your faults to him, will not be imprudence : to tell him your good qualities, will not be vanity. The good we say to our friend of ourselves, is rather an effusion of heart, than boasting or vain glory. To converse with a friend is almost the same thing, as to reflect, or converse with one's self.

II. As for the benevolence which friendship inspires, it produces also two effects : indulgence, and kind offices.

1. Friend-

1. Friendship ought to be offended with nothing but what is injurious. Overlook all those faults in a friend, wherein his heart and intention have no share; in short all but such as shew that the real affection he had for you, is extinguished. A slight negligence, a piece of forgetfulness, a mistake, a sudden fall, ought to be esteemed as nothing. To break off with a friend, to betray and insult him, are the only irremissible crimes in friendship.

Have a care nevertheless not to hate a perfidious friend. Deprive him of your friendship; this is all the revenge you are allowed to take. To continue living with him on the terms of a friend, would be imprudence; but to hate him would be criminal. By offending you, he does not cease to be a man; now there is no man you are permitted to hate. If death had snatched him from you an hour before he was guilty of perfidy, you would have lamented his loss: a base action takes him from you; pity him for having committed it, but hate him not. He has done himself more hurt than you; to prejudice your interest, he has betrayed his honour.

2. Though friendship be not self-interested, yet it delights in kind offices. Kind offices are to friends the same as mutual caresses to lovers; they are not the original motives of love, but reasons by which it increases; like the wind, which does not engender flame, but renders it more vehement.

One may oblige a friend so many ways, that some of them are always practicable in whatever situation we are in; let us therefore lay hold of every occasion that offers. Never wait if you can help it, till he himself has shewn you in what respect you may serve him: Study his necessities, and how to prevent them before he feels them: in return he will also prevent your expectations.

What a noble contention, how glorious a jealousy is that of two friends, who envy one another
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the occasion of obliging! we may indeed receive without humiliation the succours of a friendly hand; to be ashamed would shew an injurious doubt of the generosity of the benefactor: but it must be confessed, the part of such a happy friend deserves our envy. To receive a proof of friendship is flattering; but to give one is more so.

Have a regard for the delicacy of your friend: the excess of profusion on your side would make him ashamed, by the impossibility you would lay him under of a requital. By striving to oblige him too much, you would only disoblige him. Cover at least the services you do him, with such pretexts as may seem to excuse him from making a return. Do not confound him by dint of good treatment. Who can tell but the weight of the obligation he has received may lye too heavy upon him? some souls, jealous of their honour even to a degree of ferocity, think those favours that are heaped upon them, degrade them, as much as they ennoble the donors. There have been instances (and could we see into the hearts of men, those instances we should find innumerable) of people who have conceived a mortal aversion for a benefactor, out of no other motive but his generosity.

Whatever be the event, we ought rather to trespass by excess of generosity and goodness towards a friend, than confine ourselves out of narrowness, or avarice, to empty professions of friendship.

But would you give your friend a strong and at the same time an uncommon proof of friendship, be sincere with him in all your discourses; let the advice you give him, the remonstrances you make him, be a faithful image of your thoughts and sentiments. Dare to shew him the naked truth: or if out of condescendance you embellish it a little, let him,

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C H A P. III.

Of Humanity.

BY humanity I understand that interest which mankind take in the good of one another in general, only because they are of the same nature, without being united by the ties of blood, love, or friendship.

'Tis right to have for a father, a mistress, or a friend, a particular tenderness: but there is a sort of affection we owe to all mankind, as being all members of one family, of which God is the creator and father.

Imagine to yourself those circular undulations, which are caused on the surface of a smooth and transparent water, by the fall of a stone. The agitation of the center, by communicating itself to some distance, forms a great number of moving circles, the impression of which is lighter in proportion to the largeness of their circumference, till the last of all escapes our sight. This is a picture of our different degrees of affection. We love most eagerly what is nearly related to us; and less and less whatever is further removed. We consider all mankind in regard to ourselves, as divided into several classes, more numerous the one than the other; and shutting ourselves up, as it were, in the narrowest, which is surrounded by others more extensive, we thence distribute to the different orders of men different degrees of affection, weaker or stronger, in proportion to the distance of relation, so

that the last of all has scarce a perceptible degree of our benevolence. The following is the order of those classes, beginning with such are dearest to us: mistresses, friends, relations, all men that think as we do in points of religion. (This last class is more or less distant or near, according to the greater or lesser degree of fanaticism, in the person that fixes its place.) Then follow those, who exercise the same profession; the other classes comprehend, neighbours, fellow-citizens, countrymen, inhabitants of the same part of the globe; the last, which contains all the rest, is the collective body of mankind. But this is oftentimes reckoned as nothing.

When the Spaniards massacred without the least pretext millions of Americans, without doubt they never imagined they ought to make any account of men, whom chance had thrown in their way, in an unknown hemisphere, and who were neither their cousins, friends, castilians, catholics, nor christians.

To love men, and treat them with kindness, merely because they are men, is what we call humanity. This sentiment engraved in the heart, answers for other social virtues, and supposes them there imprinted. He who loves another man, upon this account alone that he is a man, tho' a stranger to him in all other respects, will not fail by a stronger motive to love a person to whom he is united by stricter ties, and who joins to the quality of a man that of a friend, relation, countryman, &c. This will likewise be a bridle to us, when we break with persons that were our intimate friends; so as to hinder us from hating them, or from committing brutish outrages. When we are heinously offended by a wife, a son, or any one else we held dear, we may lose indeed the tender sentiment we felt for them; but we shall not cease to love them, at least as being rational creatures, like ourselves. A man that is
truly

truly humane, cannot help being a friend to all mankind ; but is never any one's real enemy.

Humanity is in regard to other social qualities, what the first lay of colours is in respect to a picture, which a painter calls the first impression, with which he covers the canvas, before he chalks out the subject. 'Tis a smooth table as it were, on which are seated the different kinds of love and friendship, Whoever is not humane will be a bad father, a bad son, husband, and friend.

The sentiment which we call humanity, or the love of our fellow-creatures, may shew itself in two ways ; either by real effects, or by simple professions of benevolence. We have not always an opportunity of doing kind offices : but we may at any time assure people we love them, by external marks of kindness : I shall give the name of *goodness*, to humanity manifested by effects : what is only shewn by external signs, I call *politeness*.

ARTICLE I.

Of Goodness.

Moral goodness consists in two things: the first, is *to do no harm to our fellow-creatures*; the second, *to do them good*.

I. *Never do to another what we would not have done to ourselves*: This is the compendious rule, which teaches us what behaviour we are forbidden to use towards the rest of mankind. Every thing that being done to ourselves, would appear to us harsh, barbarous, and cruel, is comprehended in this prohibition. But this maxim of so large an extent, is much restrained in its application, by the greatest part of men, who think it relates only to their friends.

The particular affection which the members

of different societies have for one another, is useful and profitable for their common good. It is proper that fellow-citizens, the subjects of the same prince, the professors of the same religion, should be united by interest and sentiments: but it is contrary to humanity, that reserving all their affection for their associates, they should consider every body else as enemies.

That a Norman should have a kindness for a Norman, has no blame in it; for who should sooner sympathize with him? That a Parisian should have a particular inclination for a Parisian, I freely consent; he will scarce find any where else more candor and ingenuousness. But should a Frenchman born at Domfront, Vire, or Caudebec, hate for that reason, another who was born at Paris; or the latter entertain an aversion for the Norman? these hereditary hatreds which the inhabitants of one province have for those of another, must certainly influence their reciprocal proceedings.

We Frenchmen look upon ourselves as the most distinguished nation in the world, for the excellencies of the head and heart. The softest sentiment we feel for our neighbours is pity: we pity them for being thus inferior to us in merit. A Frenchman has a sprightly wit, and is courageous and enterprising; his humour is gay, his disposition benevolent: he receives strangers with greater civility, than he finds among them. But why then should this hospitable nation, by virtue of a certain law, which their civilians call *Aubaine*, invade the inheritance of a German, an Italian, or an Englishman, to whom death has not given an opportunity of returning to his own country.

Give me leave to digress from my principal purpose, which is the correction of manners, to examine this custom so contrary to humanity, merely in a political light. Thus considered, it appears to me

me no more profitable than just. The lucre that accrues from the infringement of this law is very small ; but the benefit which would arise from the abolishing it, would be immense.

The qualities by which France has an indisputable advantage over its neighbours, are the agreeable temperature of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the riches of its inhabitants. Were it not for this oppression of strangers, we should certainly see an incredible number of artisans, merchants, and persons of all conditions, flock hither from all parts, in consideration of these advantages: the number of its inhabitants would increase by this means ; emulation in trade and arts of all kinds, must be thereby excited ; and the kingdom would be consequently in a more flourishing state.

And let us not imagine that this multitude of strangers with which our country would swarm, must be a prejudice to the natives of the kingdom. In a country naturally fruitful as ours, and where labour and industry are encouraged, the greater number of inhabitants would increase its opulency. Each man is capable by his industry to nourish ten ; what would be the effect, if all were employed ? all these foreign recruits would consist of men whose interest must direct them not to be idle, from the necessity of procuring themselves convenient settlements. Here let us reflect, and we shall find that the vagabonds and useless persons with whom we abound, are such as have been born amongst us : those inhabitants who come from a ; broad, are all industrious people.

A mistaken zeal for the external worship, in which we were brought up, is likewise a source of prejudices and hatred against such as differ with us in opinion. This abuse happens, because the different persuasions that divide mankind are not grafted on natural religion. For want of drawing from this pure spring of primitive religion, those sentiments of

humanity, which would transform the whole universe into a society of friends; the different religionists conceive a pleasure, and believe a merit, in persecuting one another with cruelty; and cover with the name of zeal, what is commonly nothing else but fondness of their own private sense, blind obstinacy, fanaticism and barbarity.

If there were any men we could justly hate on account of religion, it would certainly be such as make an open profession of hating God: the declared enemies of a monarch are the enemies of his subjects. But in what religion can we find this hideous dogma in vogue? they have all for their object the honouring God, and consequently they all pay him honour. But if some of them mix in the homage, which they render him, prophane, superstitious, or criminal practices; reason does not forbid us to abhor that impure mixture: but it forbids us to hate those who adopt these heterodox notions, and allows us only to pity them. Can any thing be less equitable than to hate another because he is deceived, especially when his intention is right?

There is a kind of people whom we generally make no scruple to use with great severity; these are your malefactors, a term by which are commonly understood thieves, robbers, and murderers. As for the latter, they are generally thought to be worthy of death, by virtue of the law of retaliation, which most people consider as derived from nature itself, though I see not on what grounds. For I cannot believe that this sacred law, which in regard to the duties of humanity, inspires nothing but goodness, lenity, and mercy, suffers us to repress evil with evil, and punish homicide with murder. I never could persuade myself that God has permitted men to destroy one another. A citizen disturbs the state: hinder him from doing it; this you may compass without a halter and gibbet. As for robbers, who

do not murder, every one knows that in fact they deserve not death, even though they were judged by the law of retaliation itself: we know likewise that there is no proportion betwixt the property taken, which is oftentimes very inconsiderable, and life, of which they are bereft without mercy. But they are sacrificed 'tis said, to the public tranquillity. Employ them as slaves in useful labour; the loss of liberty will sufficiently punish them for their crime, will secure the public tranquillity, will turn at the same time to the advantage of the state, and save you the reproach of an unjust inhumanity. But man has been pleased to punish theft as the most shameful and unpardonable of all crimes; for this reason, without doubt, because money is the God of this world, and except life, mankind esteem nothing so dear as interest.

When passion inclines you to some violence against another, cast quickly your eyes upon him to consider in him the stamp of the divine hands, and your own resemblance: this may probably abate your passion. Use not that expression which *Cain* is said to addressed to God: *have you made me the keeper of my brother?* yes, without doubt, God has given you a charge of him, and not only forbids your doing him any harm, but commands you to serve him to the utmost of your power.

II. When we are officious and kind to our relations, our benefactors, and friends, we believe ourselves generous, though in other respects we are cruel and hard-hearted towards the rest of mankind. But so far from that, we have not common charity, a quality far inferior to generosity, which is the highest completion of the other social virtues. By practising the latter, we only avoid the opposite vices that border upon them: but generosity removes us to a much greater distance from vice, leaving as an interval betwixt vice and herself, all the virtues of duty and precept. Generosity is a

degree of perfection added to virtue, beyond what the law strictly requires. It is not being generous to do nothing for others, but what the law ordains: this is only fulfilling your duty.

But charity, or which is the same thing, that general affection we owe all mankind, is not a virtue of supererogation. You only satisfy the law of humanity, if meeting a stranger wounded by robbers, you draw near him to dress his wounds. The need he has in this case of your succour, is a law, which obliges you to succour him. An indigent person is pressed by hunger; you only pay a debt to nature in relieving his want. The poor are the charge and care of the public: all the superfluity of the rich should go to their subsistence. And do not even complain, though the assistance you give them were the fruit of your sweat and labours: whatever it cost you, it costs them more, to receive it thus by the title of alms.

Would you know in two words, how far your good offices ought to extend to your own species? this is the golden rule, *Do unto others whatever you would have them do to yourself.*

ARTICLE II.

Of Politeness.

Politeness is a continual attention, inspired by humanity, to please all mankind, and to give offence to no one.

The Misanthrope declaims violently against this virtue: he prefers to it his shocking rudeness, and gothic freedom of behaviour.

The courtier on the contrary, and the mean flatterer substitute in its stead fulsome compliments, with base complaisance

complaisance of words, jargon, and apish ceremony.

The former blames politeness, because he mistakes it for a vice; and the latter is the cause thereof, because what he practises, is really vicious.

I accost Arnolphus; he lets me approach, and never stirs from his chair; I bow, he surveys me with his eyes, and cuts short the ceremonial by crying out at a distance; *what is the matter, what do you want?*

Your advice about an affair, said I.

"Let me hear what it is, says Arnolphus, *I have no time to spare.*

I begin then: *I believe you know Euphemon,*

"No: how should I know him?

He is a gentleman of the younger branch of——

"What signifies it of what family or what branch he is? What have you to do with him?

I am possessed of an estate contiguous to his.

"Well and what of that?

He intends to appropriate it to himself.

"By purchase, or exchange?

By neither.

"In a word, what is it he means?

He would fain confiscate it to his own profit. He pretends, I know not upon what foundation, that I am his vassal, and that having failed of paying him homage in that quality, my fief is devolved to him.

"Is it my fault, replies Arnolphus, *if you have failed in it?*

But 'tis false, that I am his vassal.

"That may be, but do not think people will believe you on your bare word.

I have convincing proofs.

"So much the better for you: let me see them.

There they are,

"I have not time to examine them now.

Sir, you may at your leisure.

"So I will.

But

But, when would you have me wait upon you again for your opinion?

"I cannot tell."

But sir, Euphemon is going to sue me with all expedition.

"Ob——well, you must both wait."

Arnolphus is an honest man, and a knowing lawyer : but what signifies his honesty and capacity to his fellow citizens, if he be savage and intractable ?

Biblon is a learned, and studious man ; he has the happiness to be acquainted with all the ancient authors, and is passionately fond of them. He visits the beautiful Lucinda, who is surrounded with a circle of adorers and wits. He enters with a slouched hat in his hand, salutes the company with a bad grace, approaches Lucinda, treads upon her foot, discomposes her dress, and then retires with precipitation to a large easy chair. The company smiles : at this he is piqued ; but they never mind him. The conversation, which was broke of at his entrance, is renewed ; they had been upon a subject of gallantry, the examination of which was interrupted by Biblon. Each of the company in his turn gives his opinion, and strengthens it with arguments : at length they ask Biblon, what he thinks of it. "I am not accustomed, says he ingenuously, to trouble my head with such fooleries ; but since I am forced to speak, I must freely tell you, gentlemen, that none of your decisions please me. I see you have never any of you read Aristotle ; yet he was the brightest genius of antiquity : I shall use only a simple syllogism, to refute you after his method. "No by no means, out of respect to the fair Lucinda, says young *Clitander* ; spare your syllogism, and speak plain French.

Biblon goes on his own way ; he draws up his argument, heaps Greek on Latin, quotes Homer, Euripides, Cicero,

Cicero, Seneca, and Lambinus, attacks every one of the company, deploras their ignorance, and reproaches them for it. A burst of laughter by agreement, as it were, from all sides of the room, interrupts our conceited orator, who had almost put himself out of breath. Upon this he loses patience, utters rude language, clenches his fist, and hastes away, after shaking his head at the company, to plunge himself again into the midst of his college.

But Arnolphus and Bilbon are uncivil perhaps only for want of education: the one has seen nothing but counsellors, customs, and ordinances; and the other, nothing but classes, school boys, masters of arts, and logics. Let us listen to Ctesiphon, an avowed enemy to all the rules of decorum observed in civil society; he is going to make an ingenuous apology for his brutality, and to shew us the inconveniency of politeness.

"You may think, says he, as you please of this air I appear with, of my countenance, attitude, and of all that ceremonious fopery, which is called civility. I trouble not myself about your sentiments; I leave such a ridiculous affectation to our young noblemen, and court abbess. 'Tis by my probity, and manners I would have you judge me, and not by my gate: I do not visit my friends for the credit of my dancing master.

"As for my method of living amongst mankind, I reduce it in short to this; to speak the truth, to do good offices to my neighbours, and never to injure any man. I know how to restrain and command myself if there be occasion, in order to do some real service to a friend; I give good counsel to those who ask it, and upon such subjects as I understand; I willingly employ for my friends, or for any who have need, my authority, and credit; nay, sometimes my purse; but as for frivolous ceremonies of civility which can procure no solid good to those who expect them; I think myself dis-

spensed.

"pensed from any such foolish constraint. I am in-
 "vited to a dinner, to a walk, or a concert; if at
 "that time, I am in a humour to stay at home: at
 "home I stay. They propose a game of cards; I don't
 "like cards, and therefore refuse to play. A poet
 "reads me his verses, they tire me: I yawn without
 "ceremony. I am invited to a ball: I find an in-
 "clination for sleep; and think the best way is to go
 "directly to bed.

"I hate those slavish studied civilities, which if not
 "injurious to sincerity, are at least incompatible with
 "freedom. I seldom praise, and would never have
 "others praise me: because I look on praise as a
 "poison. I contradict every man who advances a
 "false fact, or false principle: because it is lying,
 "or deceiving, not to refute a lye, or error: this
 "I do with some energy, to give greater weight to
 "my refutation. The rank of the person whom I
 "have to oppose, encourages, instead of frightening
 "me; because the more considerable an enemy is,
 "the more my success is important. Damon is vain:
 "I humble him. Laura is a coquette: I reproach
 "her with her intrigues. Leander is a knave: I
 "unmask him. Bertholda is foolish and affected: I
 "rally, and mimic her. Gorgias loves liquor; I
 "expose him in public. Cydalisa has a slanderous
 "tongue; I unveil her other faults to cure her of
 "that. Lysimon affects the scholar: I ask him a
 "question and baffle him. Long ago all these peo-
 "ple would have mended, did every one but imitate
 "my conduct towards them. Their acquaintance
 "lull them in their vices, by connivance and flattery;
 "they hinder their becoming virtuous, by making
 "them believe, they are virtuous already.

Ctesiphon has not belied his character of frankness
 in the portrait: but does he not carry this very
 frankness for which he so greatly values himself,
 something too far? every body except a Misanthrope,
 or a flatterer, knows how to reconcile frankness with
 politeness,

politeness, and without quitting the former reckon the latter, as in reality it is, a duty. To prove this in order, let us follow the plan of division, which Ctesiphon has pointed out for us; and let us divide, as he has done, politeness into three branches, civility, complaisance, and respect.

I. *Of Civility.*

Civility is a ceremonial, established among men, with a design of giving to one another external demonstrations of friendship, and esteem. This ceremonial varies in different civilized countries: but all have one of some kind or other. We may reasonably presume in respect to every universal custom, that it has its foundation in nature; whence I conclude that civility is a duty which right reason prescribes.

Civility is in regard to man, what external worship is in respect to God: a public testimony of our inward sentiments. The form is indifferent in itself; the manner of accosting persons of different conditions, of saluting them, and shewing them respect; the terms we ought to use in speaking to them, the style we should follow in addressing letters or petitions to them, are all arbitrary formalities in their origin, that have been established intirely by custom.

Two things therefore are here undeniable: one, that it is conformable to good sense and right reason, to subject ourselves to some sort of civility; the other, that neither good sense nor right reason, decide in what particular acts it ought to consist.

The best, and least suspected method of testifying to other men, our esteem, benevolence, and respect, would be to serve them, and do them kind offices: but the opportunity of either does not always offer: Men were therefore under a necessity of agreeing upon certain signs, by which they might habitually shew

shew their love, esteem, and respect for one another. Every nation has chosen those that were most conformable to their ideas and taste : and as they are all indifferent in their origin, we cannot be determined in our choice, but by the customs of the country in which we live. The French, Turks and Persians, ought to be civil ; but each after their own country fashion.

If men were pure spirits, capable of communicating their thoughts, and sentiments, without external signs, this civility amongst them, would be superfluous. What makes it necessary is, that men cannot guess at one another's meaning.

In vain do clowns, and cynics declaim against civility ; in vain do they represent it, as an imposing, hypocritical traffic, which serves only to mask our real sentiments. Let them have in effect, as indeed they ought to have, that affection in their hearts, which well bred people testify to one another by reciprocal indications ; then there is no danger that their civility will be an imposture.

True it is there are more civil persons, than those that are faithful in performing the duties of society : but their civility itself, tho' false, is a testimony they give in spite as it were of themselves to social virtues ; for to affect externally virtuous dispositions, is confessing we ought to have them in our hearts.

Even those who declare against civility, deny not, that we should have sentiments of friendship, benevolence, and respect for our neighbours : how whimsical and unaccountable a thing would it be for us, to conceal such just and indispensable sentiments ?

Hermodactylus is notwithstanding a person of this character : you shall live ten years with him before he will favour you with a salutation, a kind look, or obliging word. By his indifferent air, you would fancy he thinks himself the only man that in
habits

habits the earth : yet dare once to out-brave his disdainful phlegm ; desire a favour of him ; you will be astonished to find him so generous. After he has served you, he will continue to live in the same manner as before, always cold, always indifferent, always solitary. Vain would it be for you, to pour out your soul in professions of esteem, acknowledgment, and gratitude : all these demonstrations will be lost, he sees nothing, hears nothing, answers nothing. Hermodactus would be a compleat Misanthrope, had he not been born with a benevolent disposition.

II. Of Complaisance.

Complaisance is an honourable condescendance, by which we bend our will to render it conformable to other people's. I say an *honourable* condescendance, for to comply basely with another's criminal will, would be to make ourselves accomplices, instead of being only complaisant.

The complaisance I speak of here, consists only in never contradicting the inclination of another, in regard to such sentiments as no way relate to manners, to humour it even as far as we can, and even to gratify it by prevention, if we are able to foresee it. This is not, if you please, the most excellent of all virtues : yet it is certainly a very agreeable and useful qualification in society.

See how *Alcidamas* is beloved, and caressed. Is it because of his probity ? This quality conciliates only esteem, but does not captivate the heart. Is it because he is beneficent and officious ? those who are so fond of him have had no need of his assistance. Is it because he is of a gay, comic, amusing temper ? He could not please by this means but only when gaiety is in season. He is beloved by reason of his easy flexible temper. His will seems not his own ; he bends
and

and moulds it according to the necessities of his friends. If he has guessed what pleases you, he prevents your desires, and does it with so much grace and ease, that while he is intirely occupied in pleasing you, he seems to follow nothing but his own choice and inclination.

We may please indeed in company by endearing manners, by a gay temper, and ingenious sallies: but none of these methods of pleasing is of such universal use as complaisance. You can only be jovial, with your equals or inferiors; there are a thousand occasions wherein pleasantry may be misplaced; wit and humour do not always present themselves at will, nor are always relished; but if you be of a flexible obliging temper, and make it your pleasure to contribute to the pleasures of others; I will answer for it, you shall gain the friendship of all that know you; this is a perfection that engages people in all times, places, and circumstances.

Rodolphus is a man of merit; a poet and philosopher; and yet he would be borne with in conversation, in spite of these two qualities, would he condescend to be complaisant: but how can that be? complaisance supposes esteem; now whoever does not compose verses, or has not read Descartes or Newton, is in his eyes, only an automaton, an idiot, fit for nothing but to make an artizan, a financier, or a monk. He believes himself of a superior species to the rest of mankind, and glories in distinguishing himself by peculiar maxims, sentiments, and taste. To condescend to please others, would be entering into society and communication with them; and he looks upon them all as profane and vulgar.

Aglaura is an amiable person; she has wit, talents and a variety of natural graces: yet she is shunned and detested. Why? She has not of herself either sentiment or will; she waits always till some one has declared what he thinks or wishes; immediately her resolution

resolution is taken ; she thinks directly the contrary, and wishes for any thing else.

III. *Of Respects.*

I understand here by respects, a certain polite management and regard founded on circumstances, or on the genius, and quality of persons. You ought not, for instance, to be satyrical against the gentlemen of the law, when you are in company with a person of that profession ; especially if his probity raises him above reproach. And though he deserve it, yet 'tis not always enough that a reproach be well grounded, to justify the person that makes it, if it be done out of season, or with rancor and malice.

Tho' truth be commonly painted naked, yet there are nudities so shocking, that it would be sometimes adviseable to conceal them.

If you should happen to wait upon a nobleman, to whom every one endeavours to pay the profoundest respect ; take care to conform to the received custom, and honour him like the rest : do not presume like a fanatic quaker, to *thee* and *thou* him, and to speak to him without uncovering your head. You would not chuse to consider him, but in proportion to his virtue, his talents, and personal merit ; all the pomp with which he is surrounded, is in your eyes nothing but tinsel, smoke, and wind : let it be so ; but these honours I counsel you to pay him are no more than smoke and wind. I do not desire you to praise him, if he be not praise worthy ; to extol his wit, if he be an idiot ; to flatter his taste, if he has none ; to commend his knowledge, if he happens to be ignorant ; but you will not expose your sincerity to danger, by paying him mute honours. The subordination so necessary to a state, would soon be destroyed, if the people,
at

at least in public, honoured not the great, but in proportion to their real merit.

Hippias, you will say, is a stupid fellow, void of genius, rectitude, and common penetration. Clad formerly in a monastic habit, he grovelled in an obscure cloister, justly confounded with the meanest of the monastic herd. The government of his convent becoming vacant by the death of the superior, one of his silly female penitents, undertook to get him decorated with that small pre-eminence: her intrigues miscarried; *Hippias* was not even judged fit to be at the head of a parcel of monks. The humble devotee piqued at this affront, revenged herself in a singular manner; this was by procuring her director a bishopric. Take from *Hippias*, his cross and rochet, he is an accomplished idiot, who deserves not the notice of any man of sense.

This I grant is true: however, he is in possession of a cross and rochet: now this deserves on your part a respectful salutation. Dispute not about so trivial a thing; I make you, methinks, pretty easy, by not obliging you to esteem him.

Affect not a contented air before an afflicted person who laments his disasters or losses. You may groan in private for your own disappointments: but do not go abroad to fatigue with your melancholy reflections the favourites of fortune, who cannot remedy your calamities.

It would be insulting the sorrow of a disconsolate widow, who laments the loss of a beloved husband, to tell her with a triumphant air, that your wishes are going to be crowned: and that in a short time the arms of a bride will make you the happiest of men. You hasten to visit *Menalcas*, and to tell him the king has just vouchsafed to honour you with a ribbon: do not be in such a hurry, the same honour was refused him; he will not therefore be in a humour to share your joy.

A person

A person must have some wit, or at least judgment, to be capable of discerning properly the nature of these respects. The knowledge of the world may make a man civil; the goodness of his heart may make him complaisant: but a stupid fellow will be always a novice in the science of respects.

Death has but just snatched from the arms of Fanny, an amiable child, the precious pledge of a husband's love, who is now no more. A crowd of friends endeavour to console her, or to procure, if possible, some diversion to her grief. *Alicia* in her turn comes to visit her friend. She, as a more fortunate mother, brings with her the living fruits of her happy fecundity, the pleasing objects of her tenderness and complaisance, and unluckily for Fanny, the only subjects of her discourse. She begins, as soon as she is arrived, with the tedious narration of their pretended perfection; the fallies of their imagination, the solidity of their judgment, the sweetness of their tempers, the regularity of their features. Thus she was going on, when Fanny abandoned to her sorrow, interrupts her with these words, spoken with some emotion: "you would be a most charming creature, dear *Alicia*, had you as great a regard for your friends, as you shew tenderness for your children; you are a good mother; but a very bad comforter."

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T H E
I N D E X.

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